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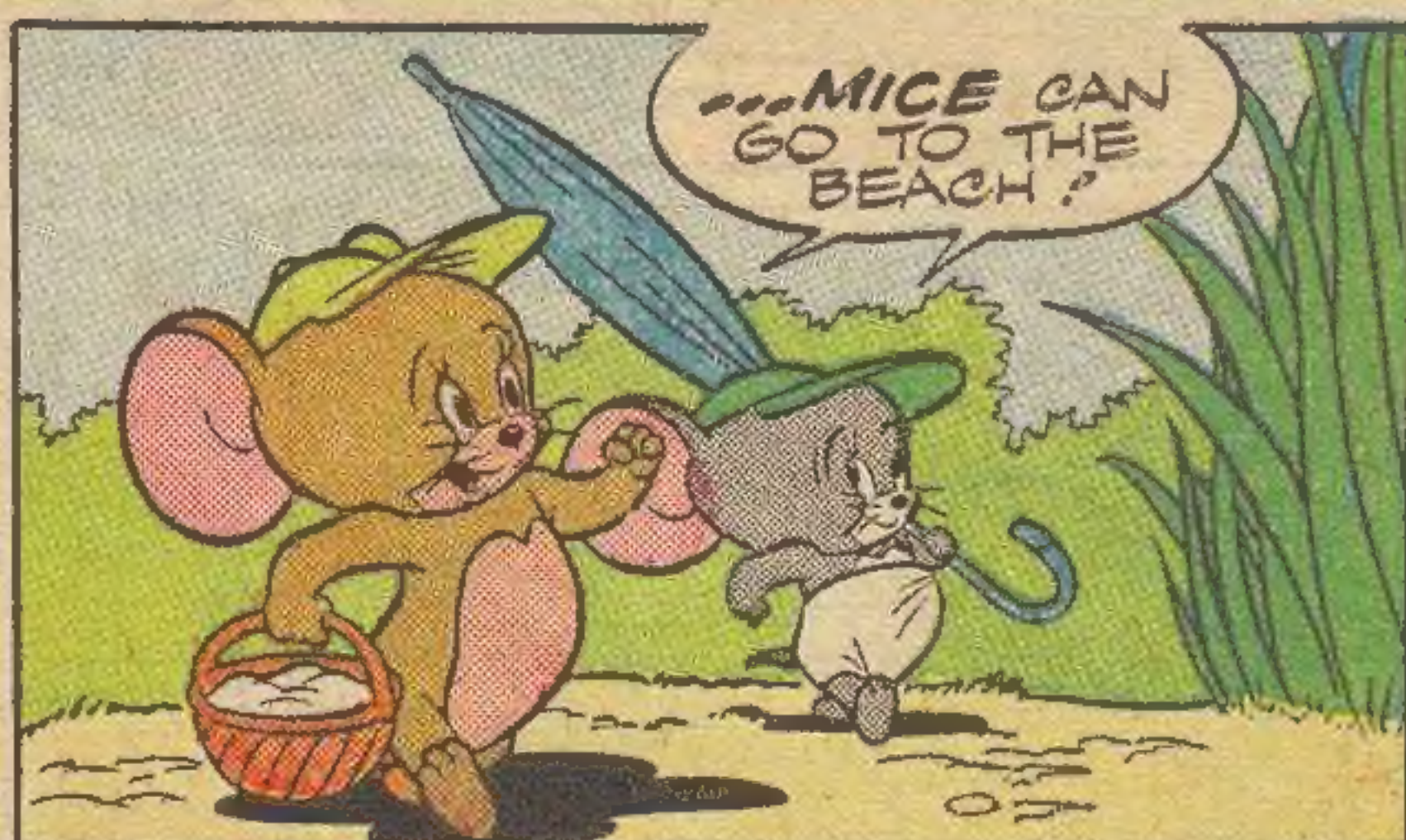
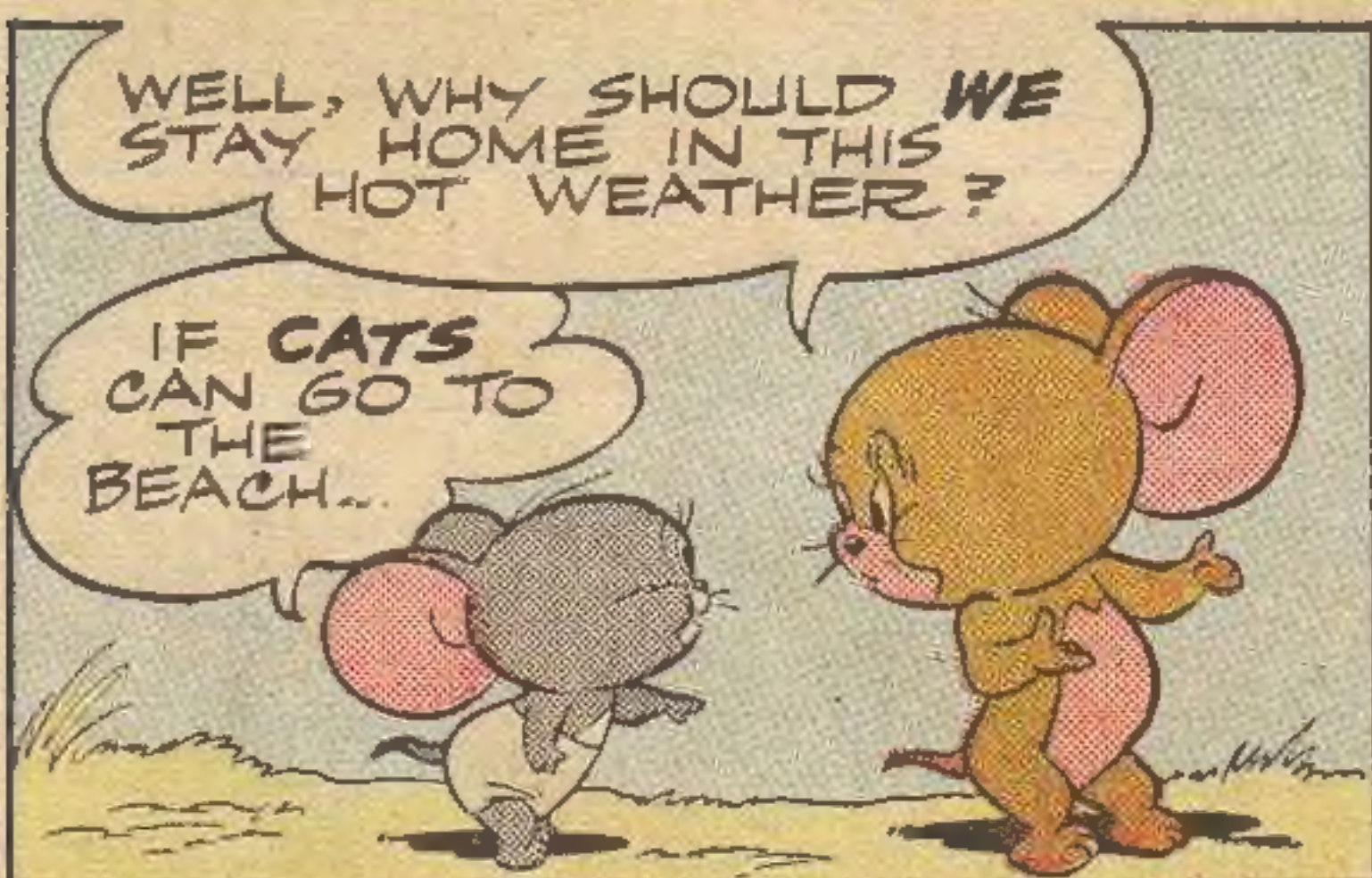
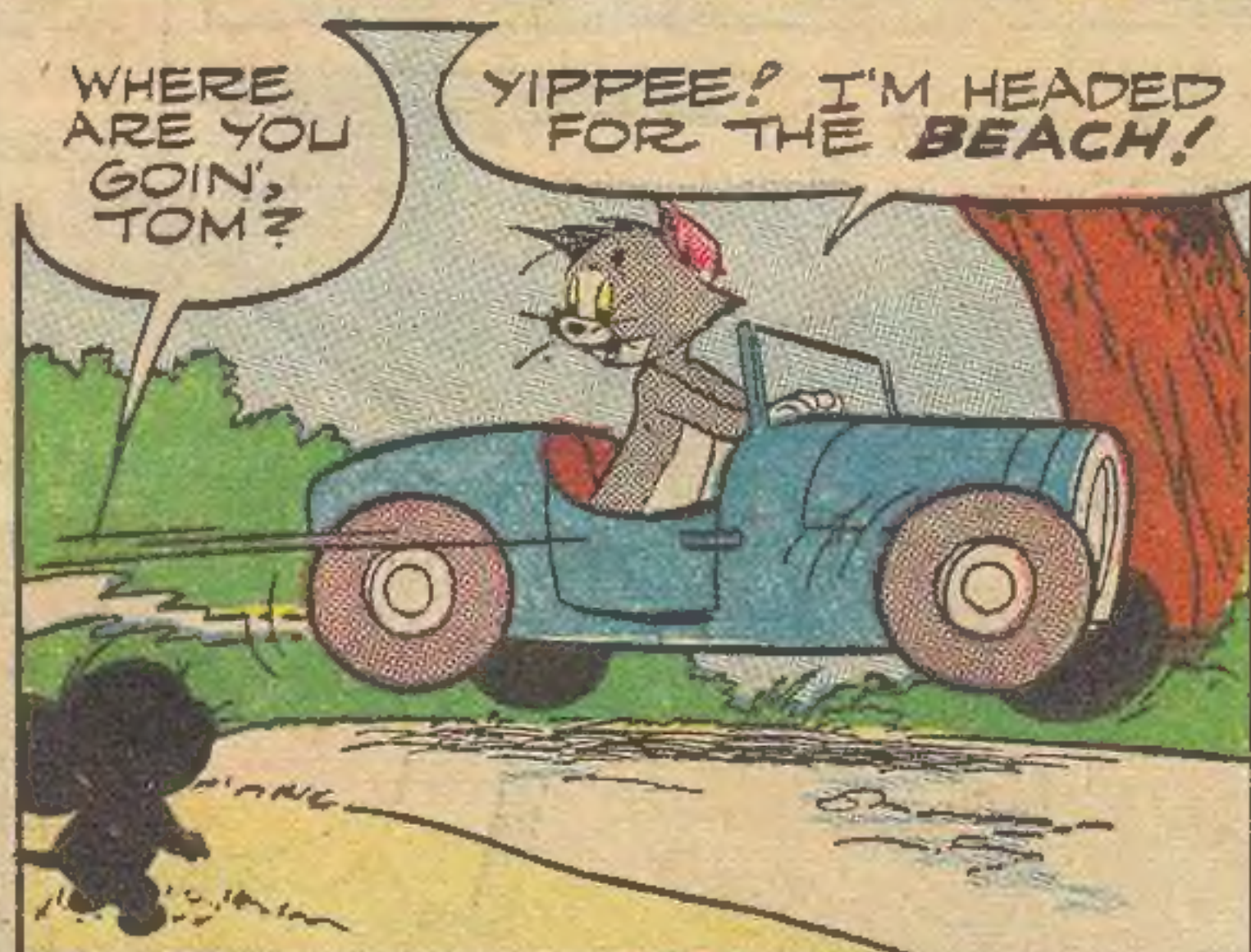
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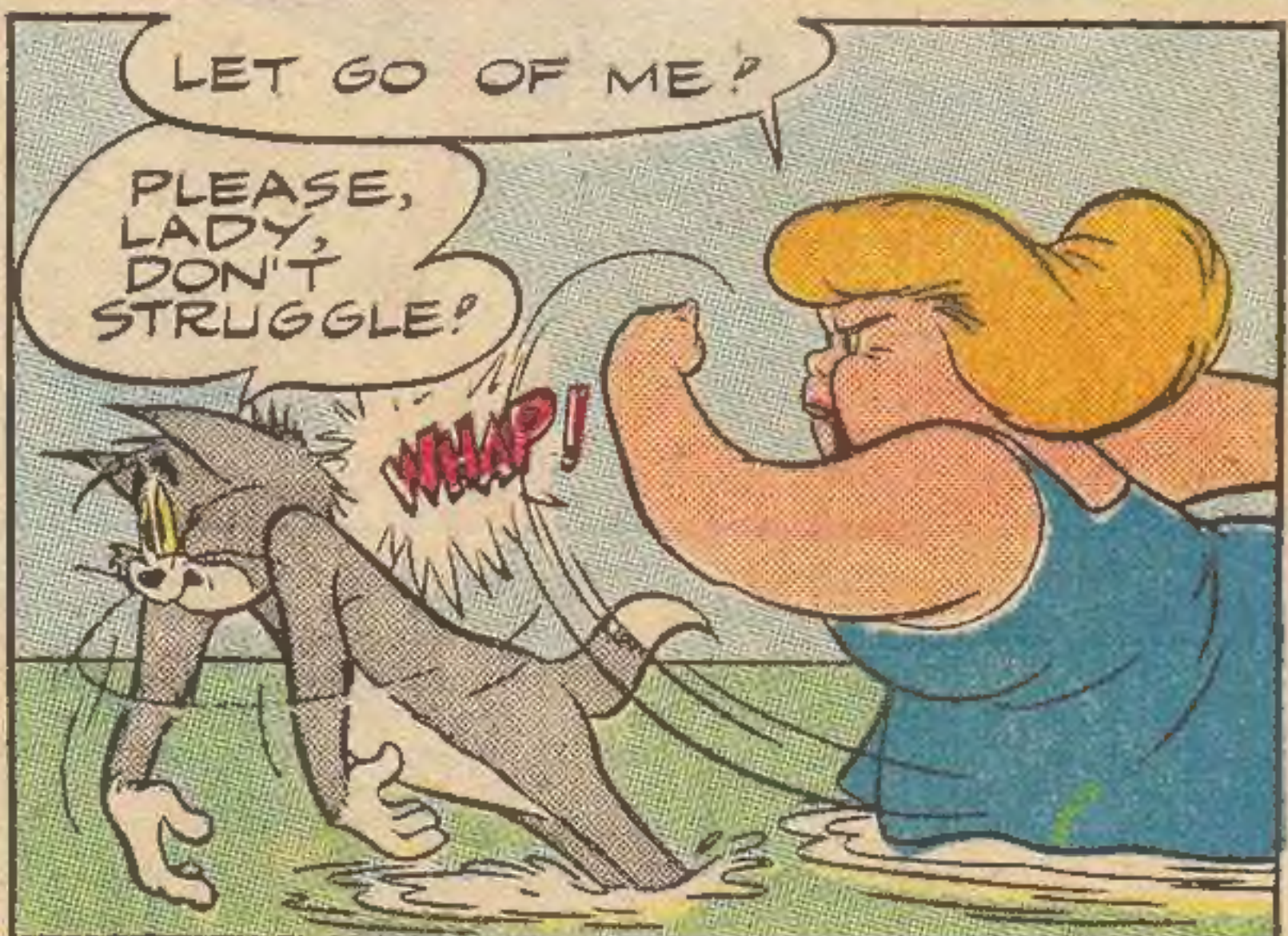
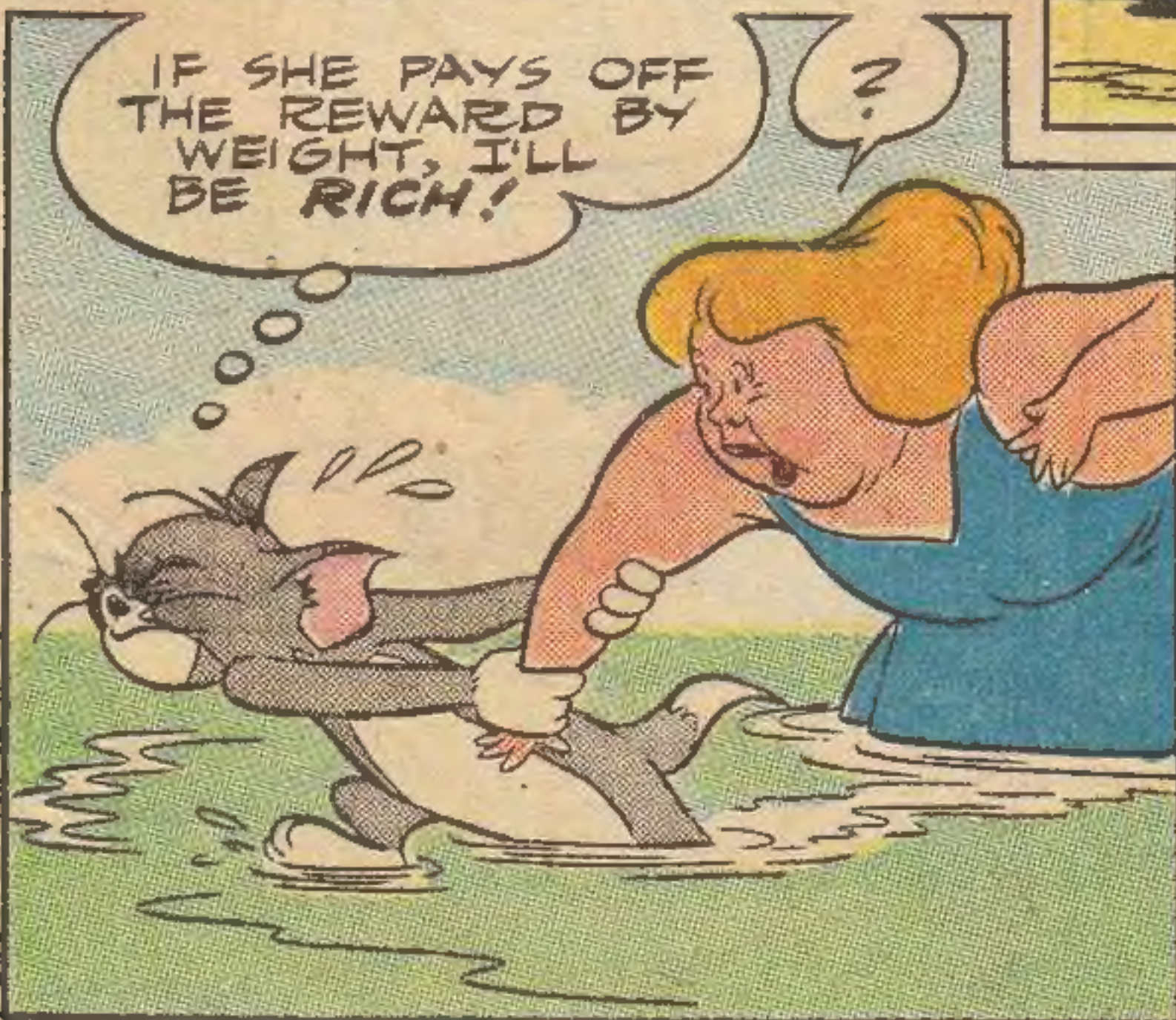
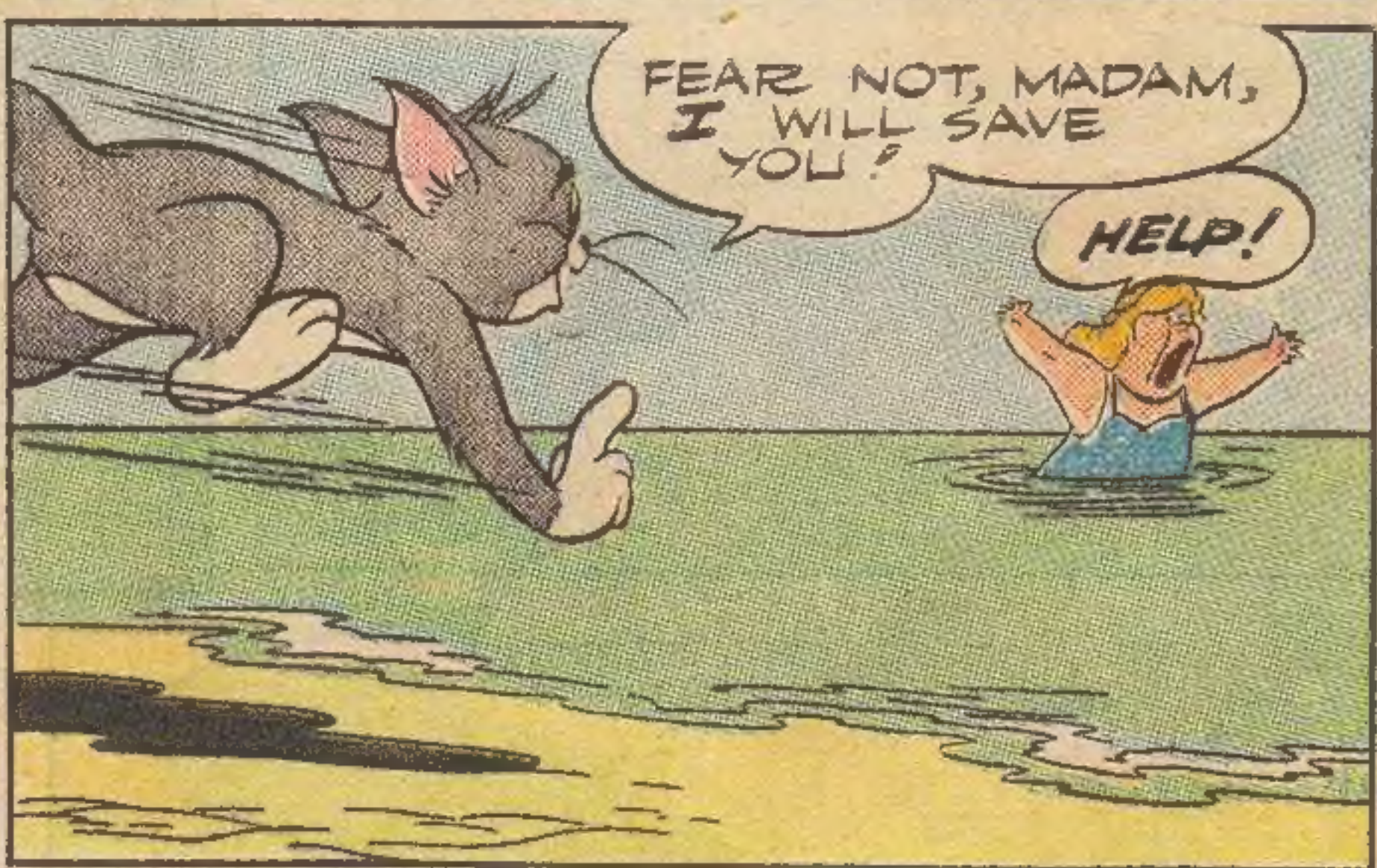
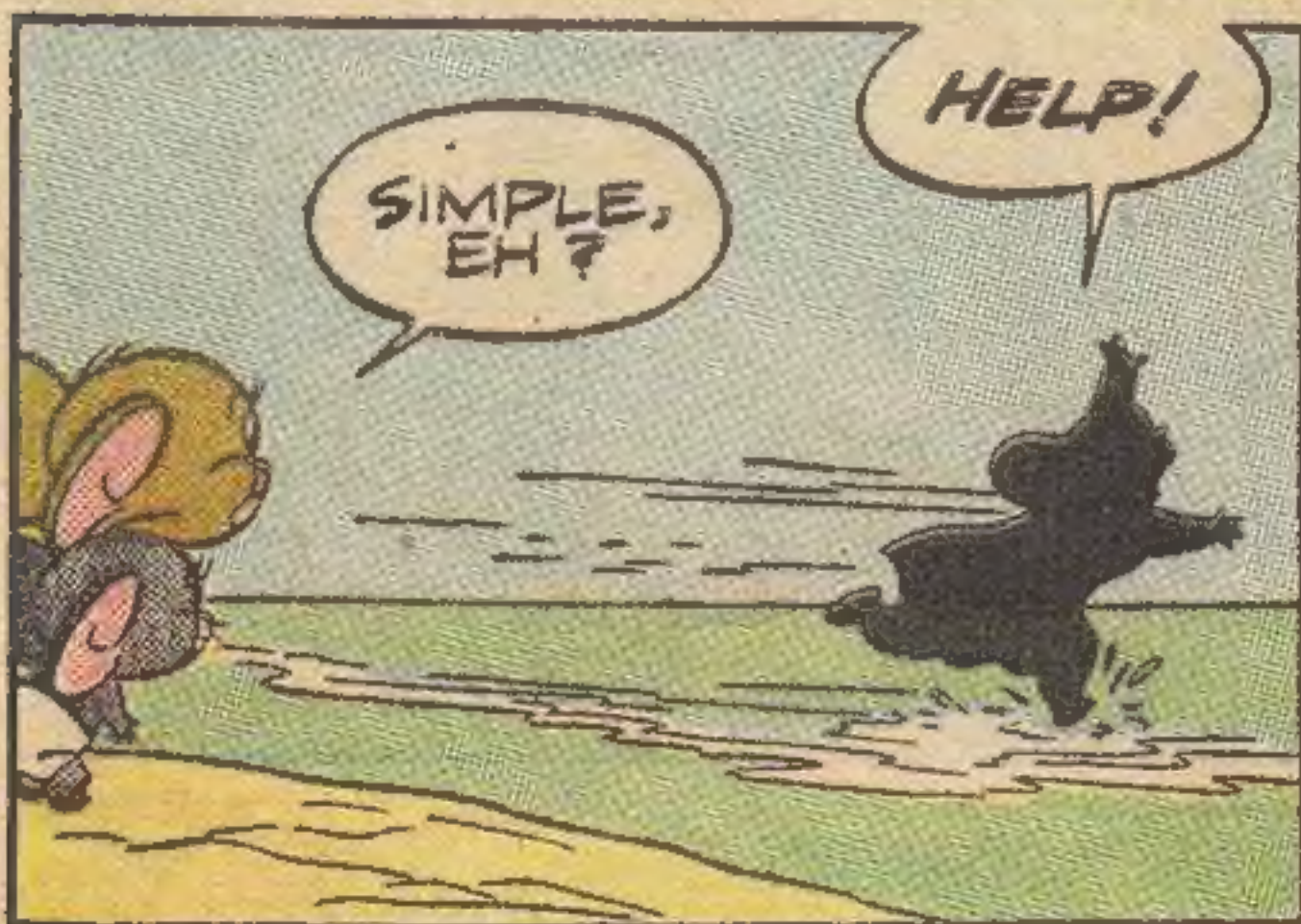
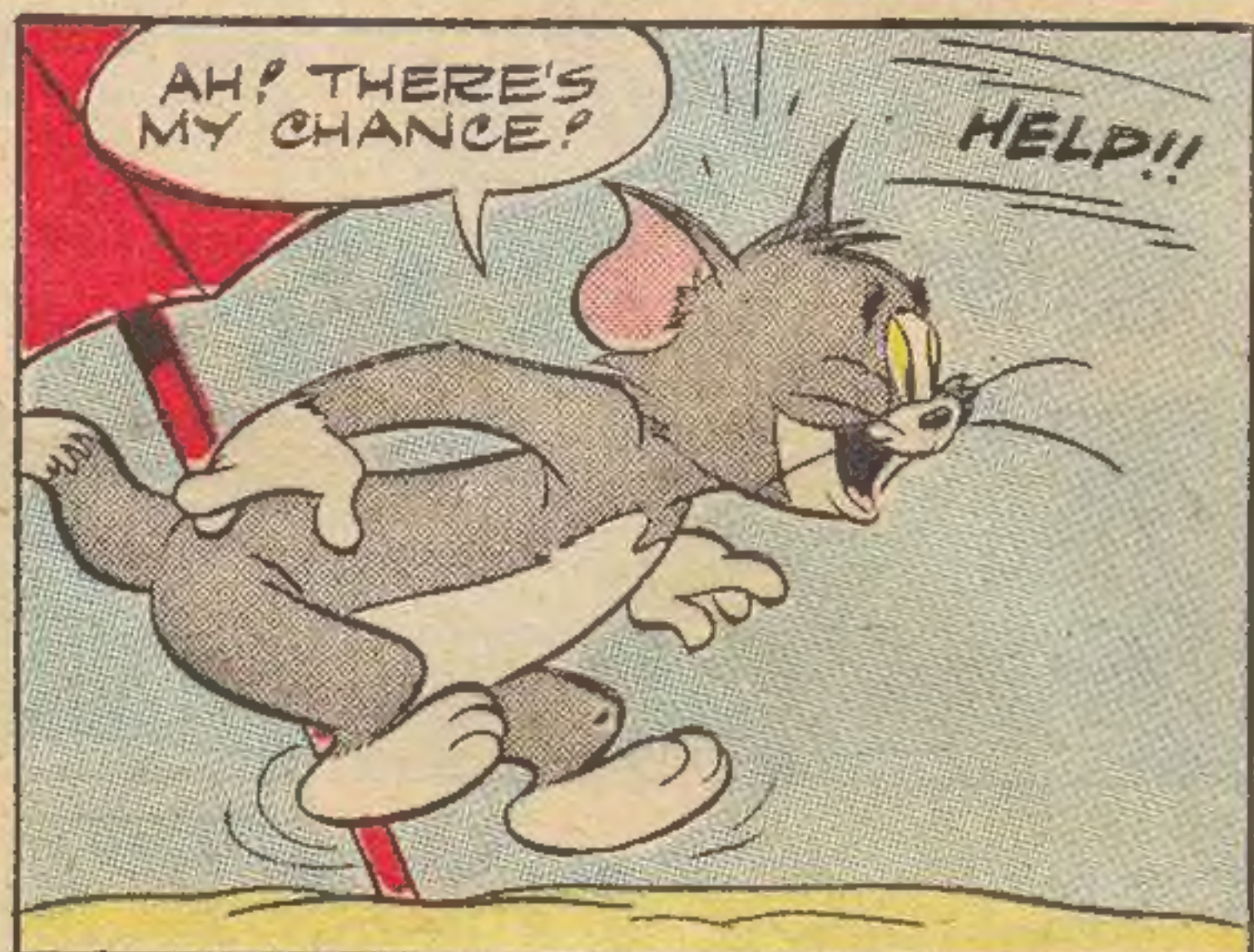
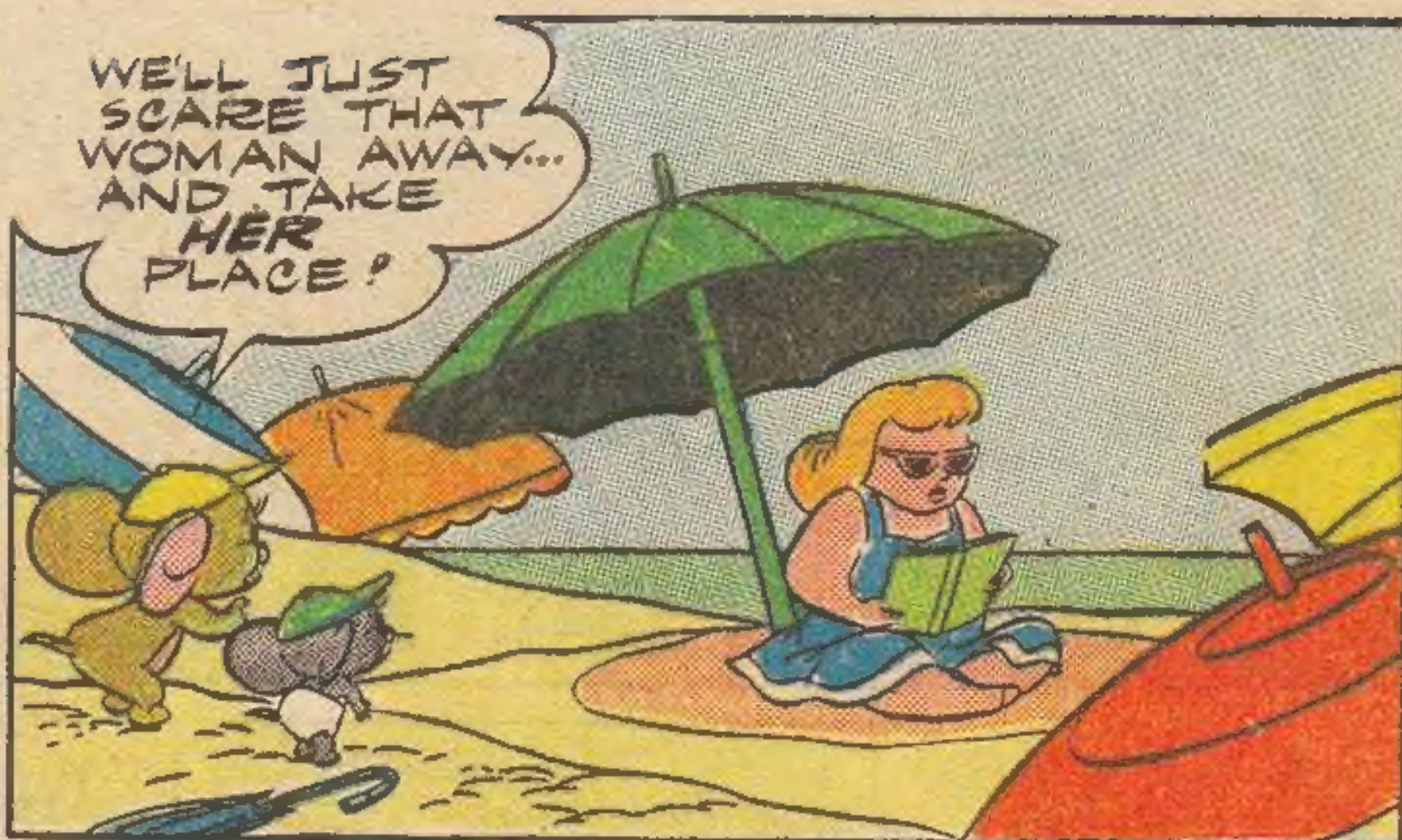
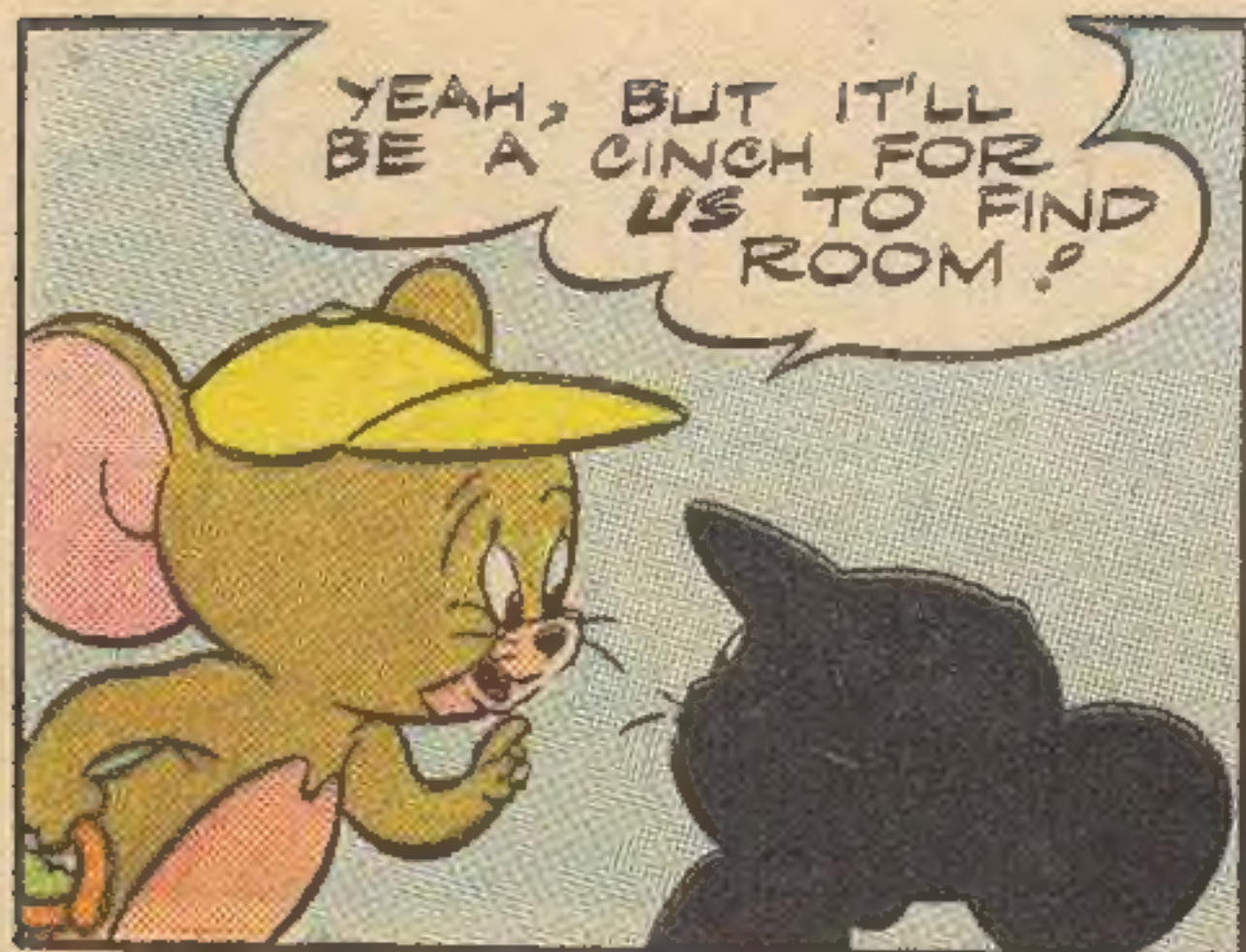


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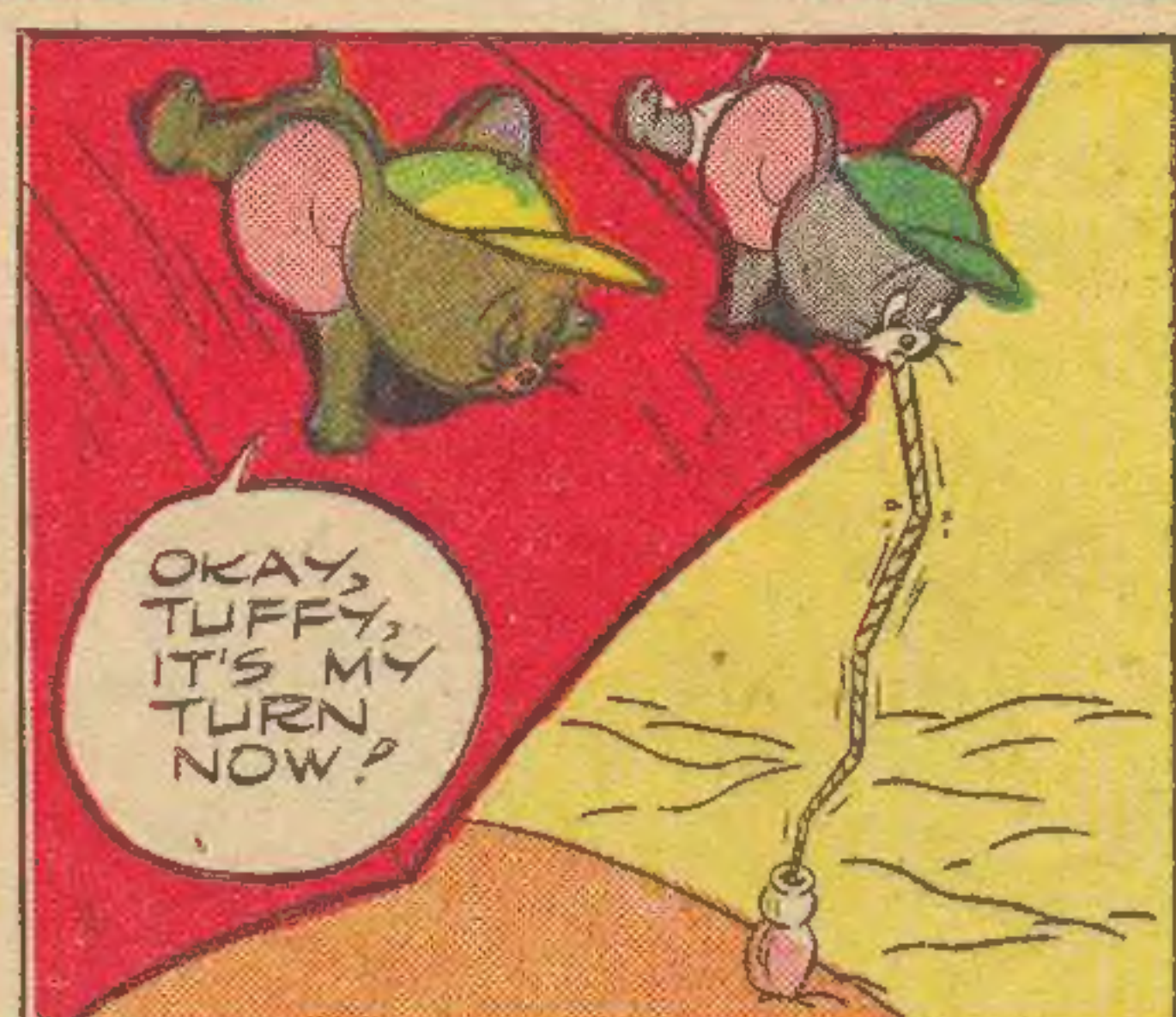
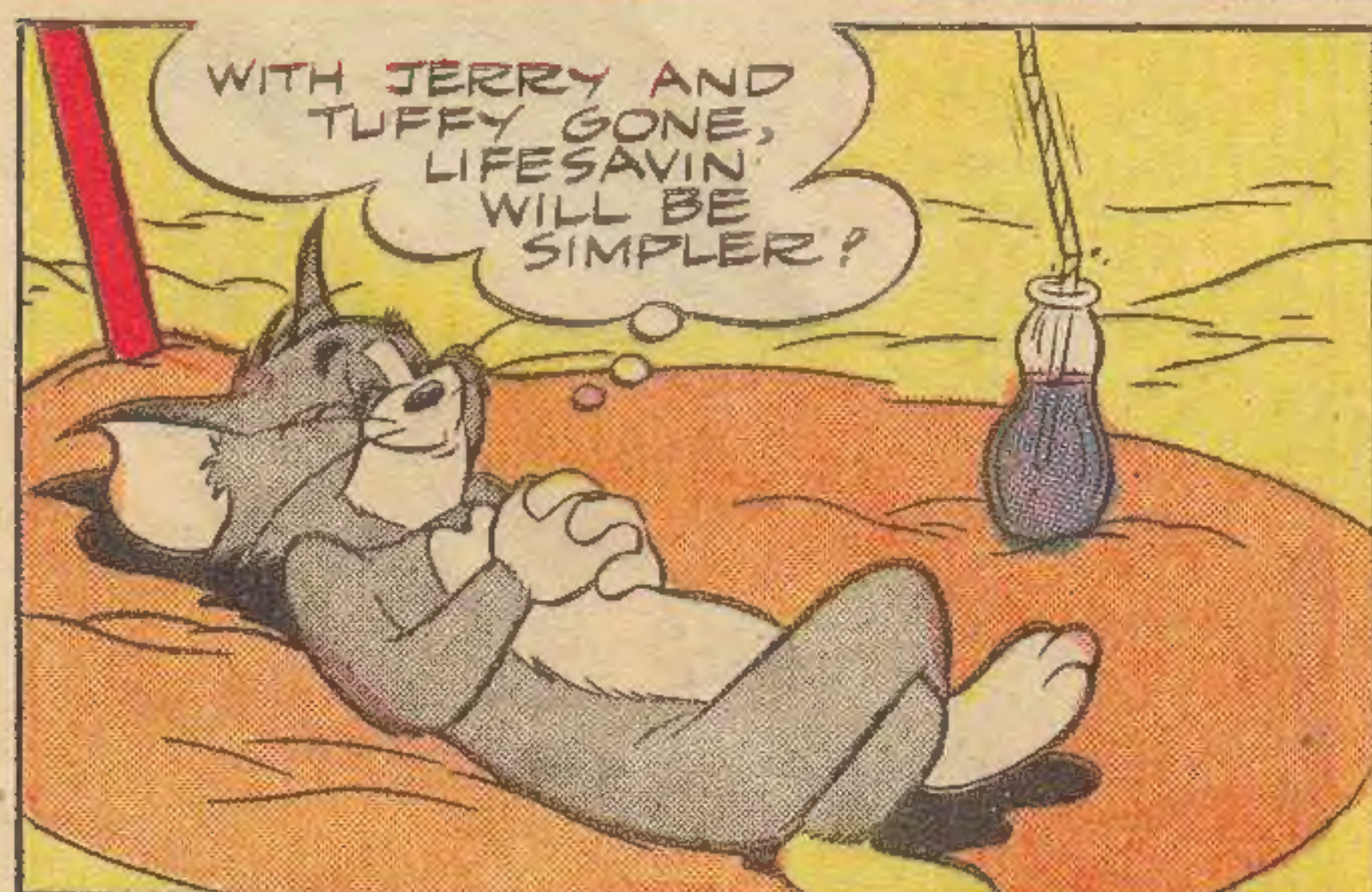
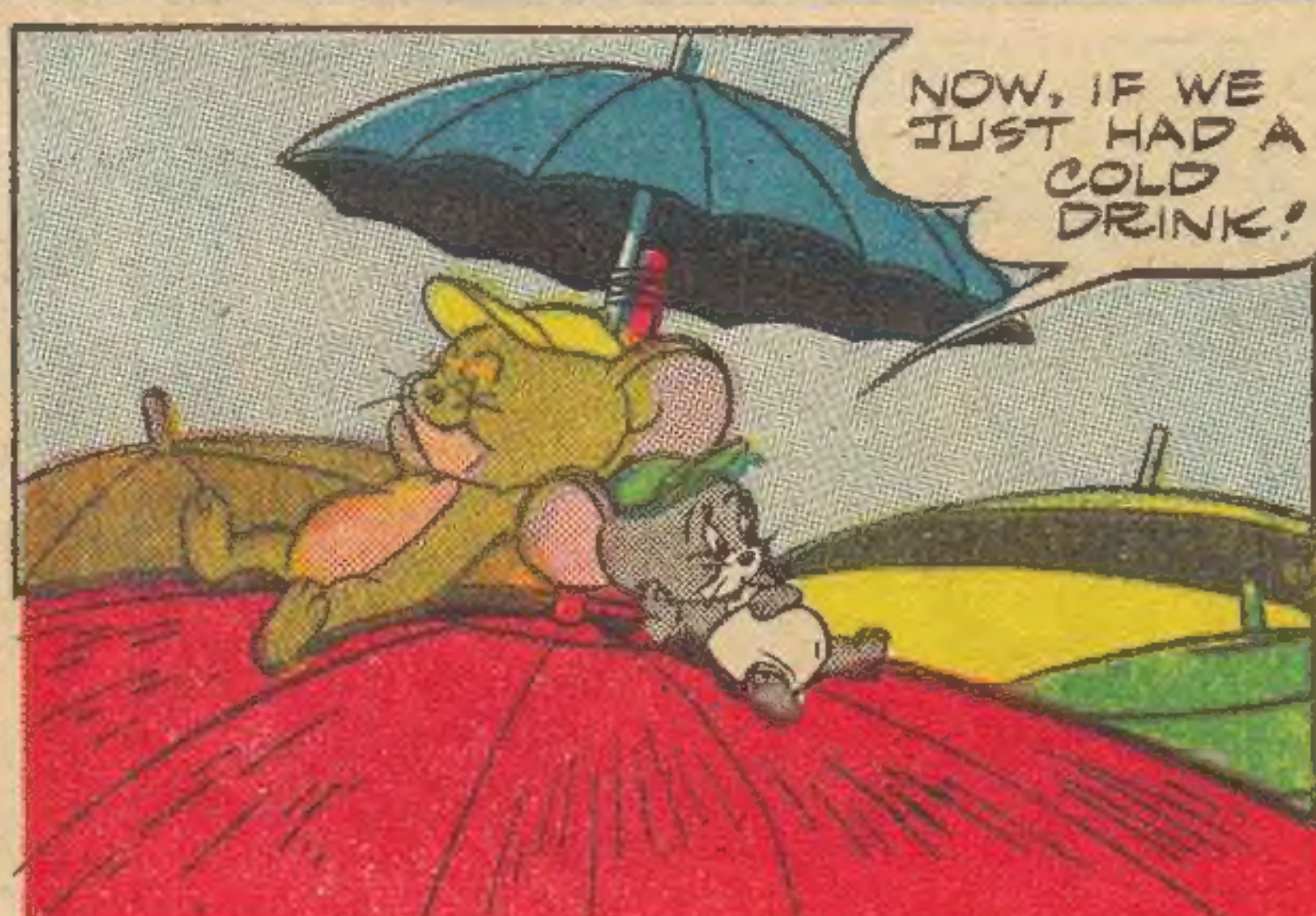
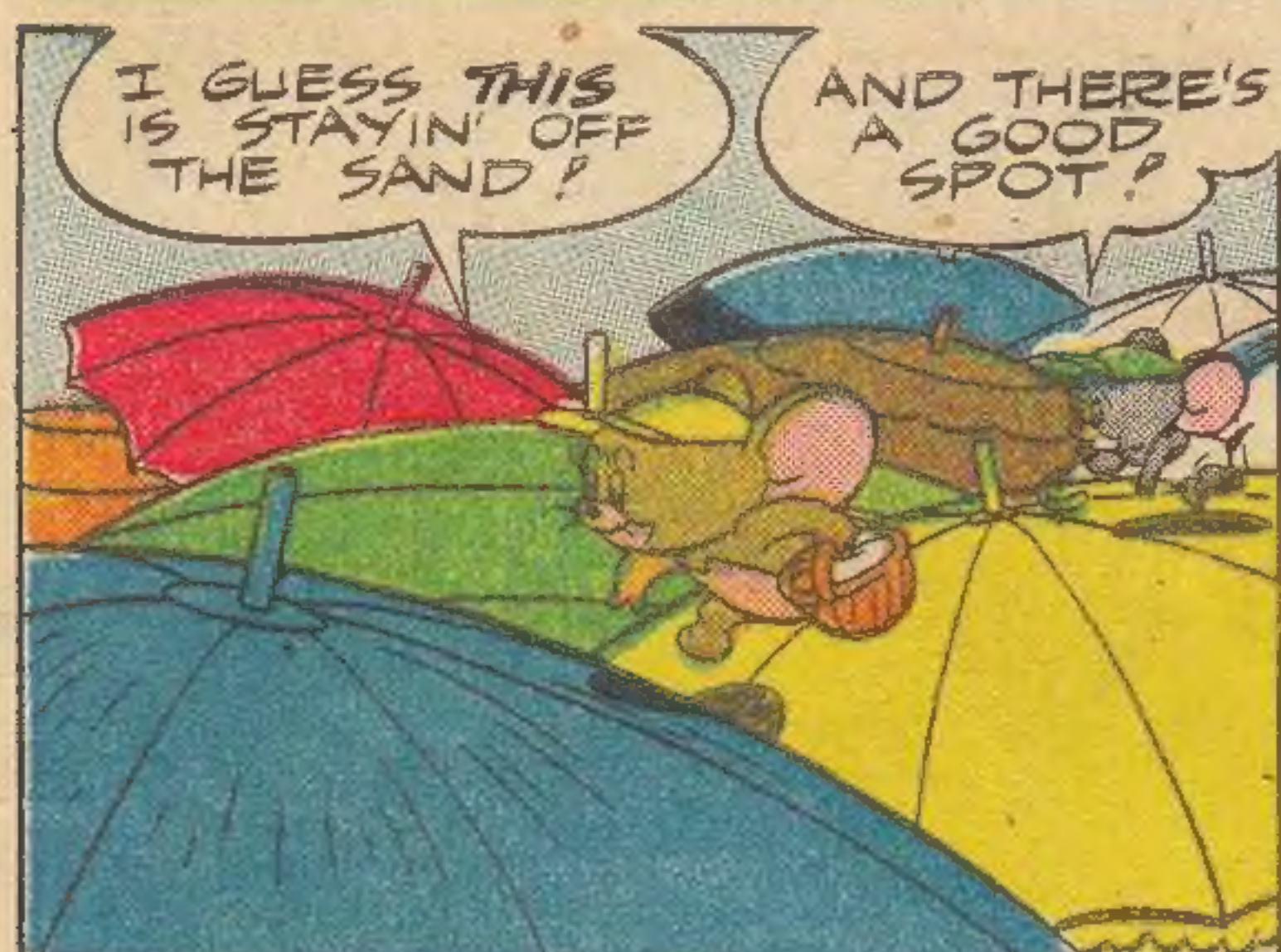
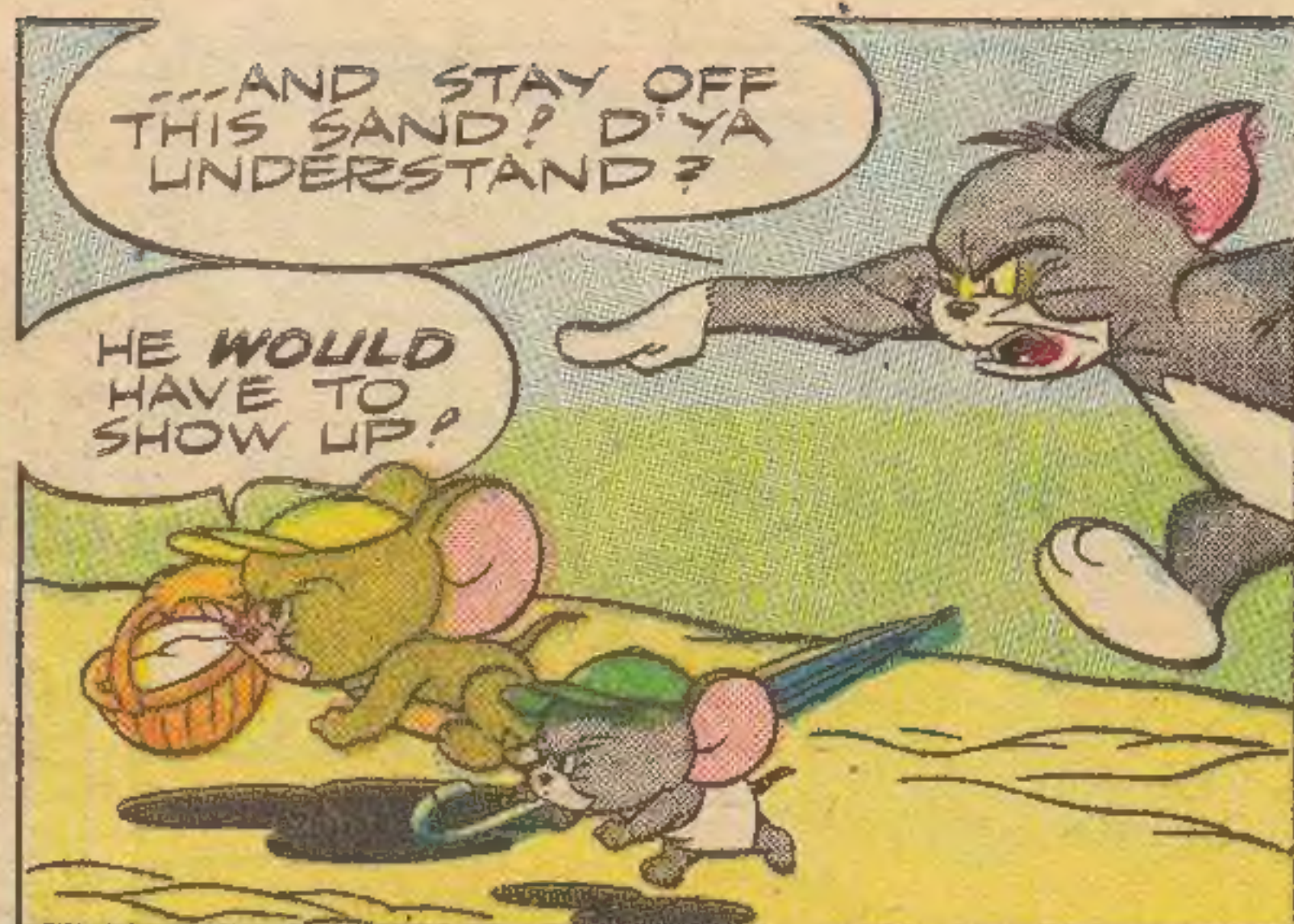
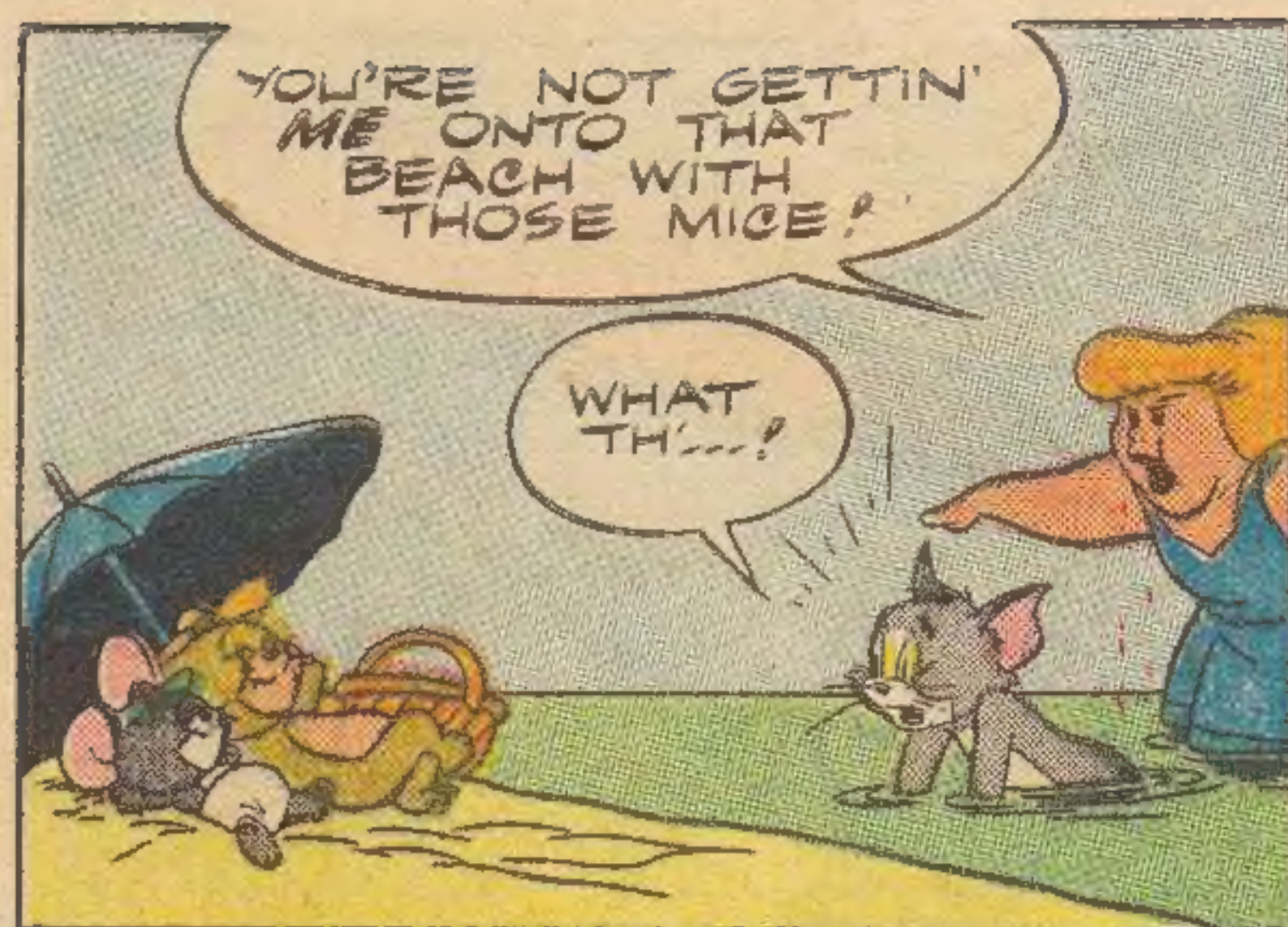
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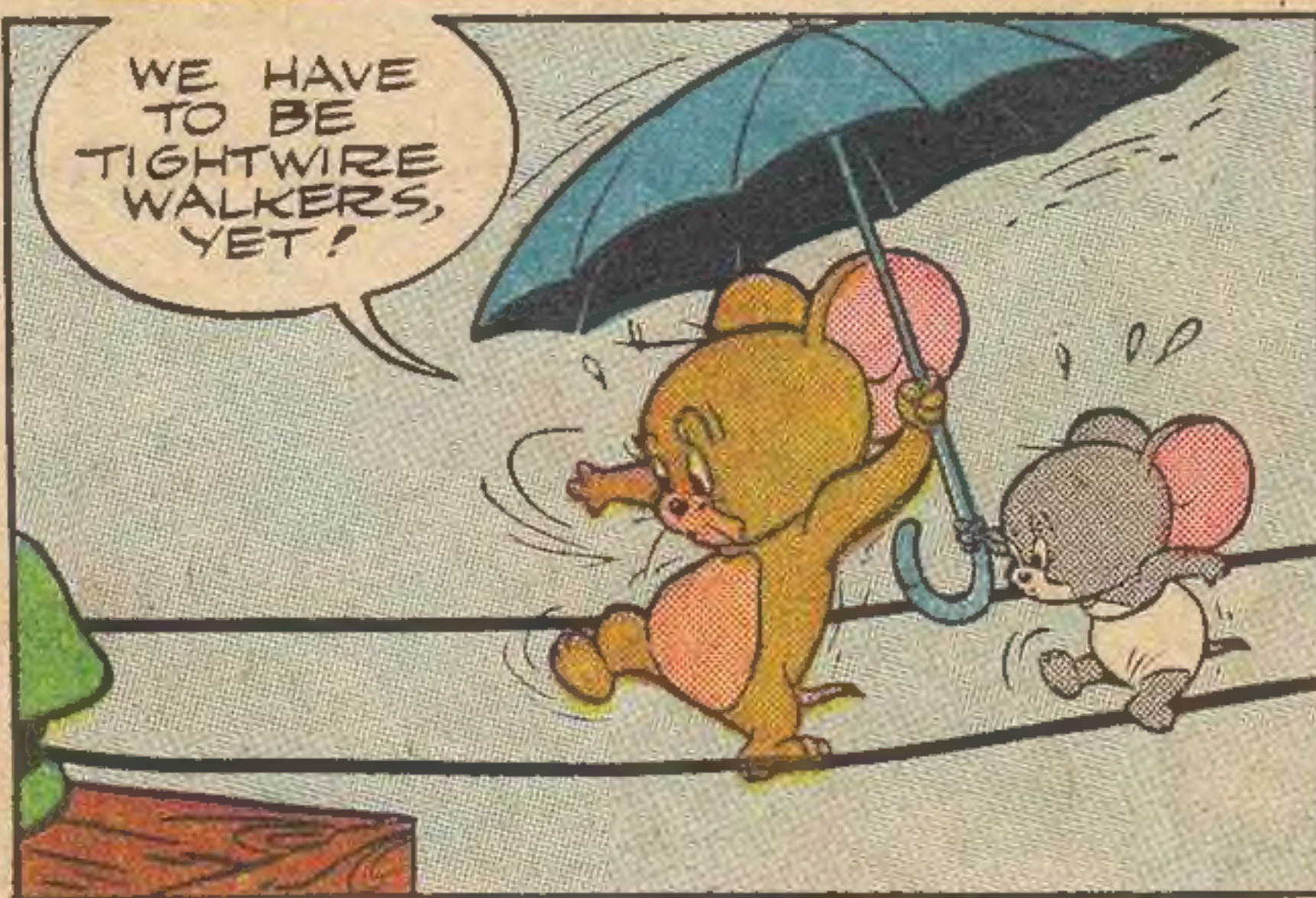
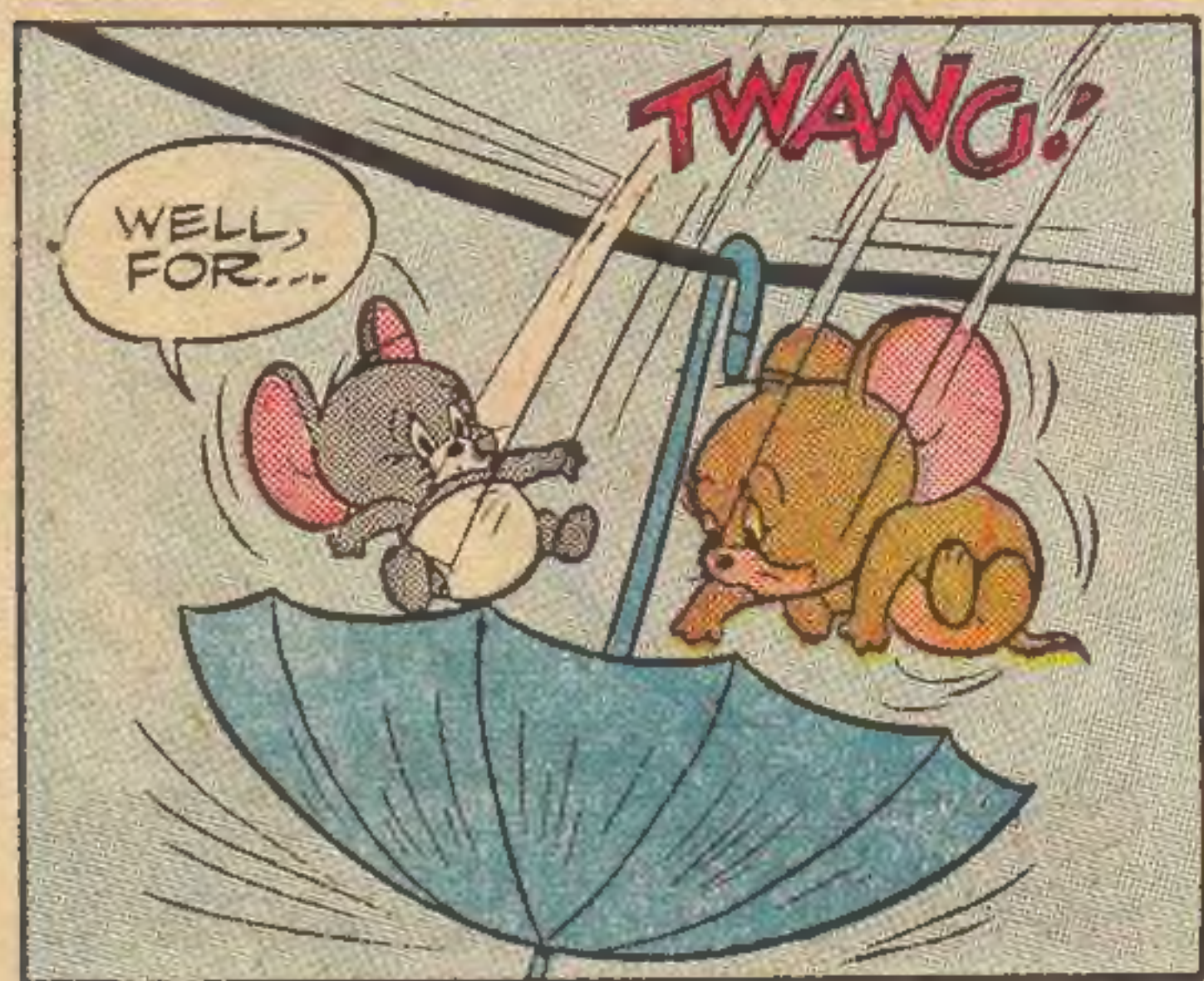
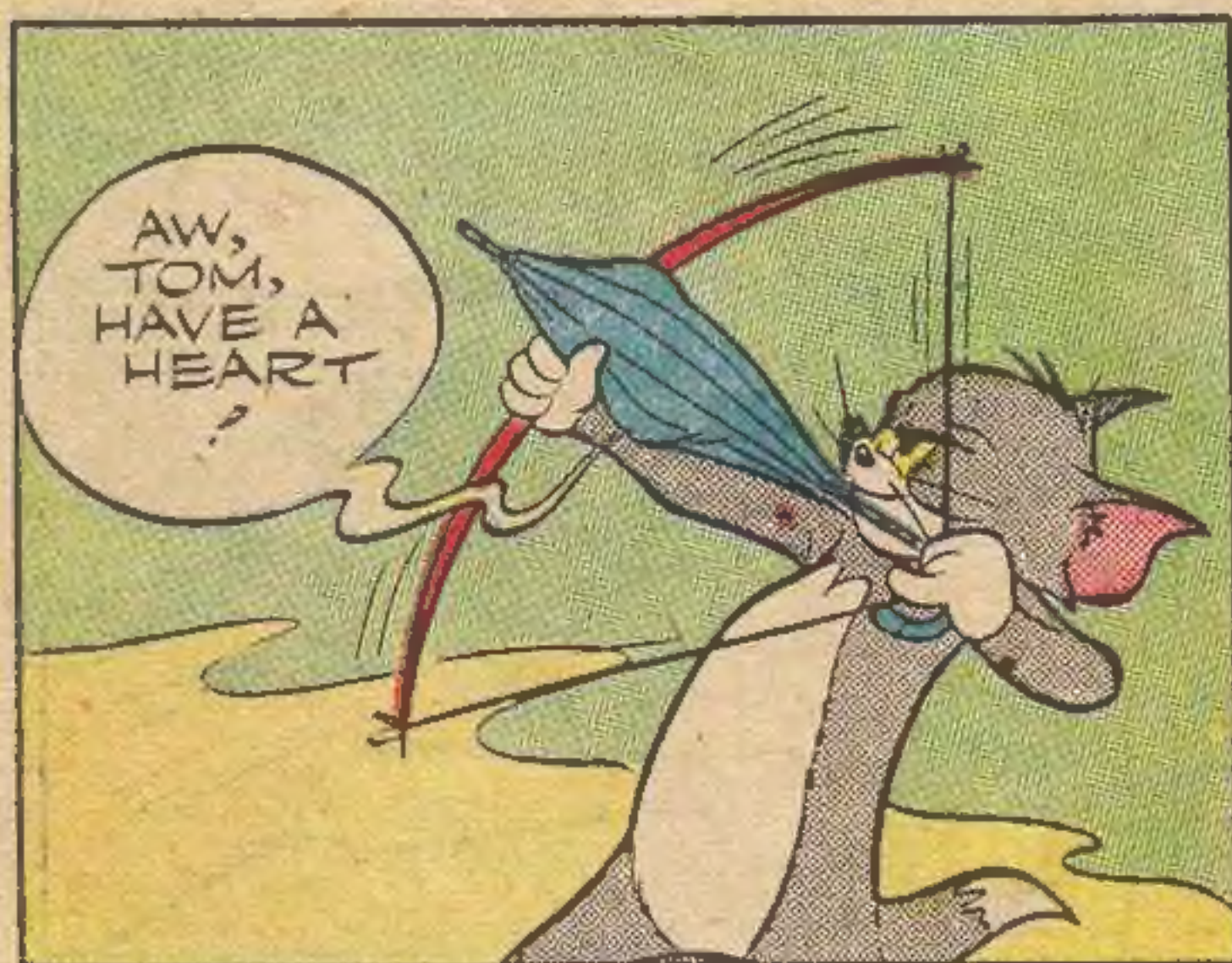
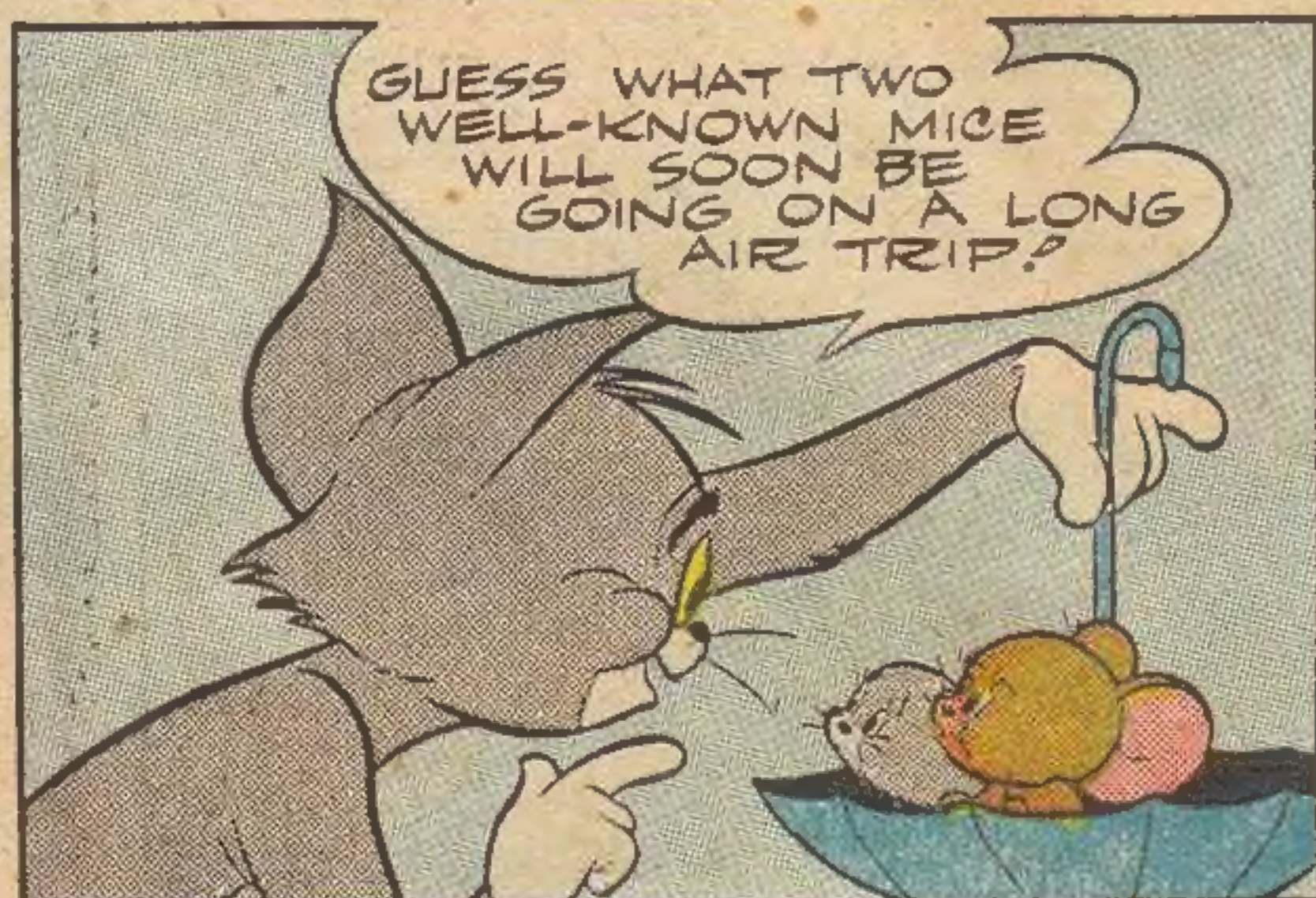
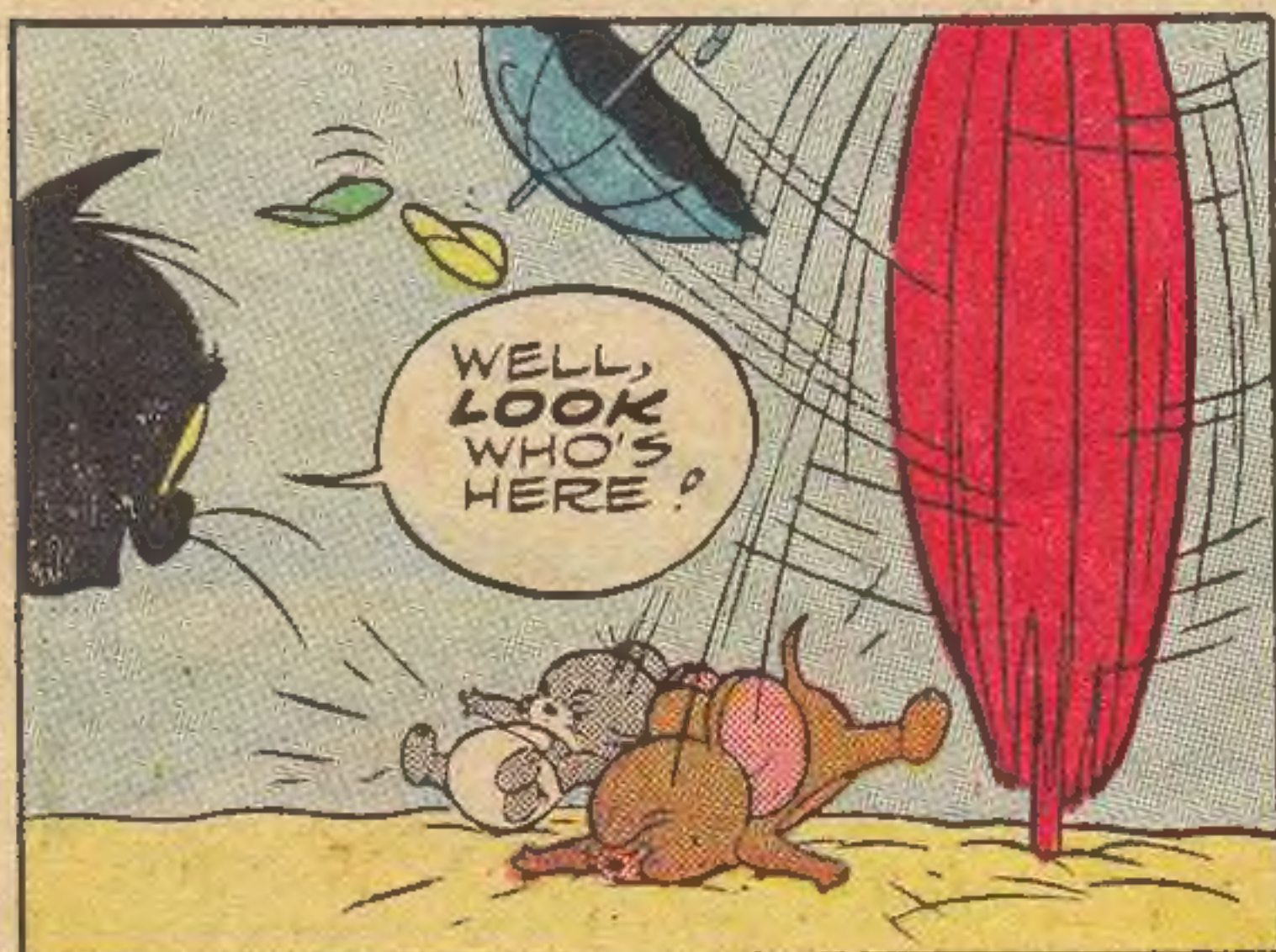
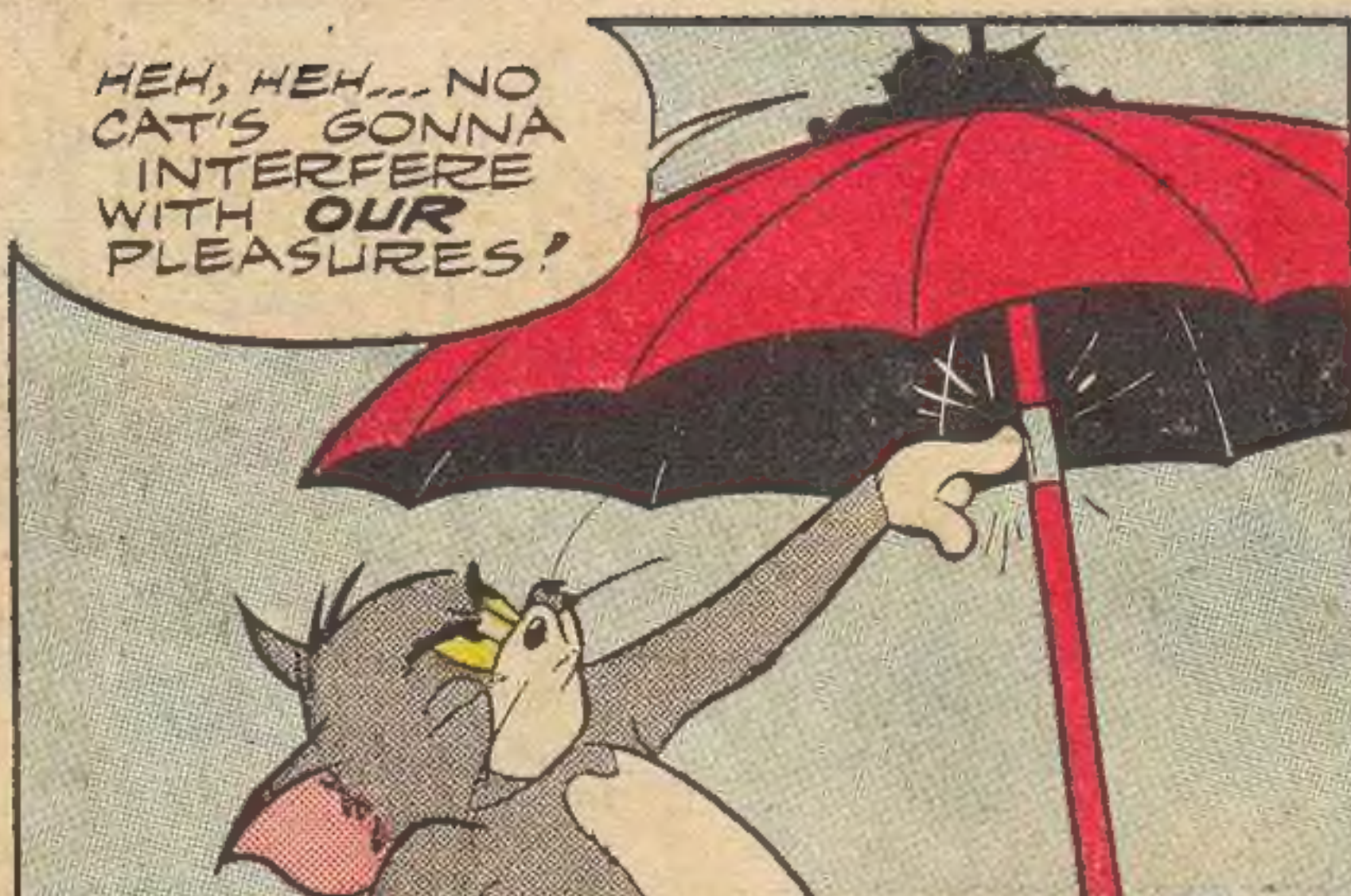
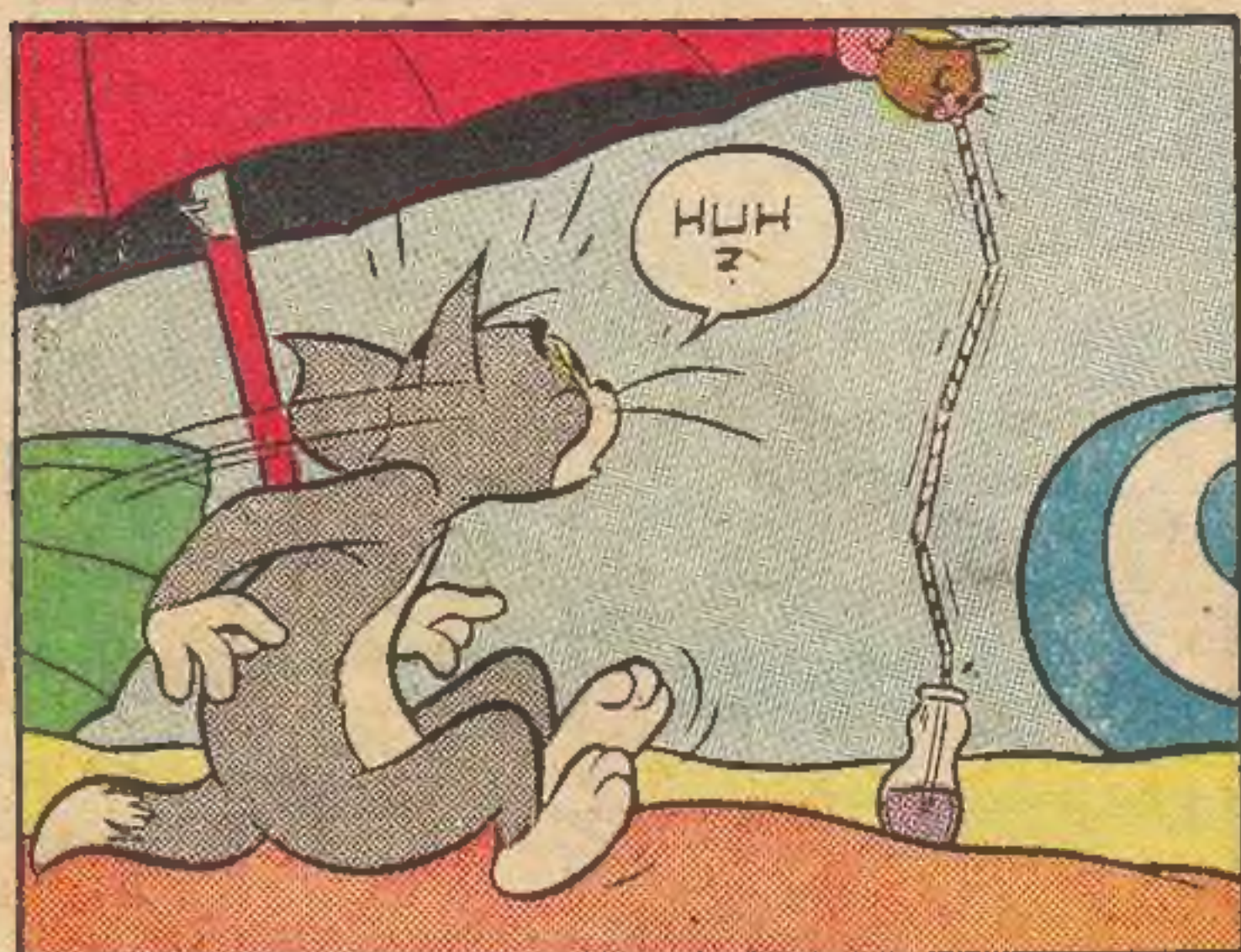




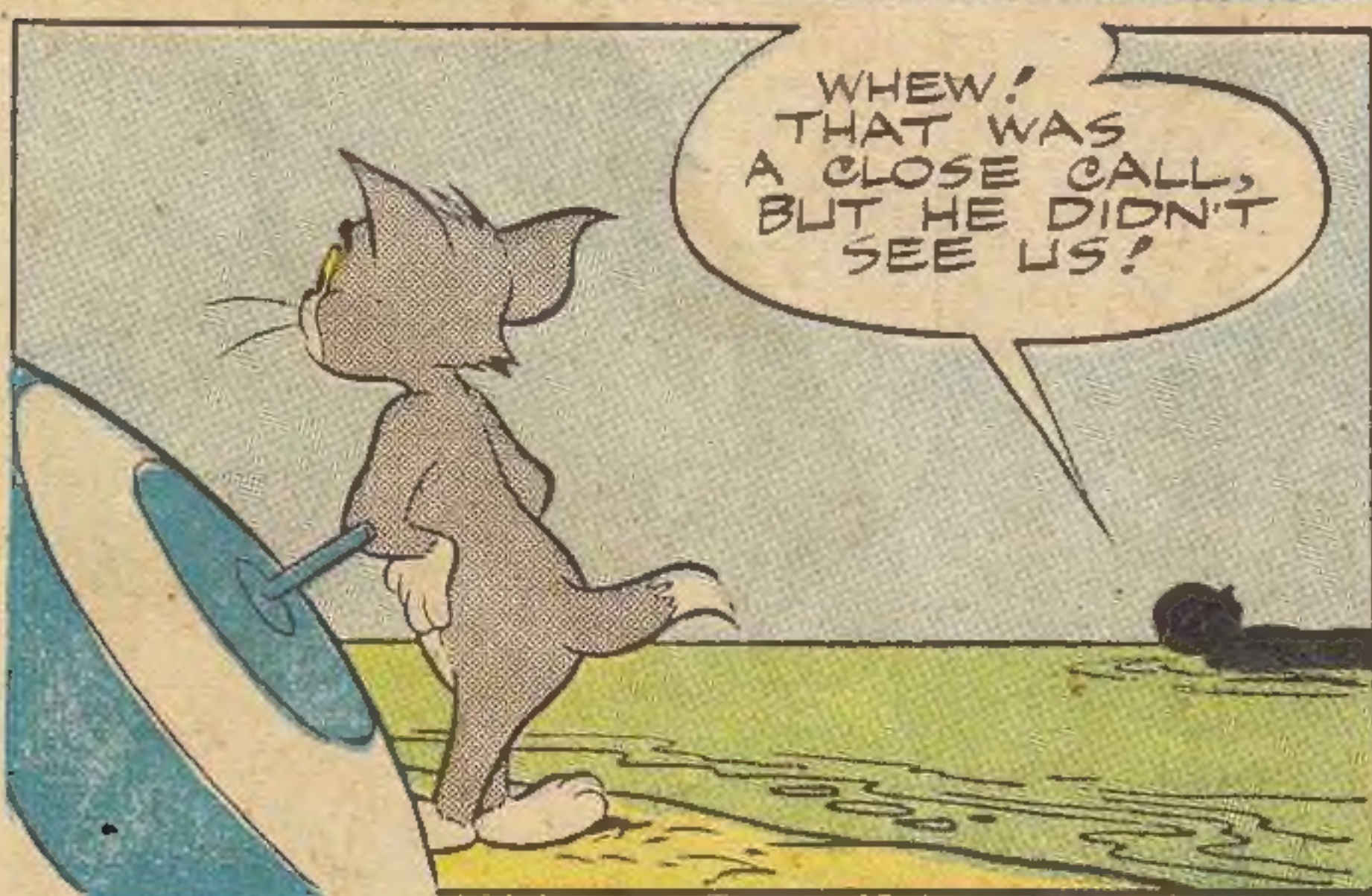
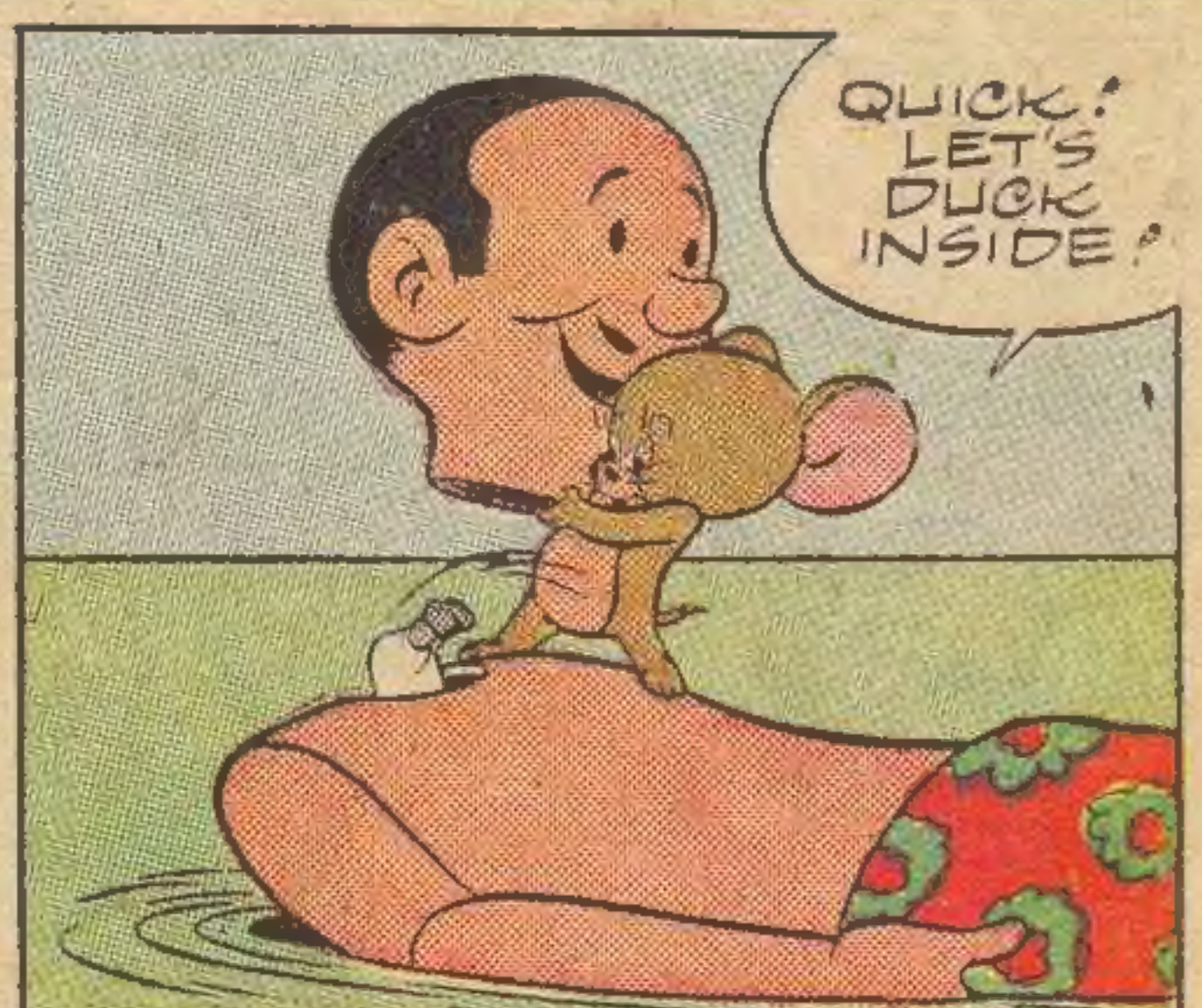
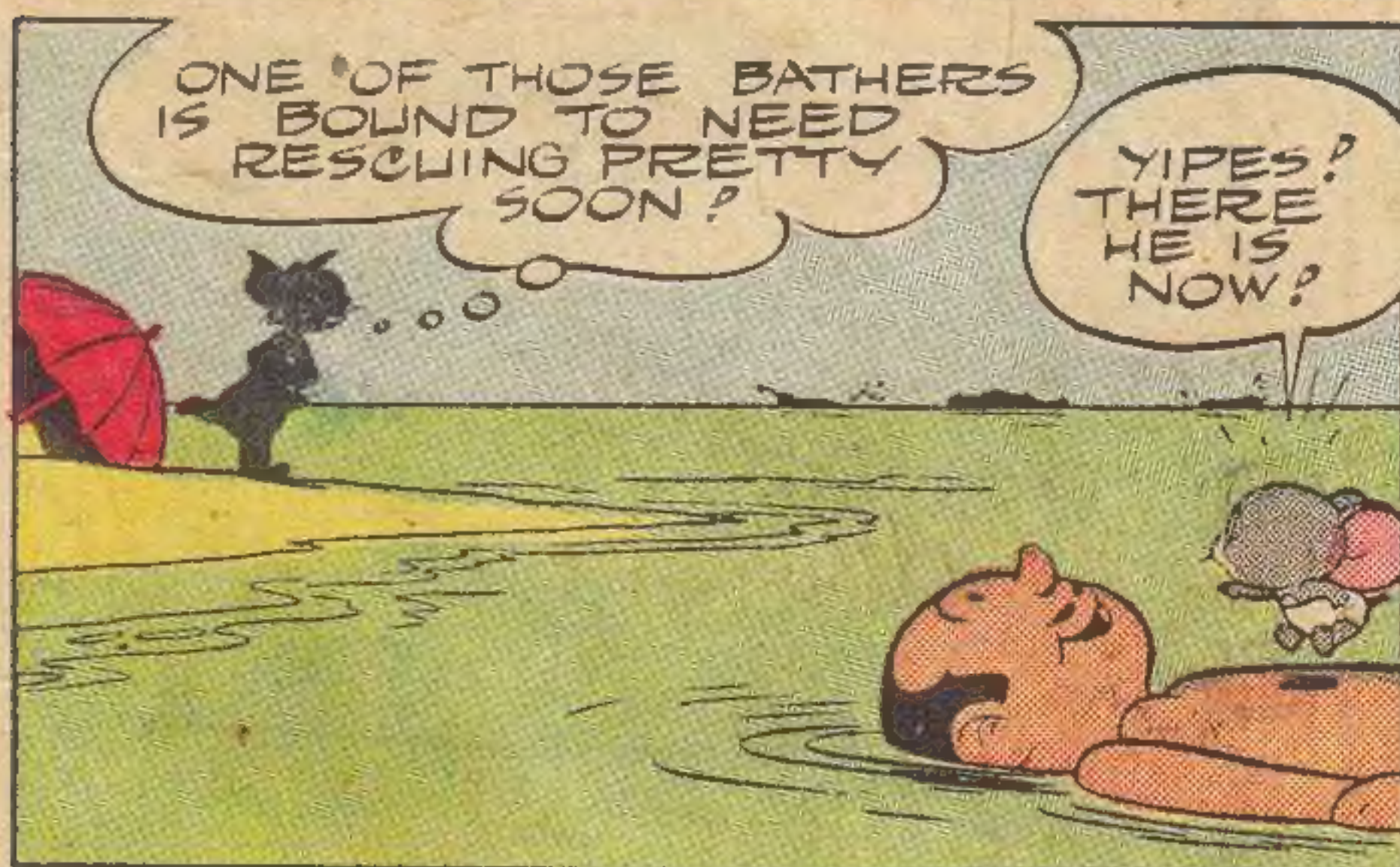
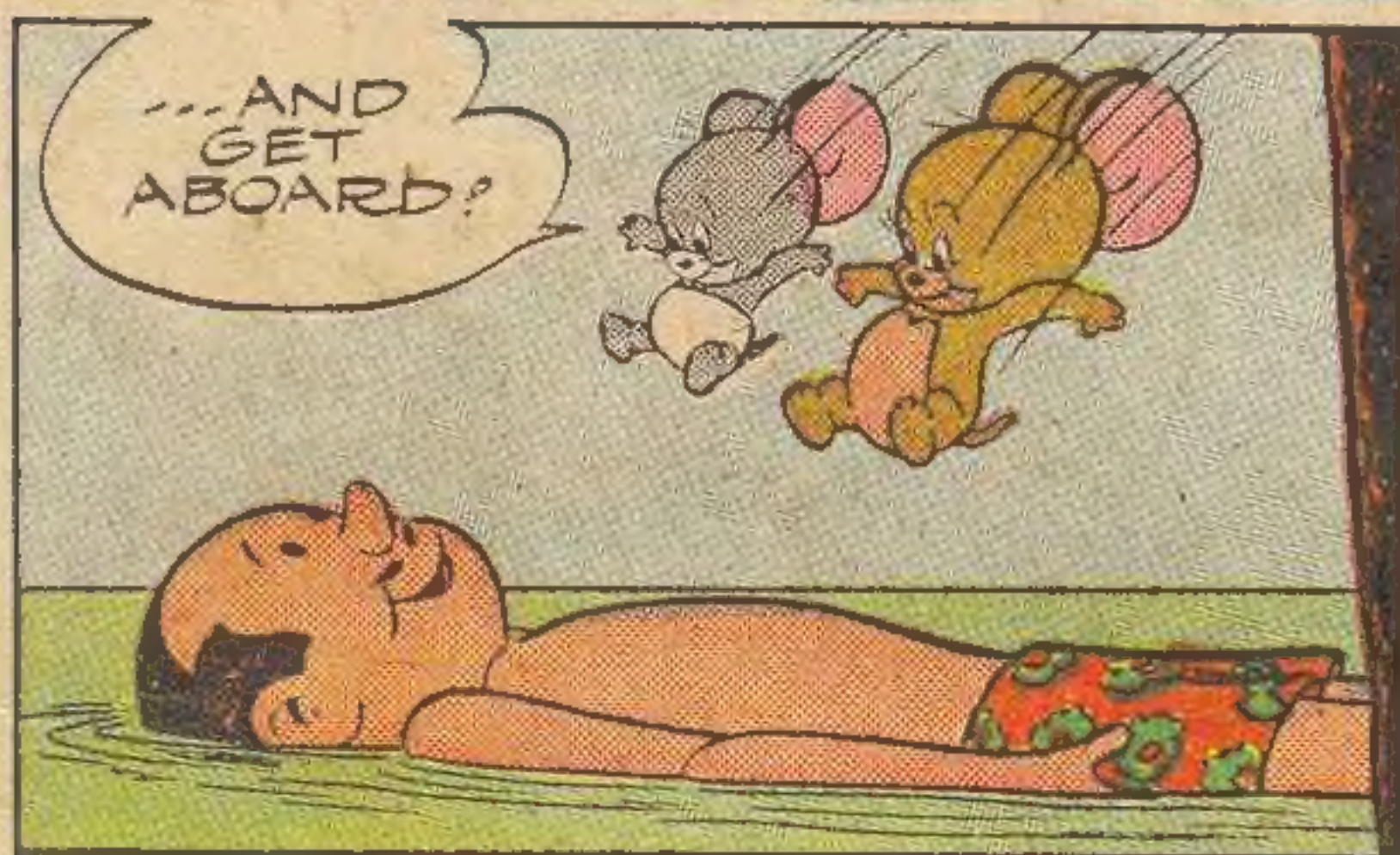
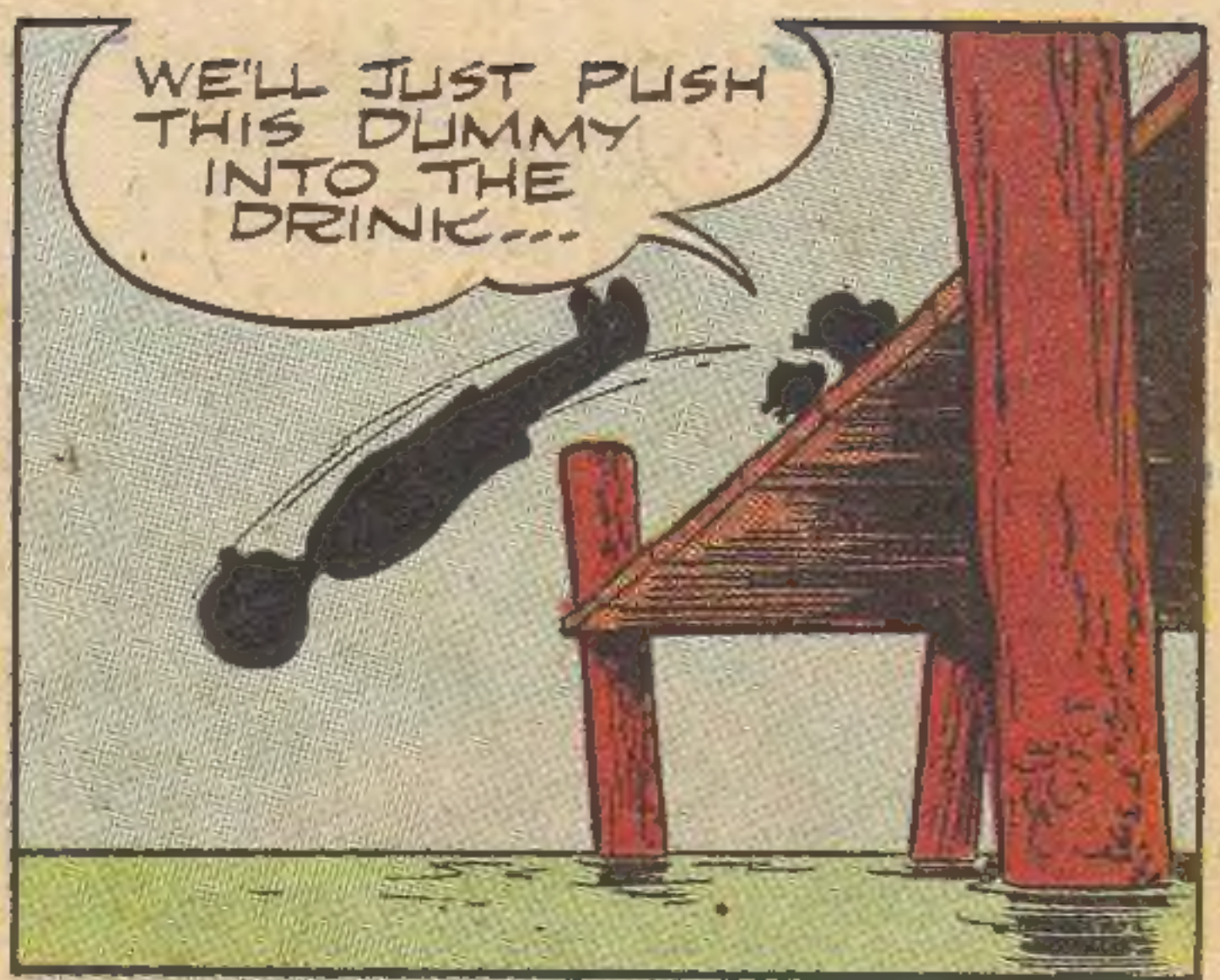




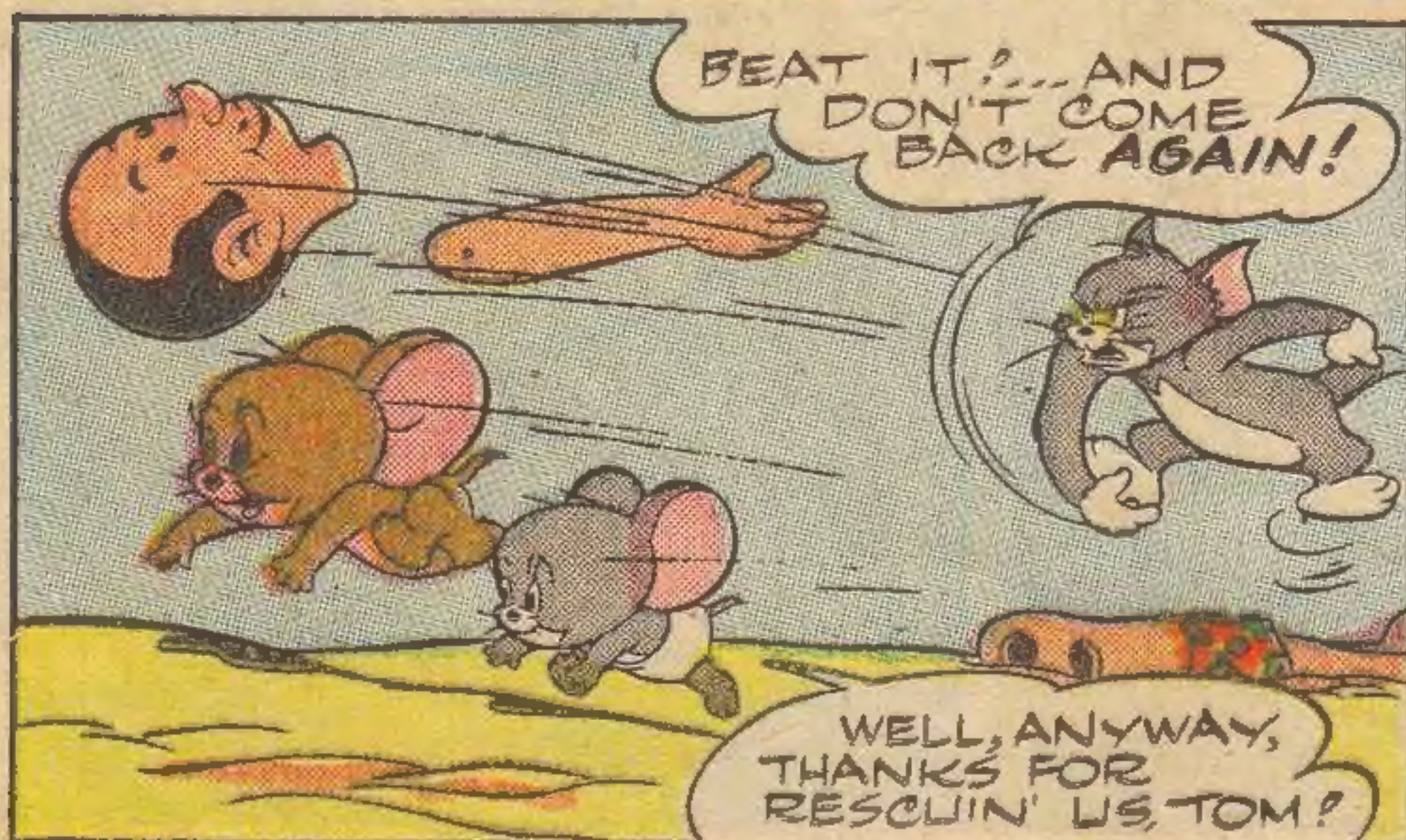
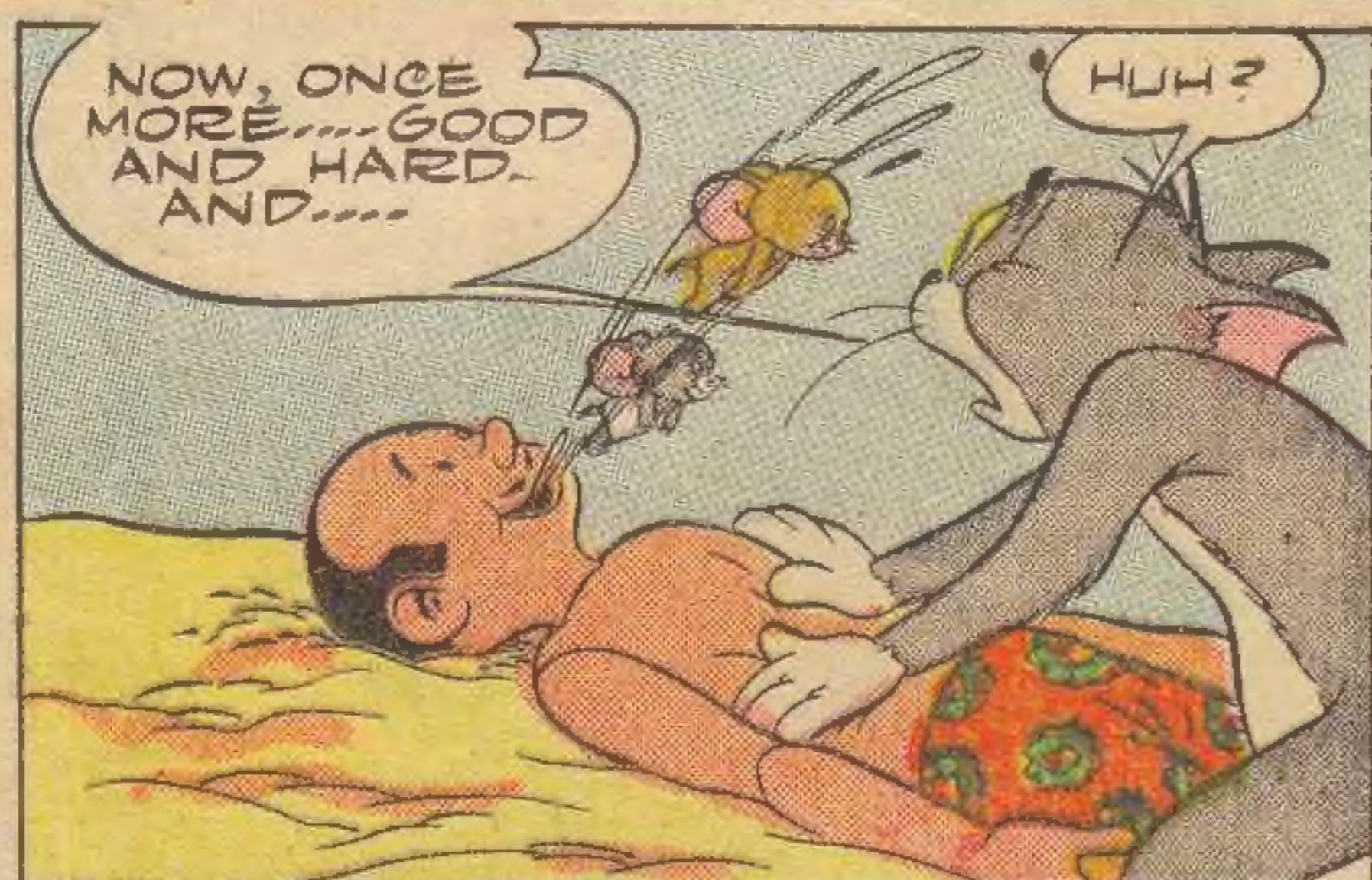
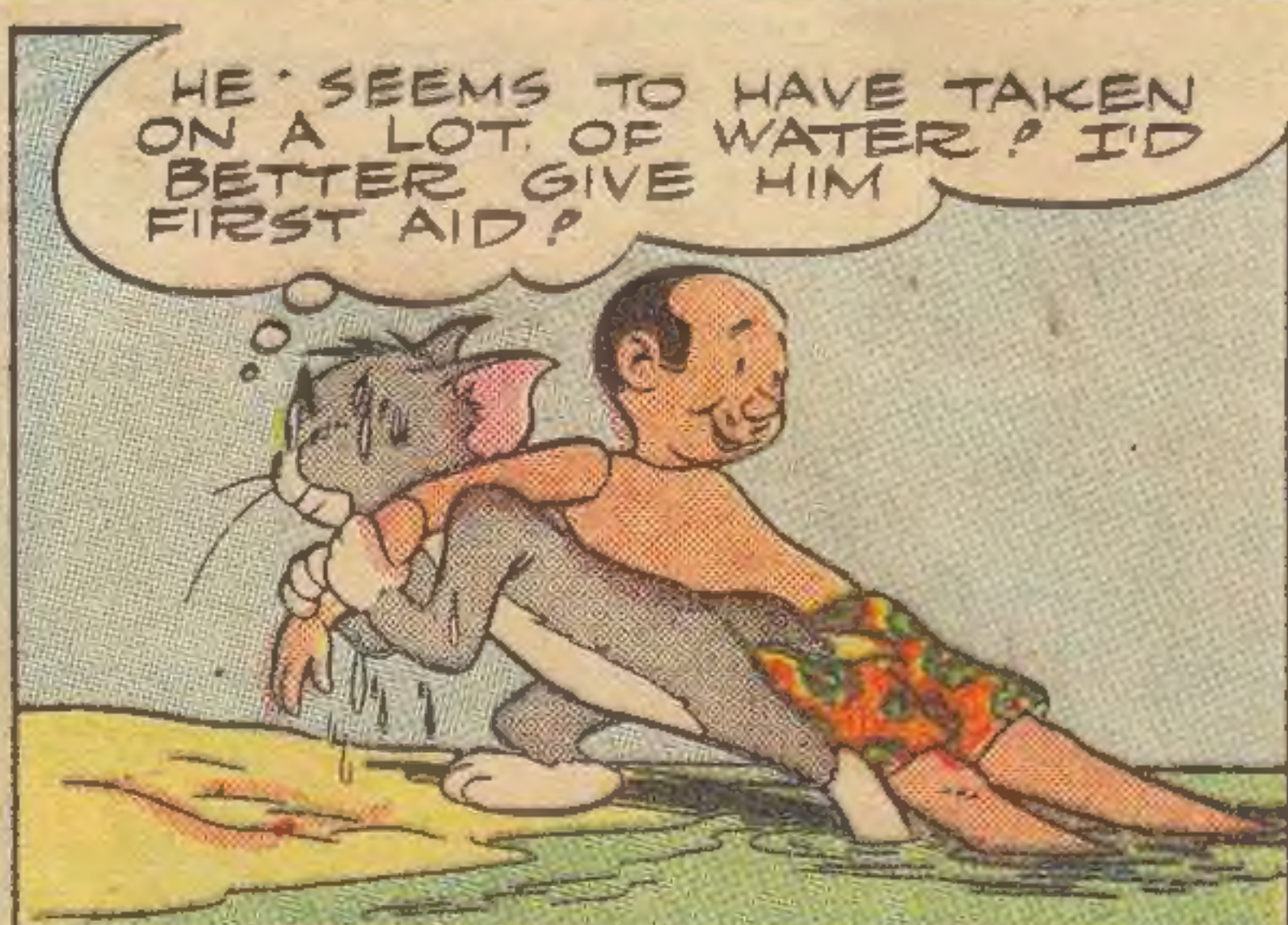
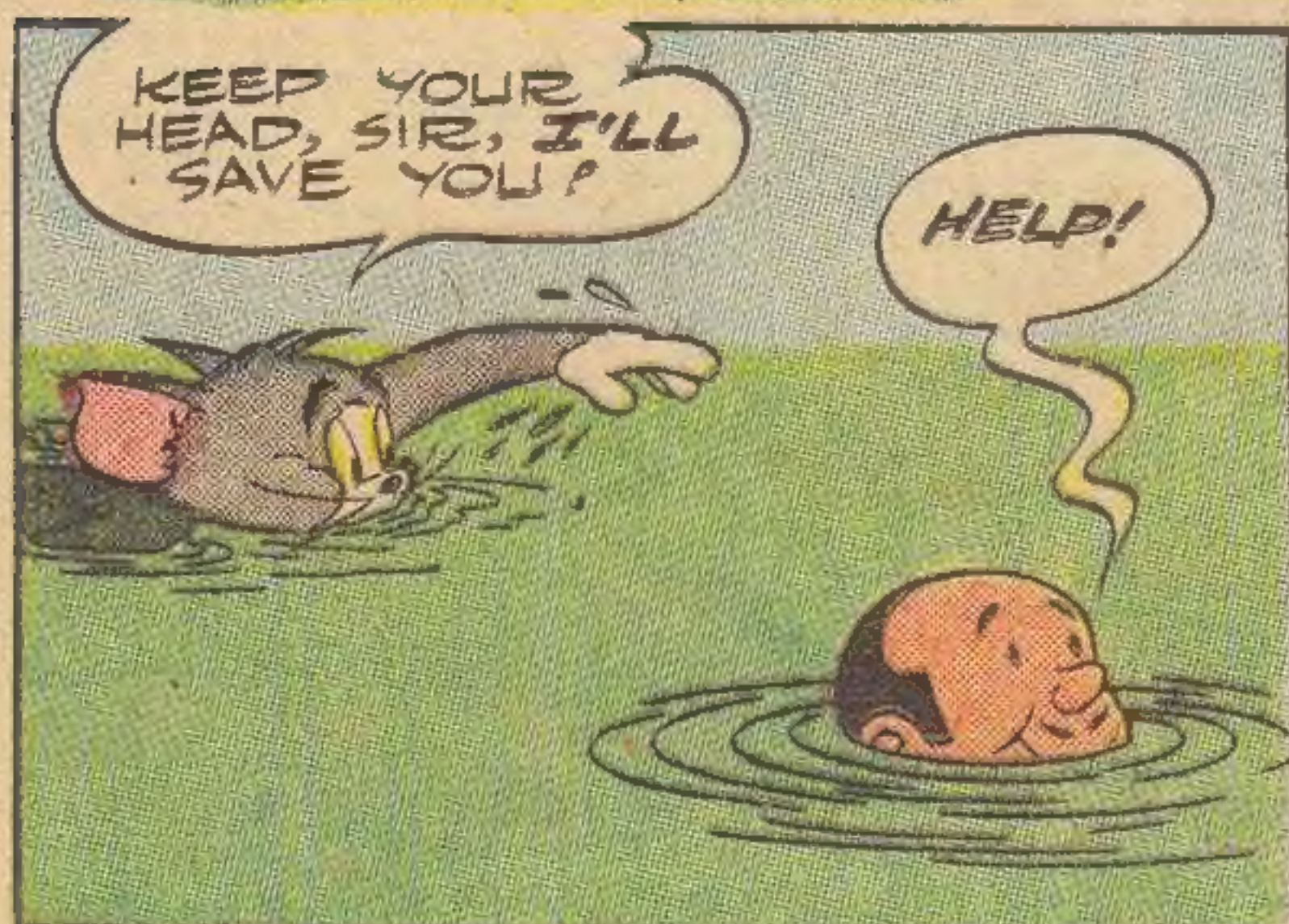
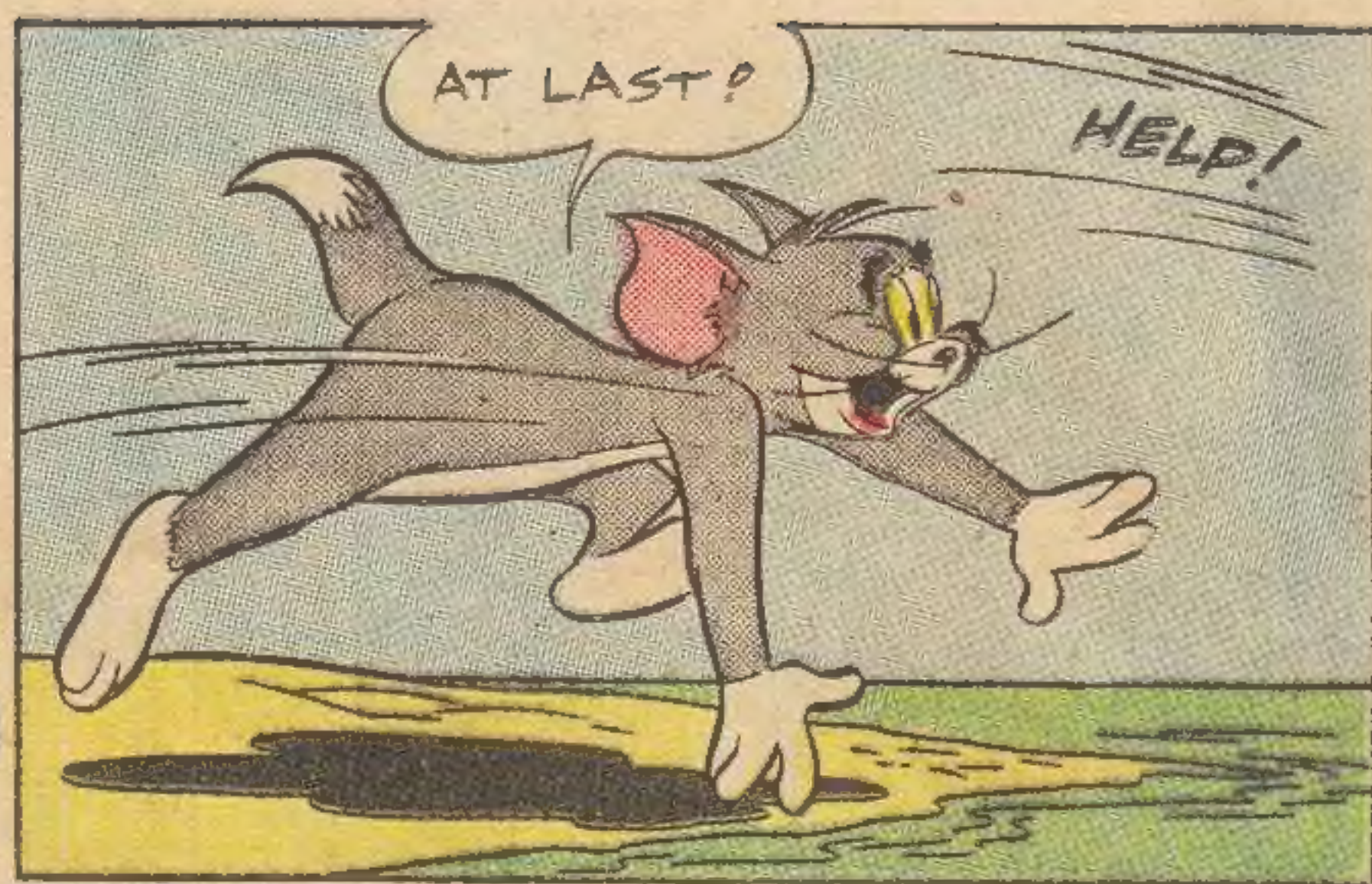




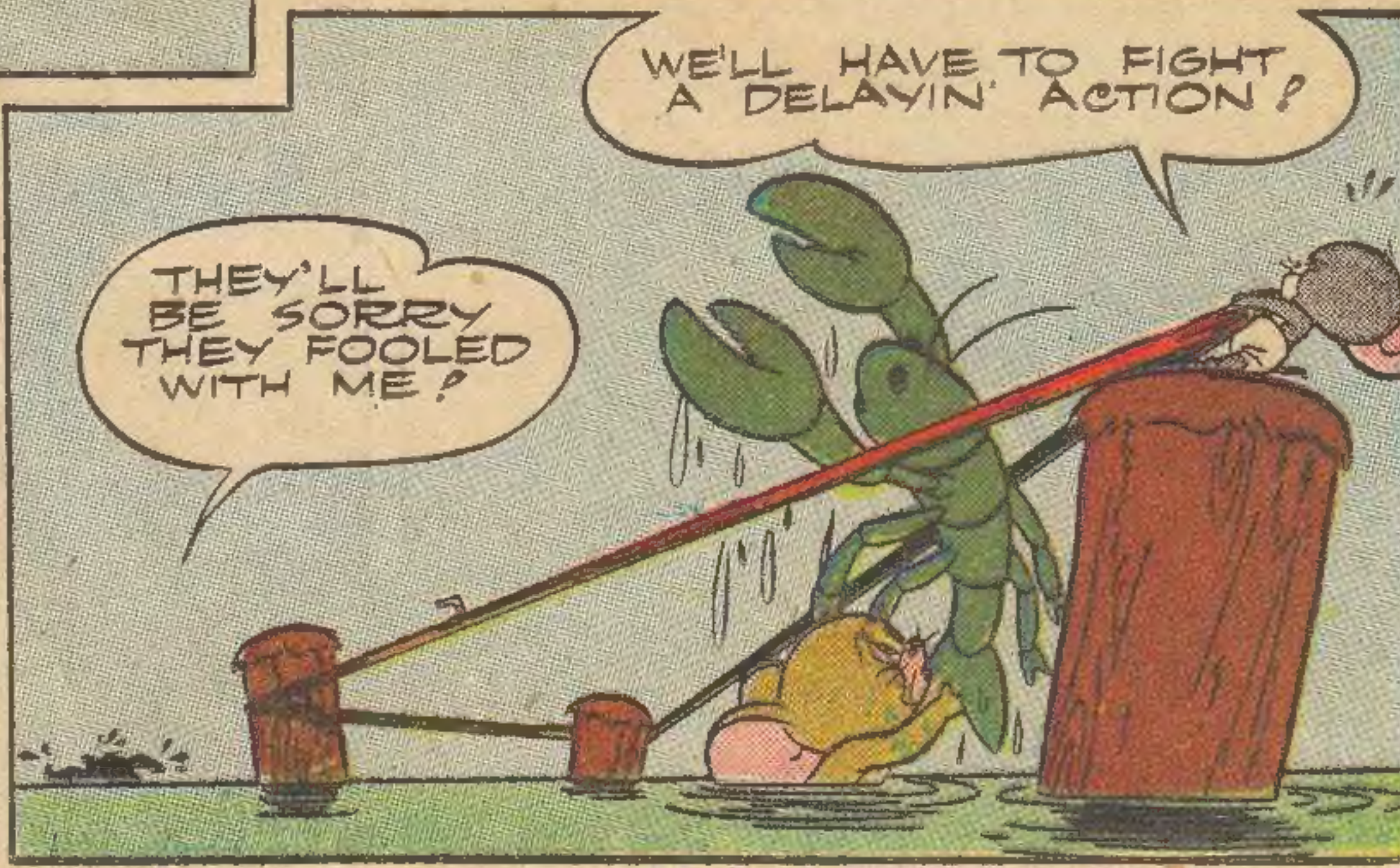
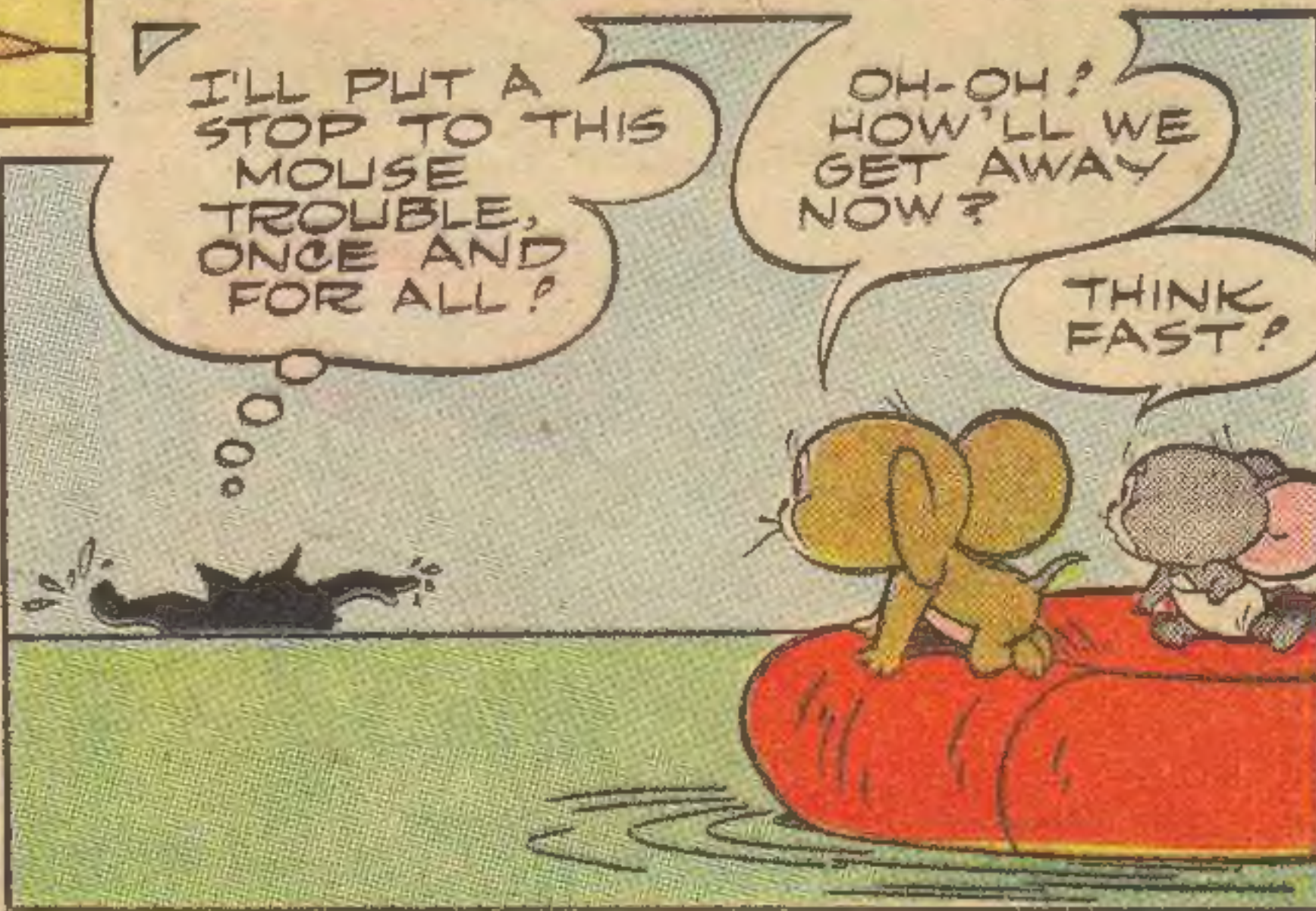
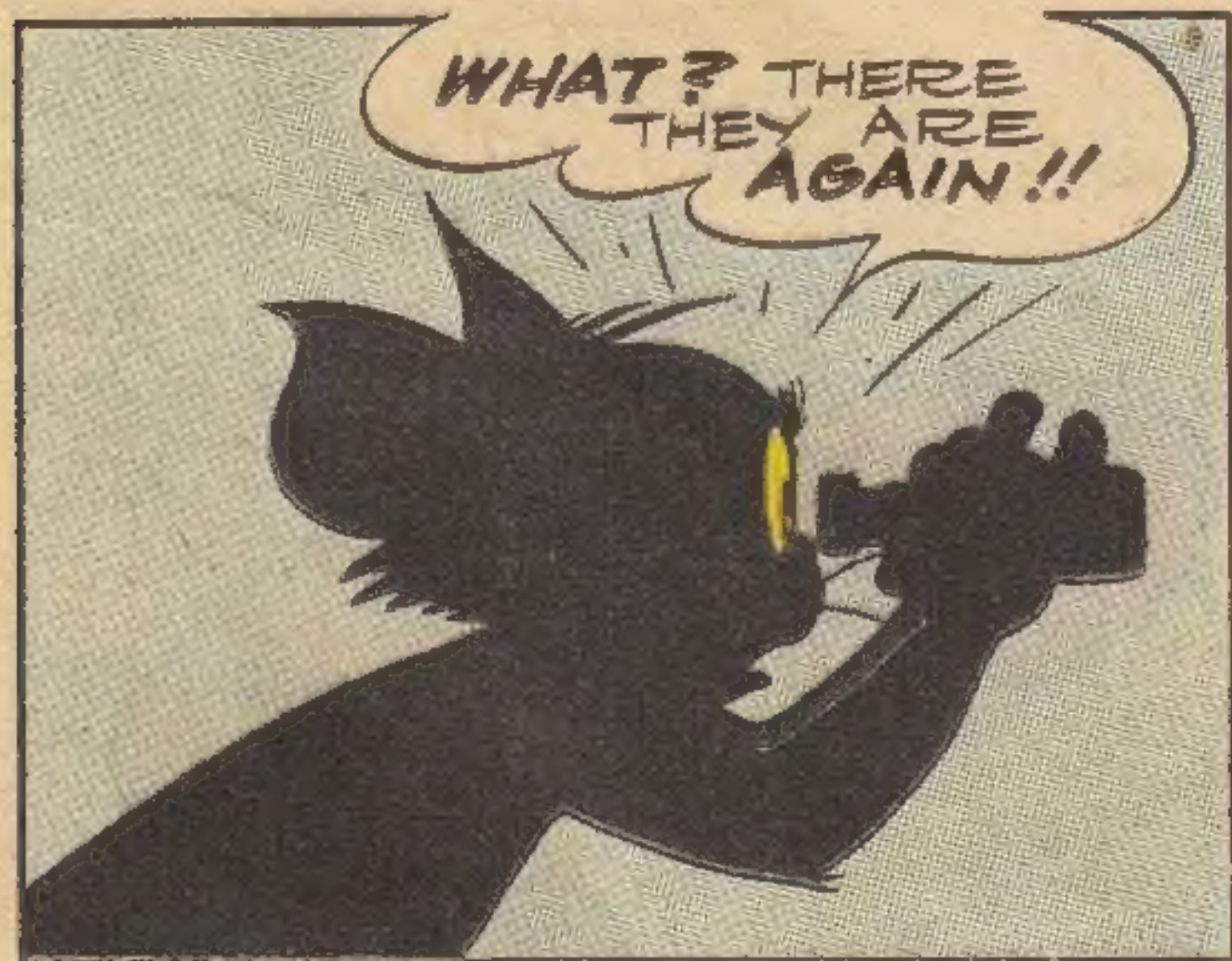
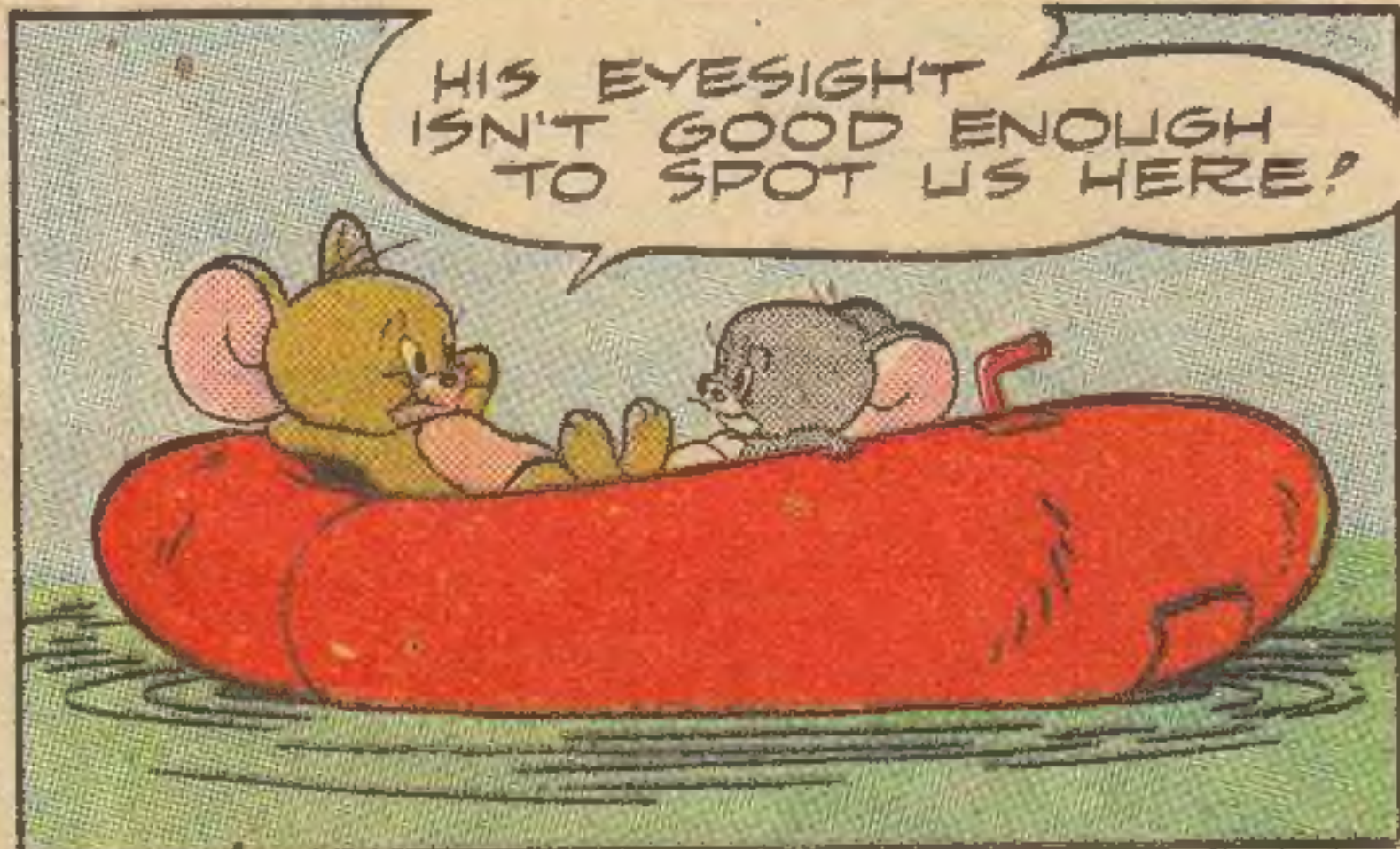
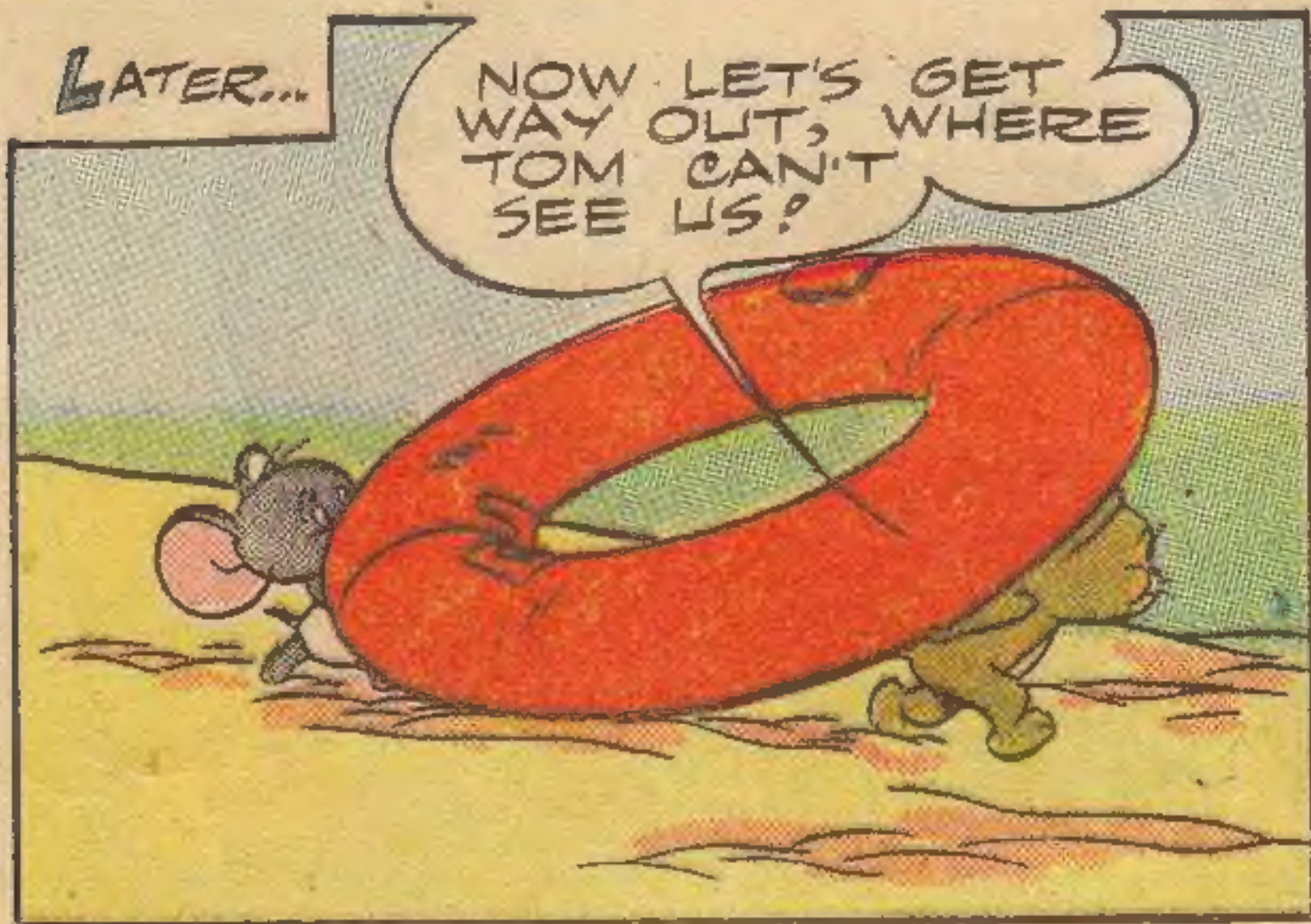
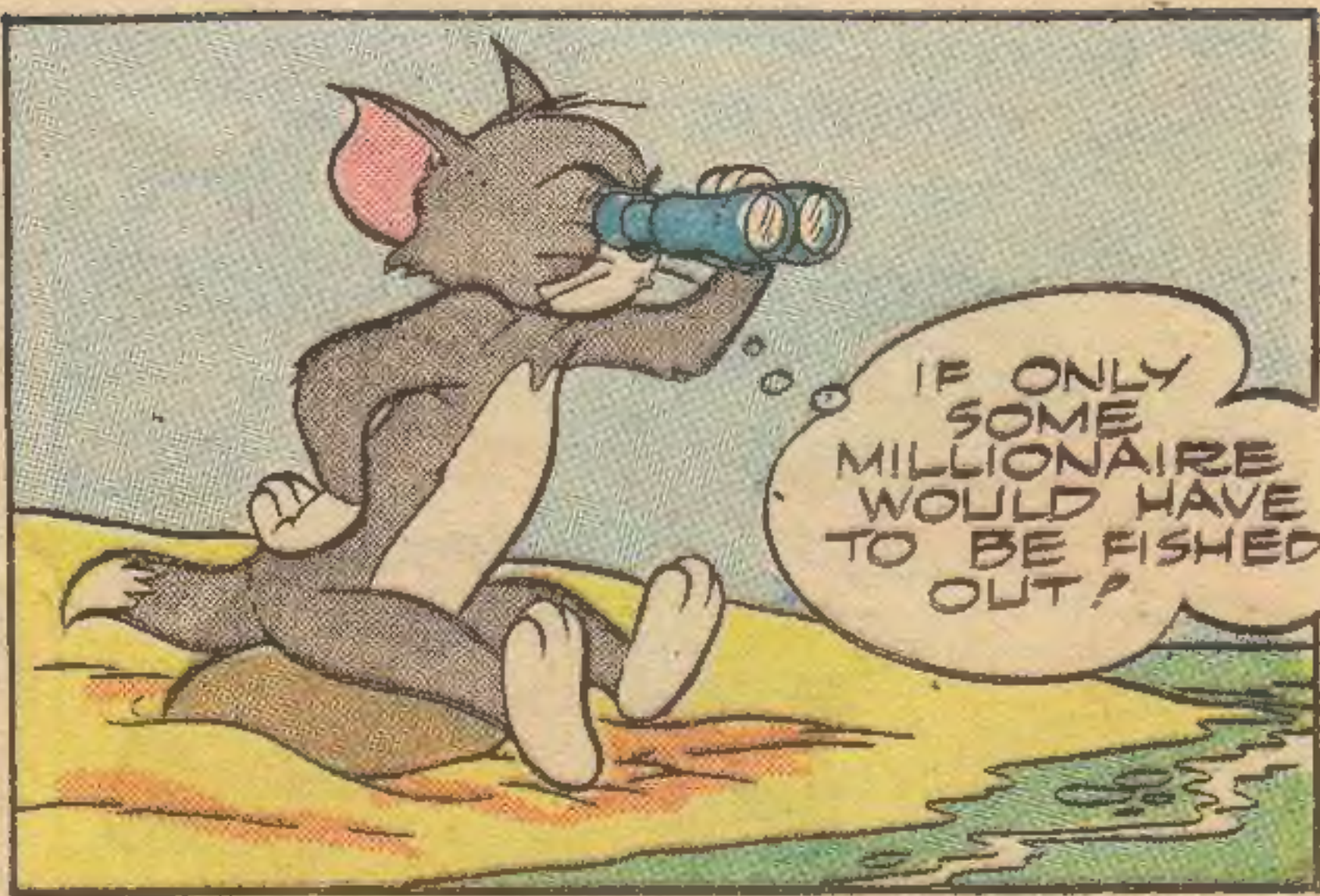
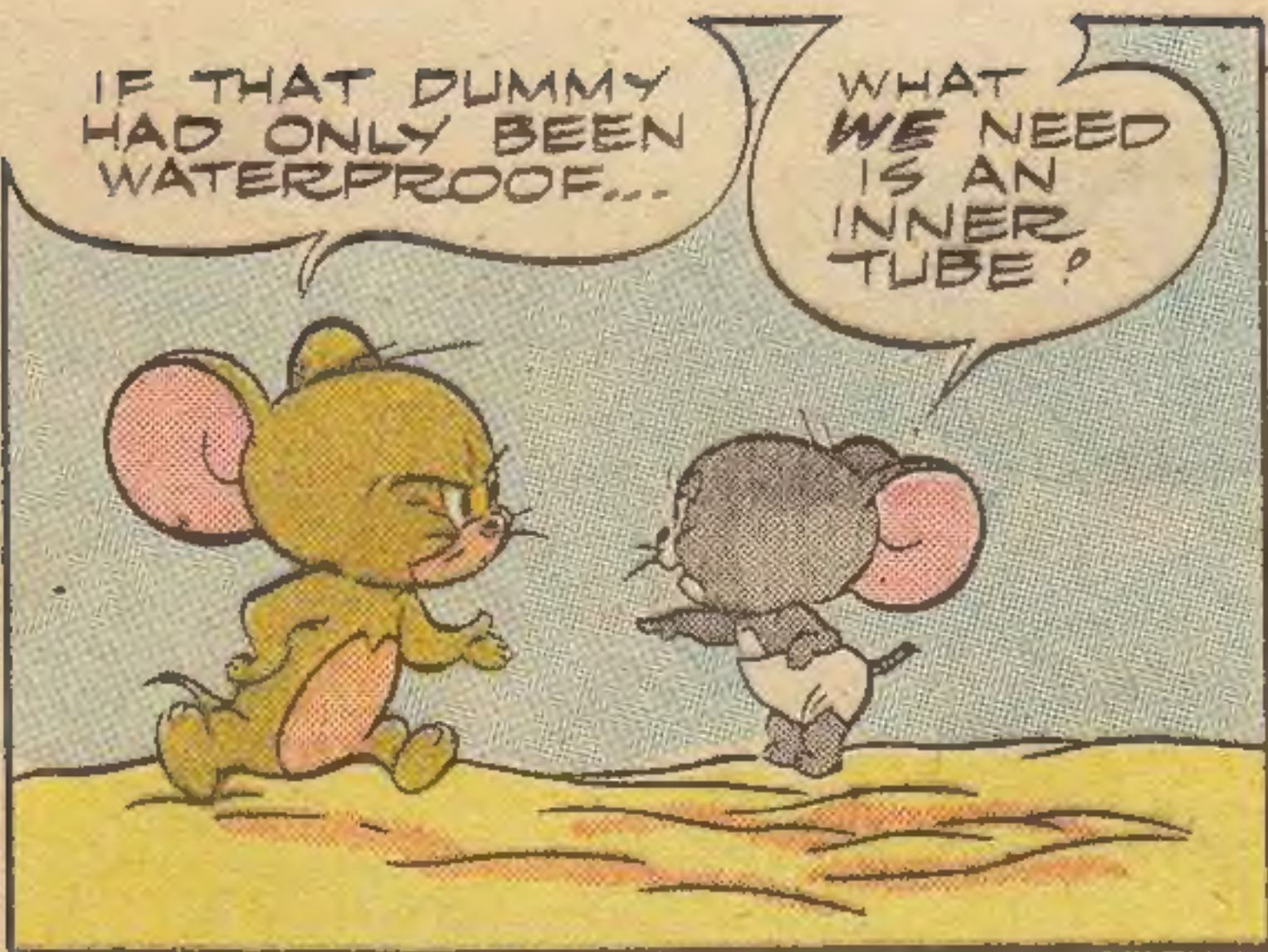




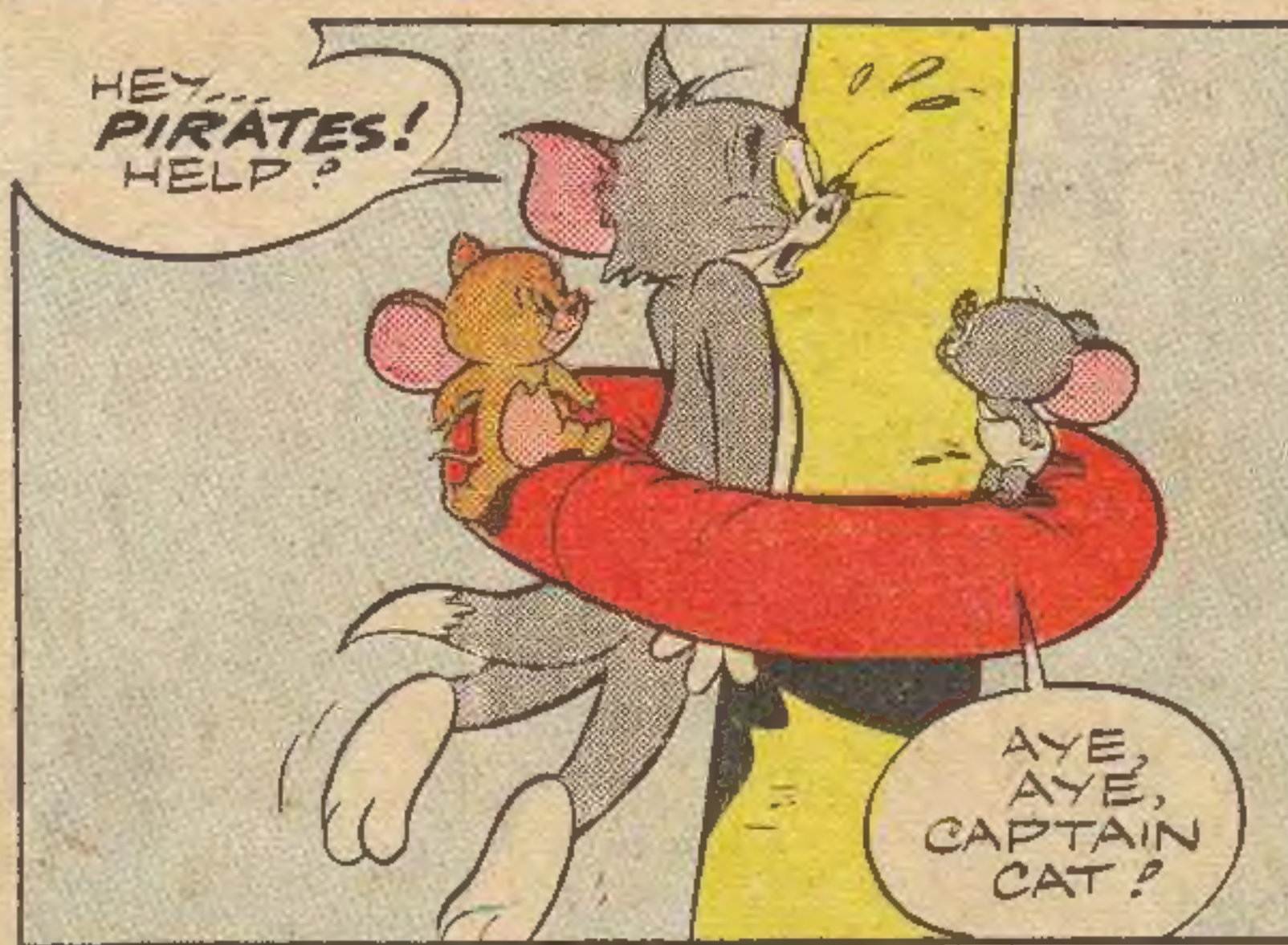
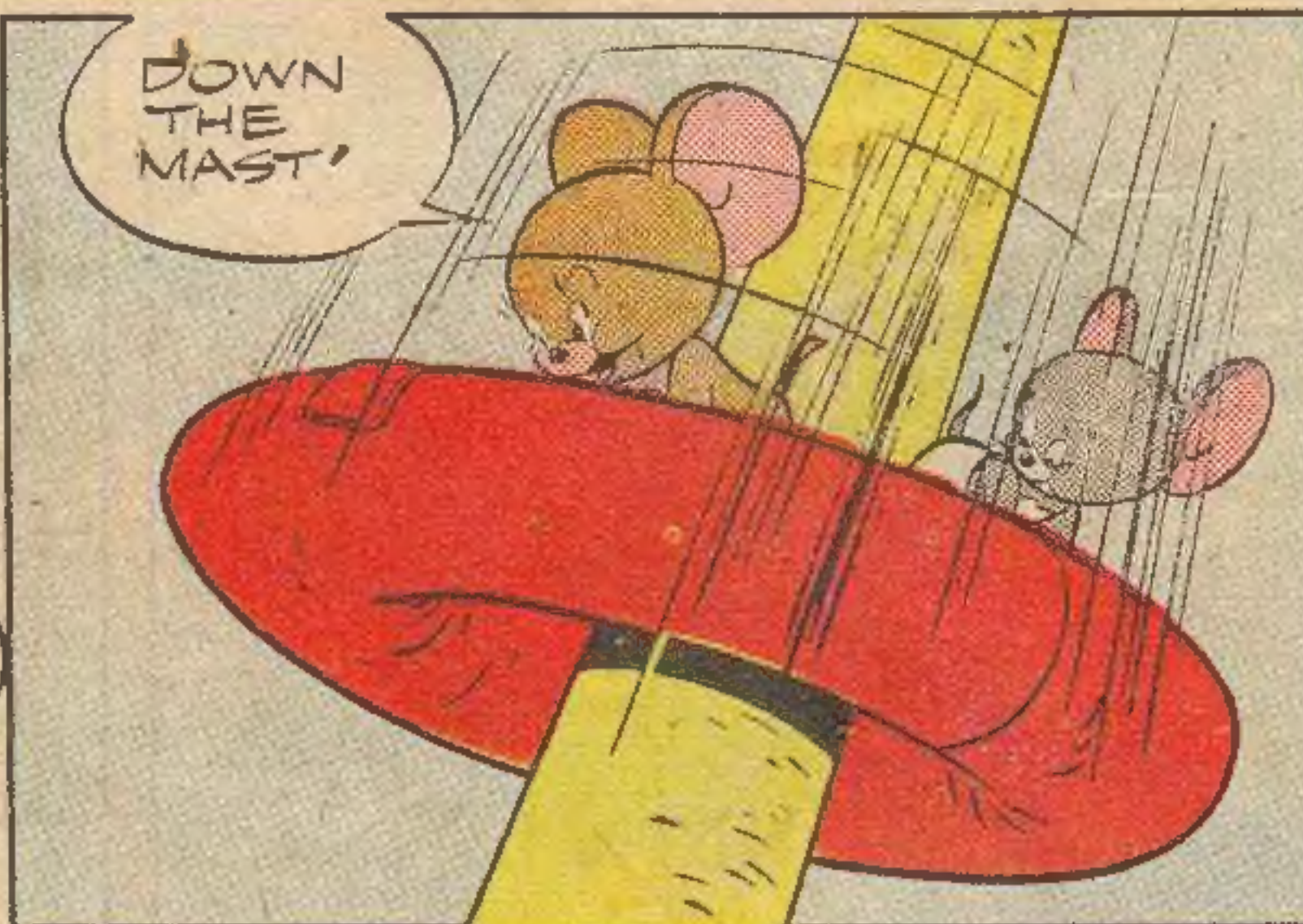
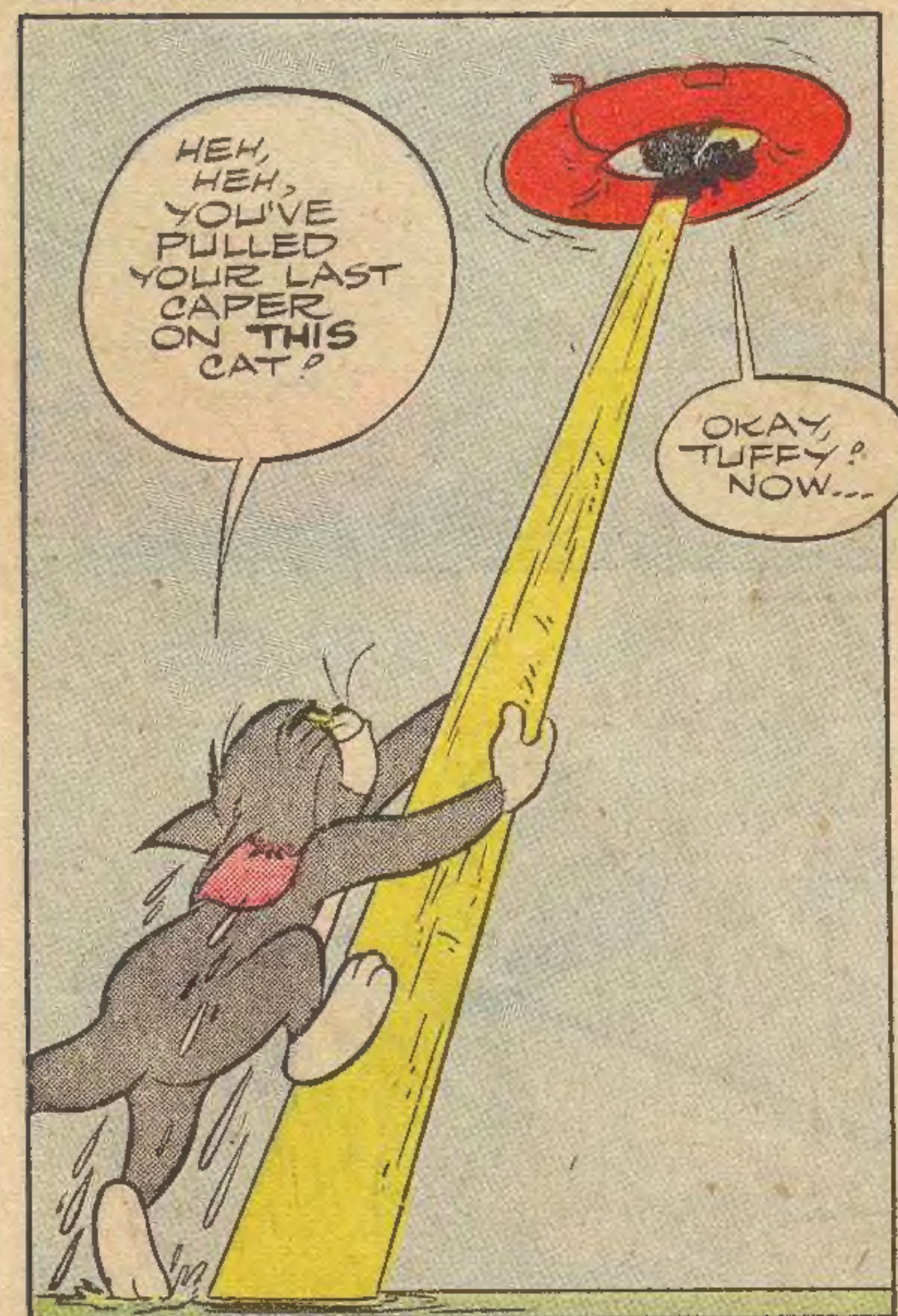
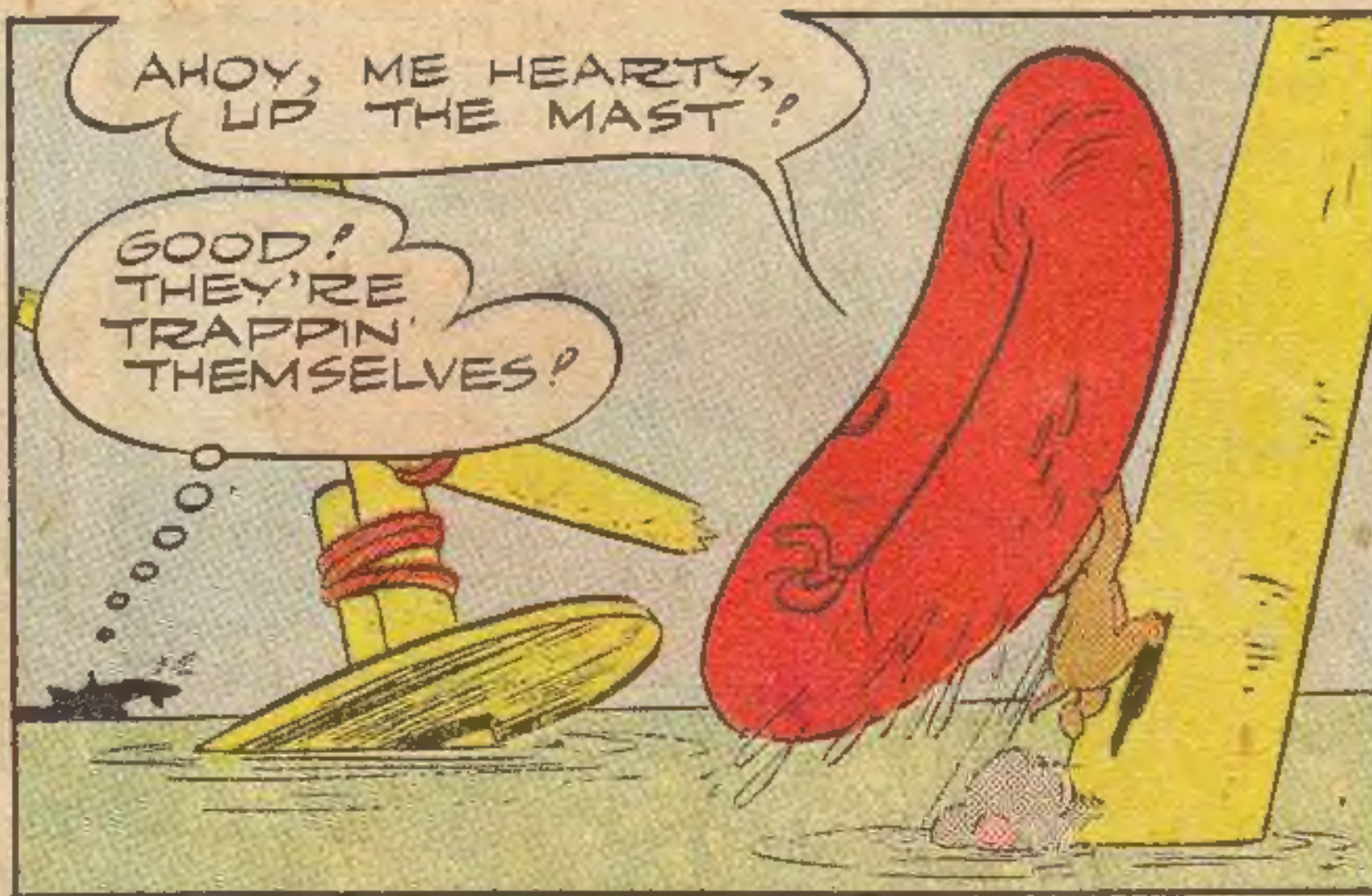
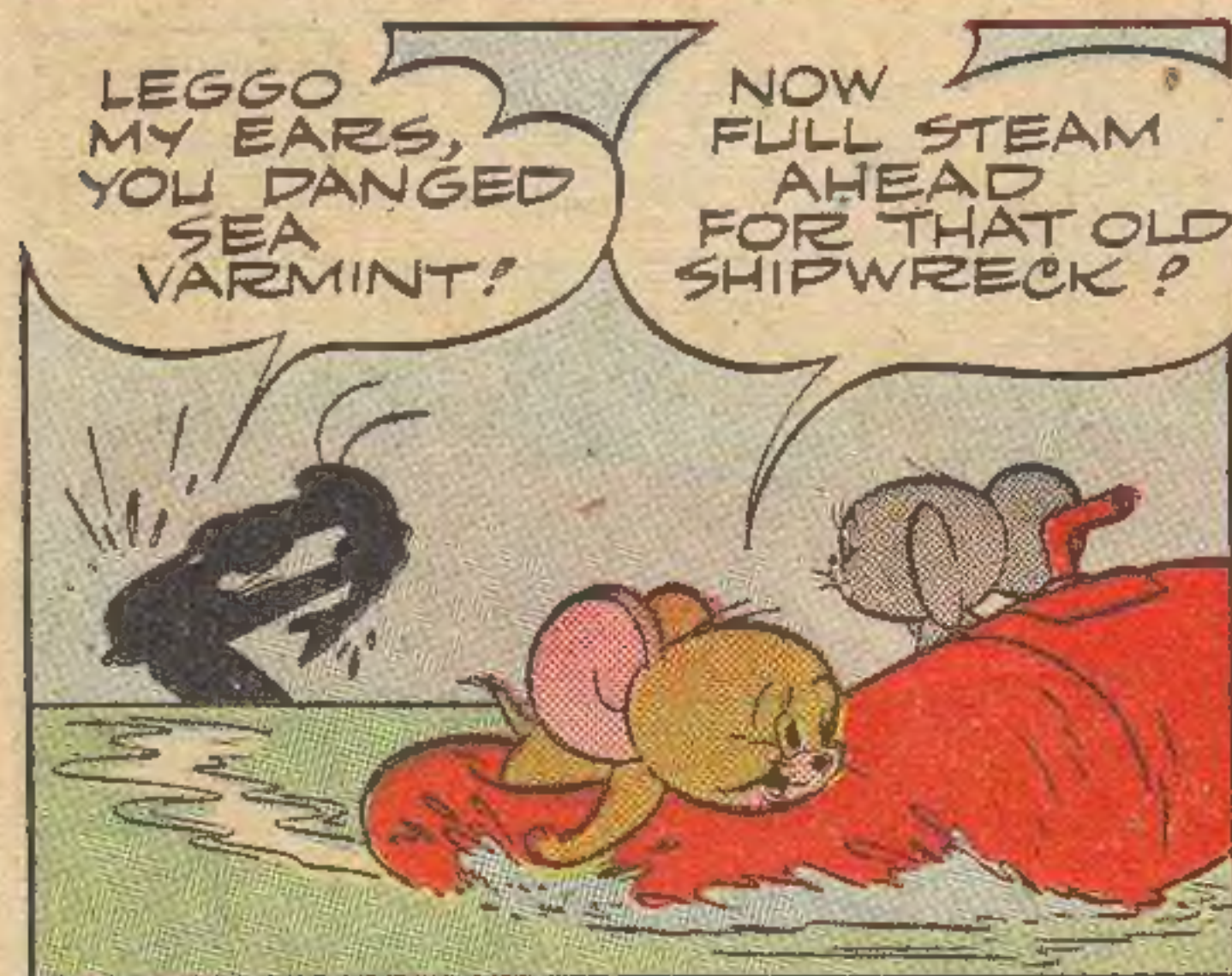
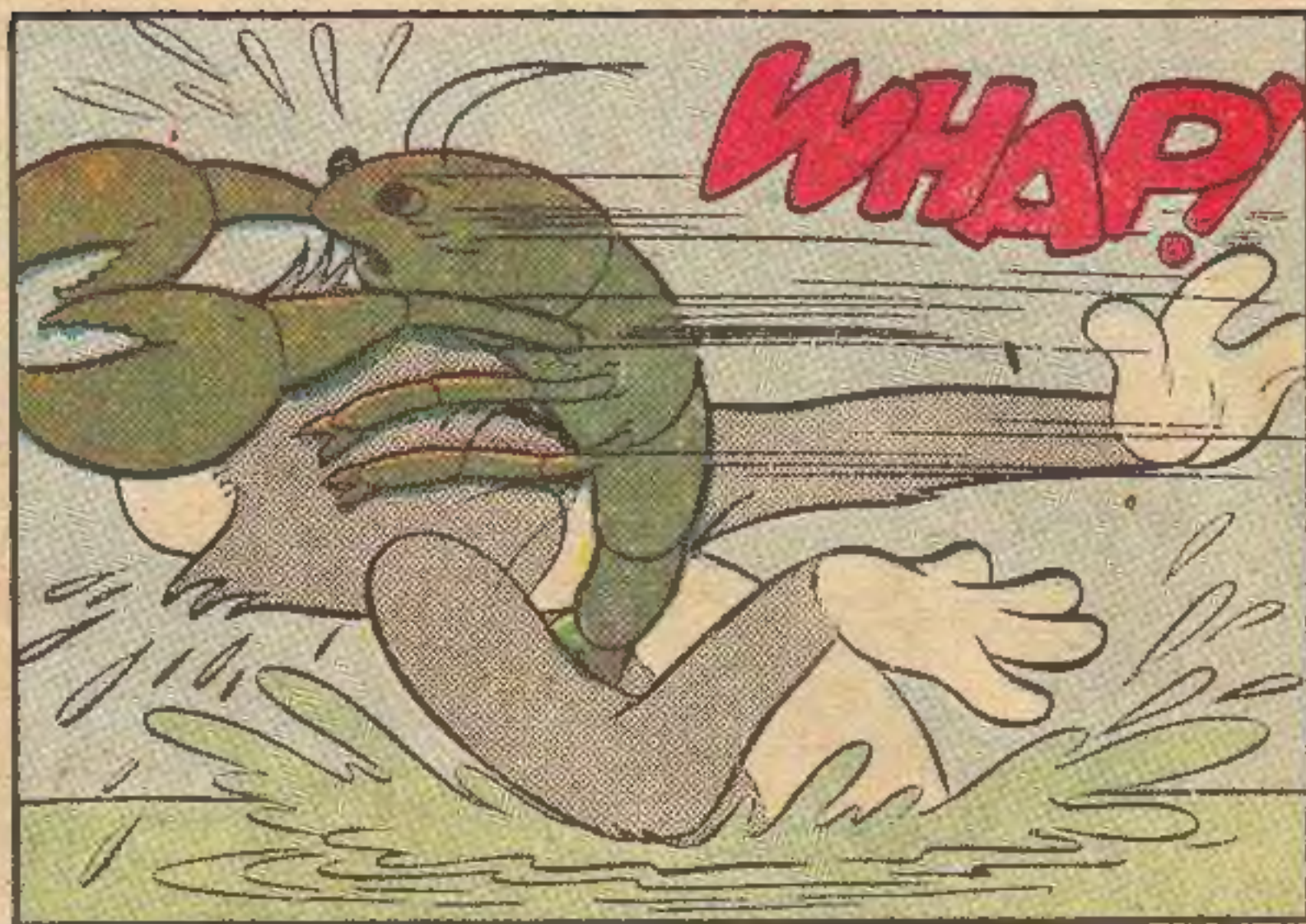




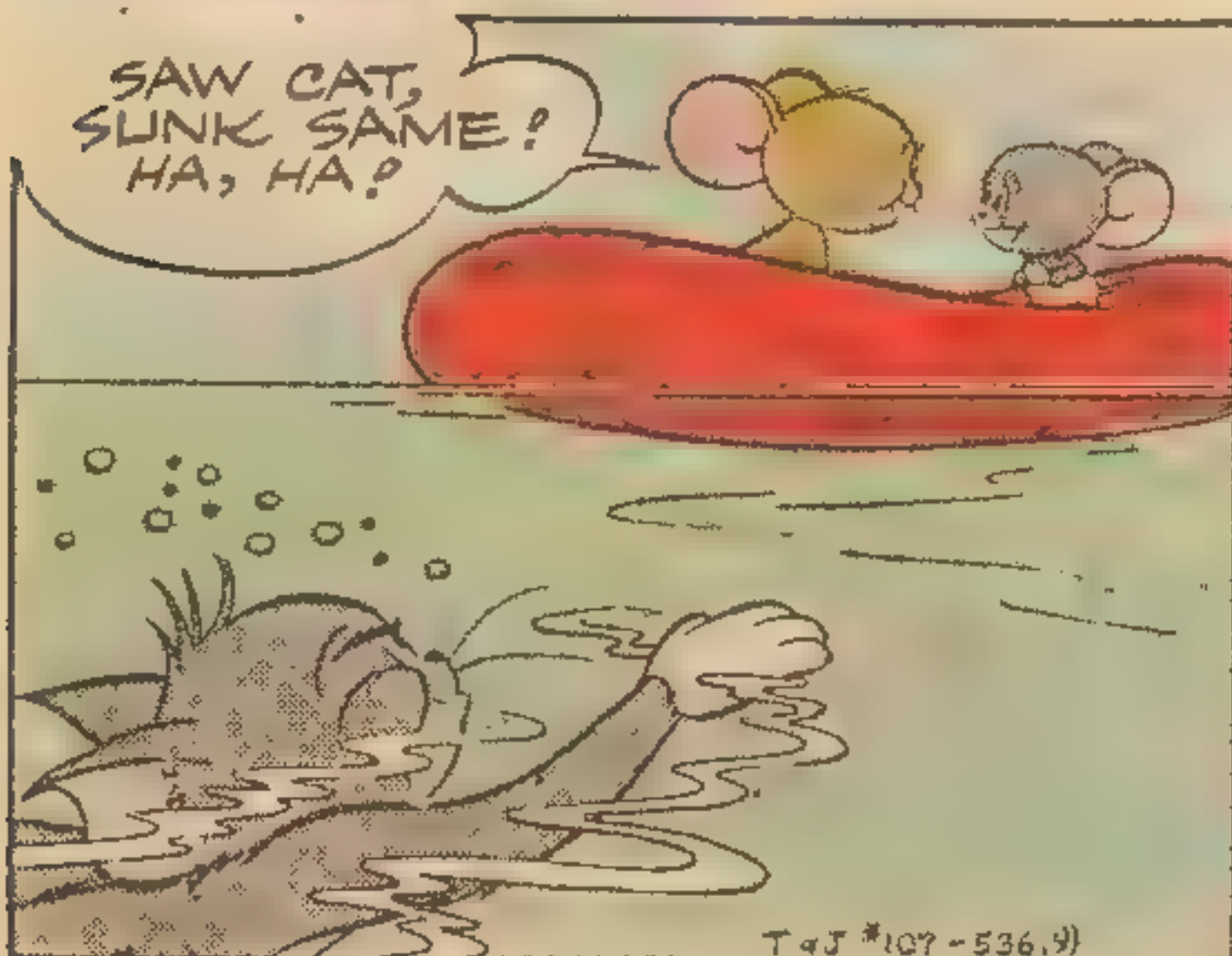
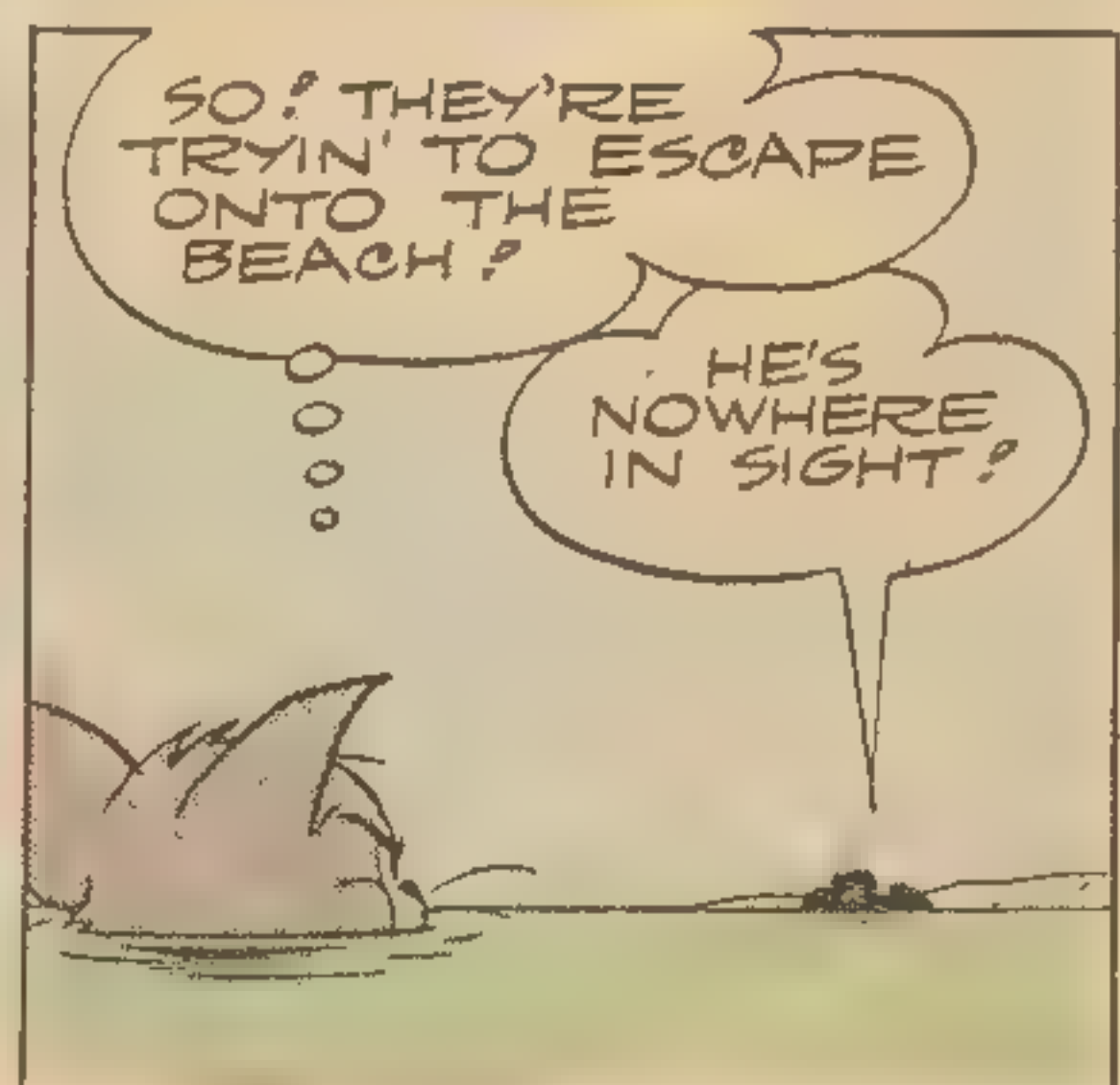
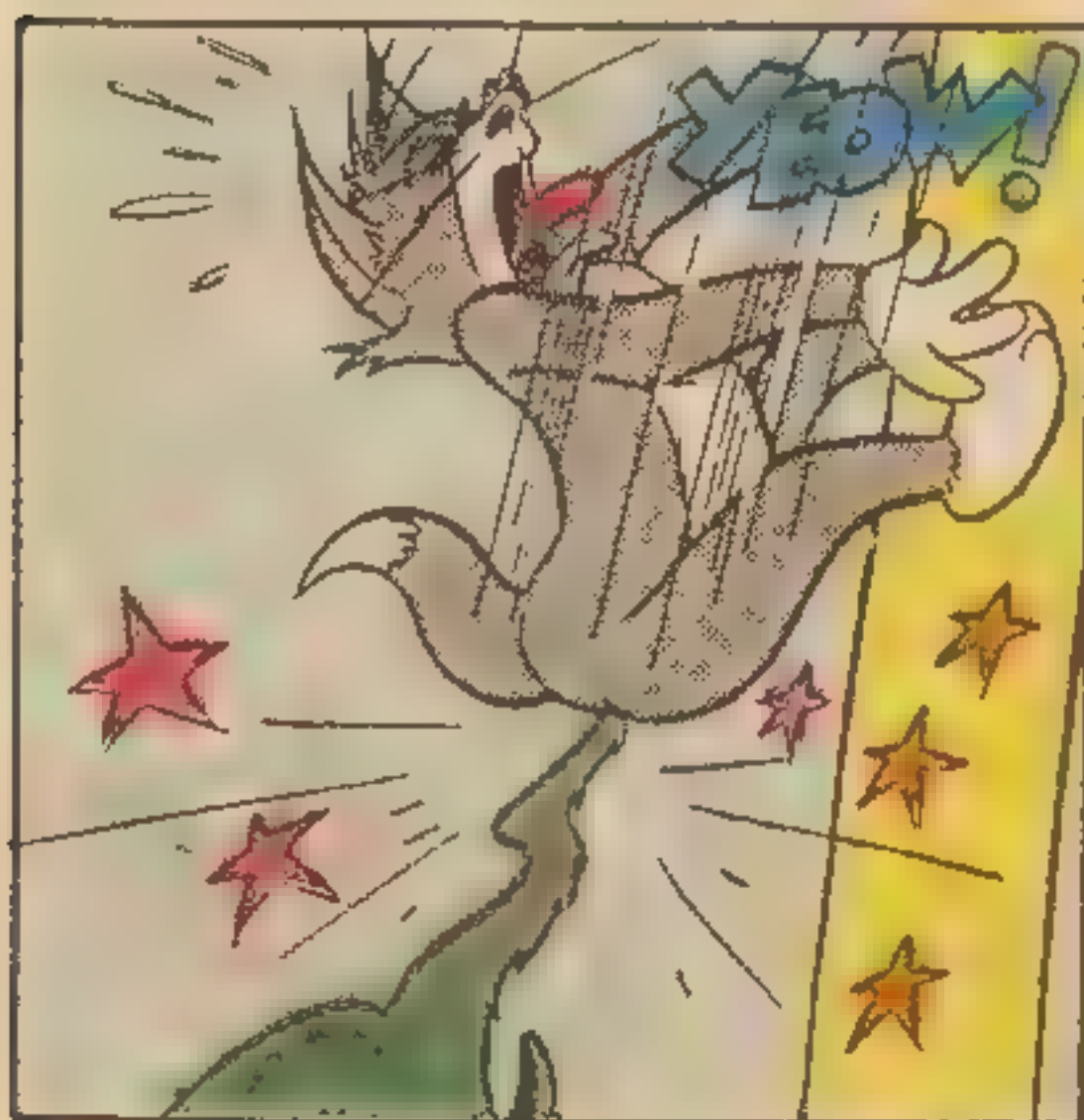
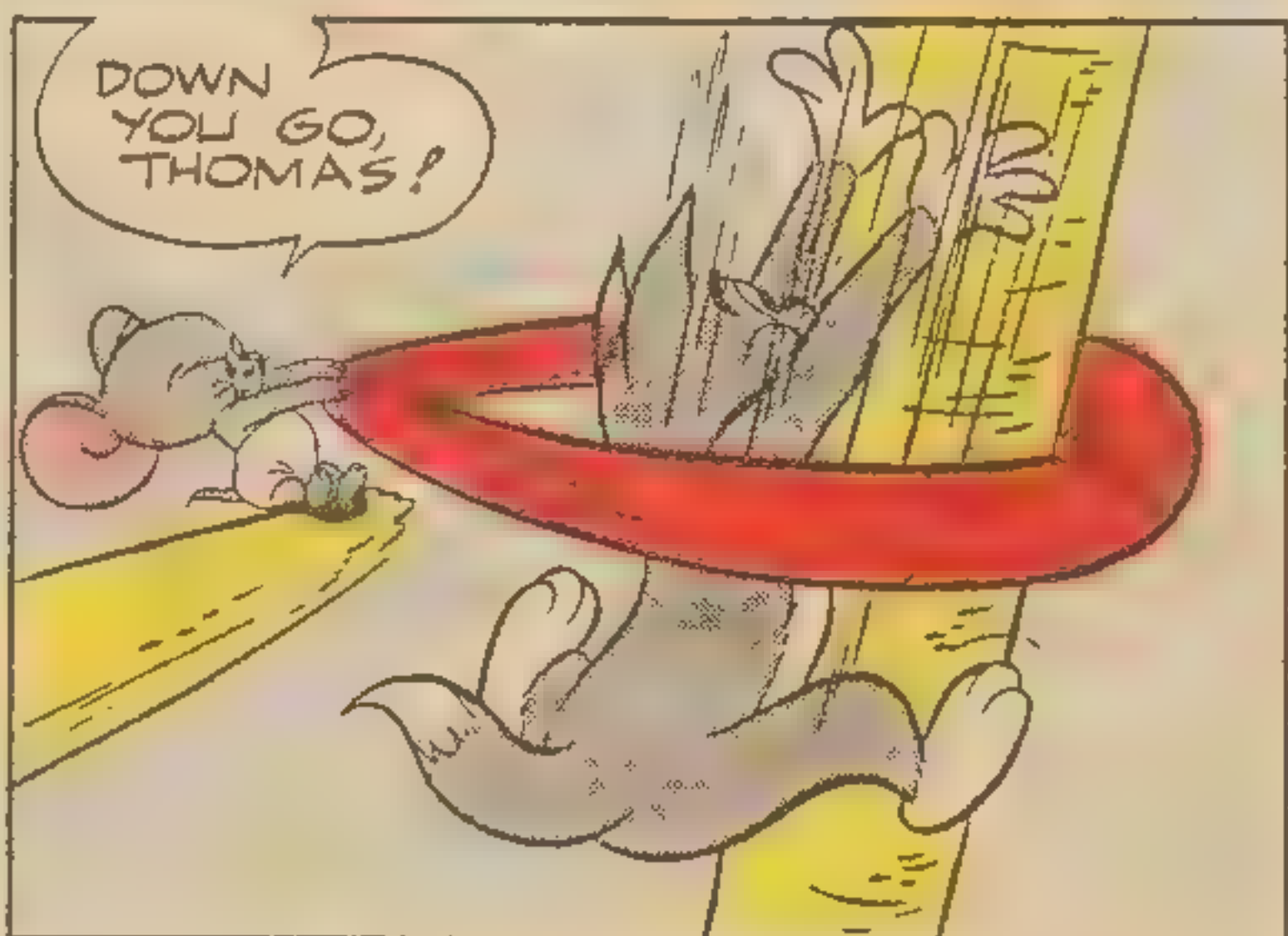
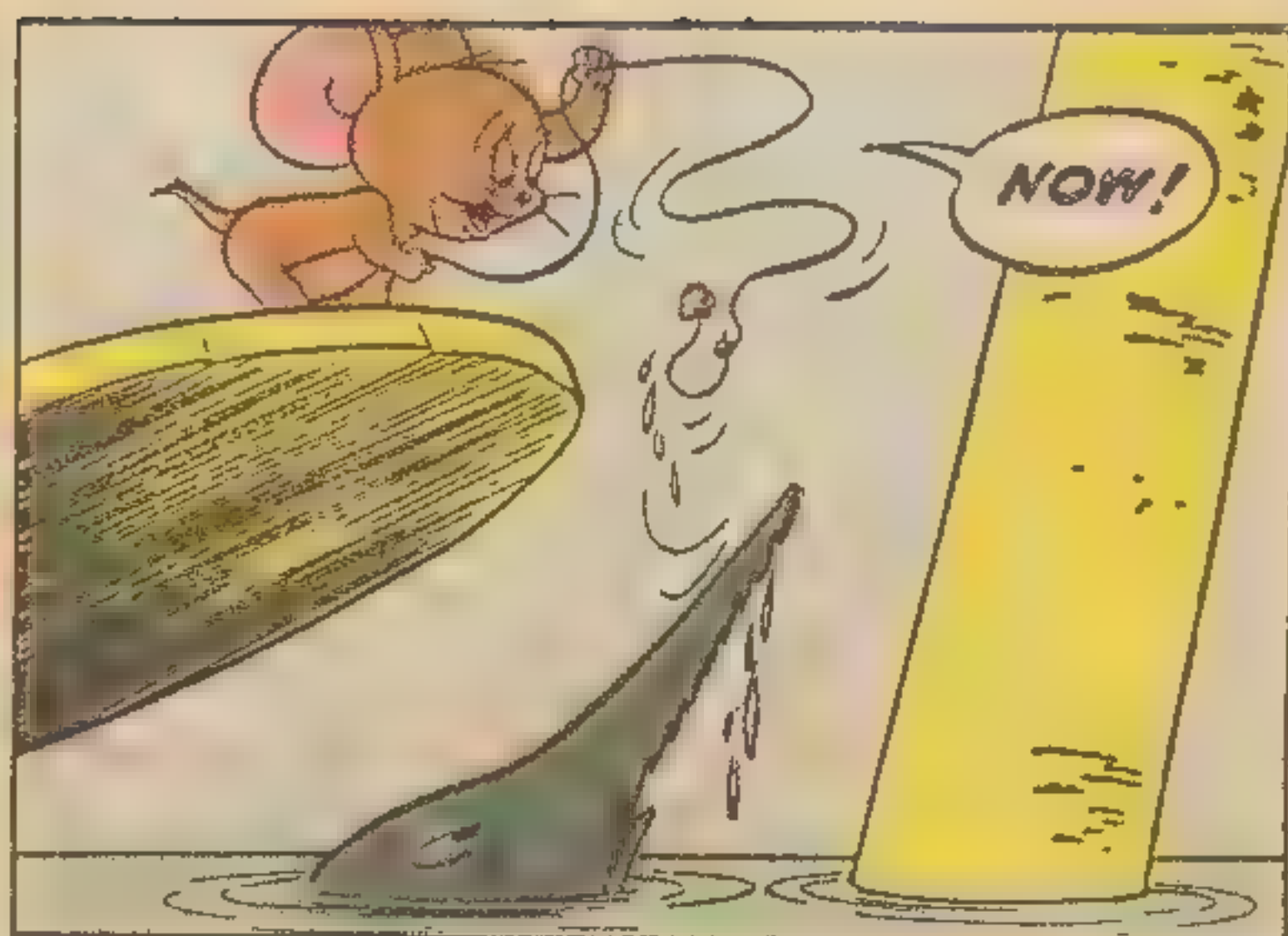
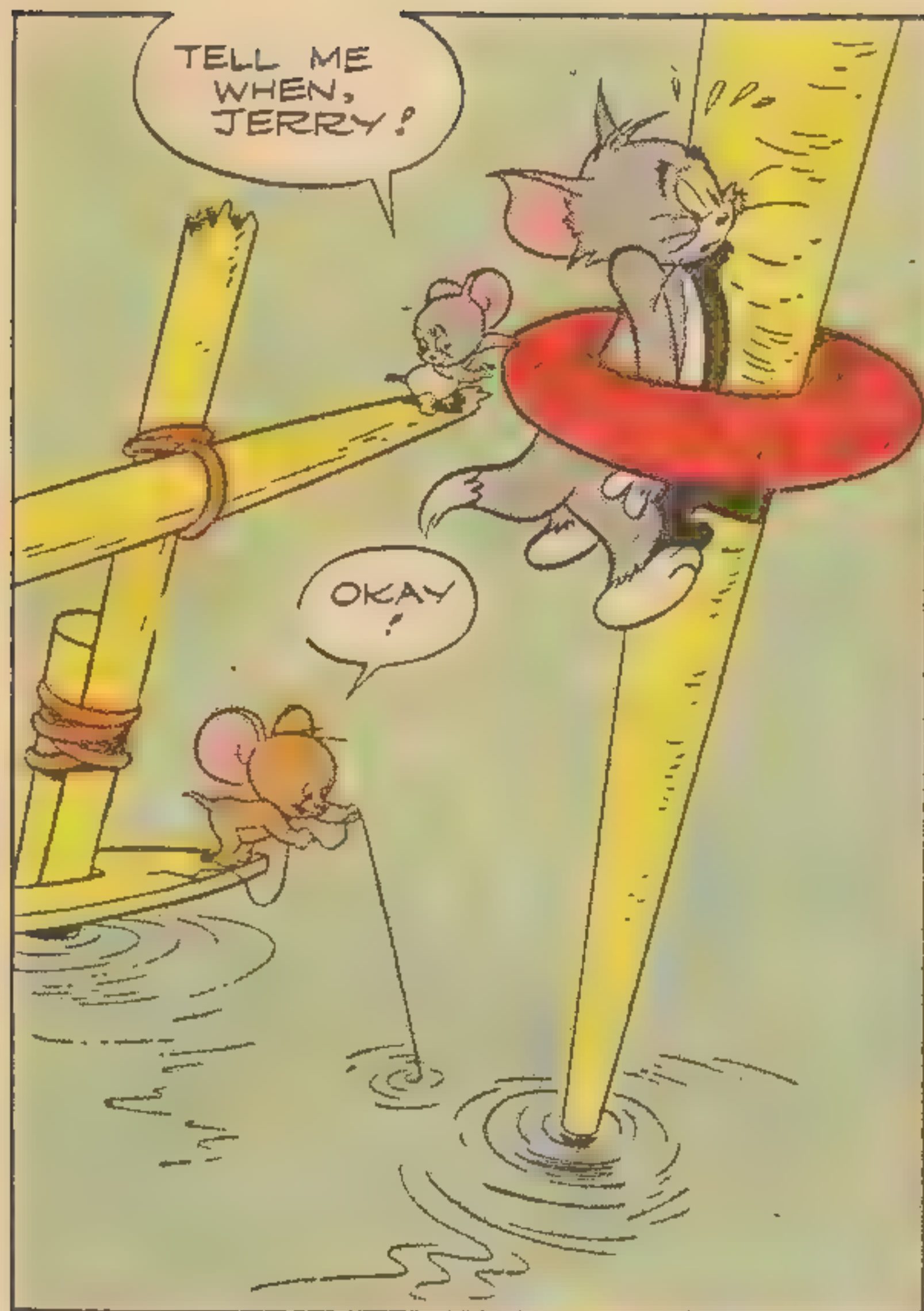




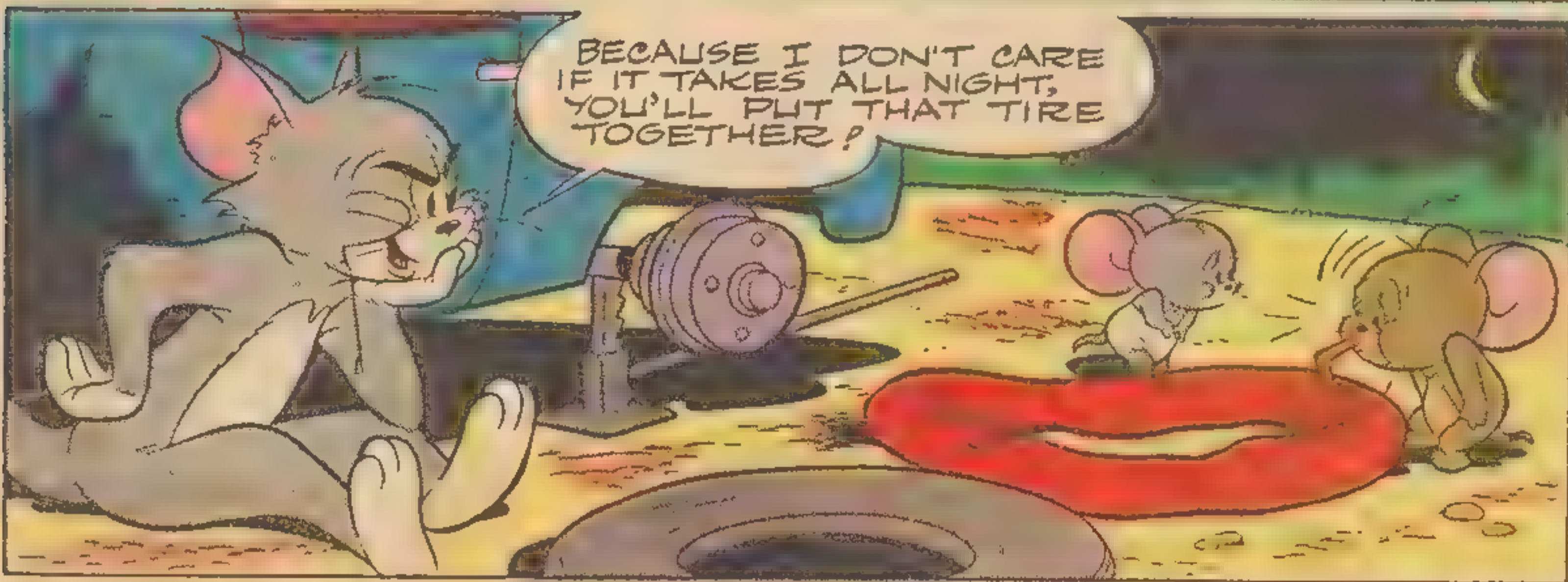
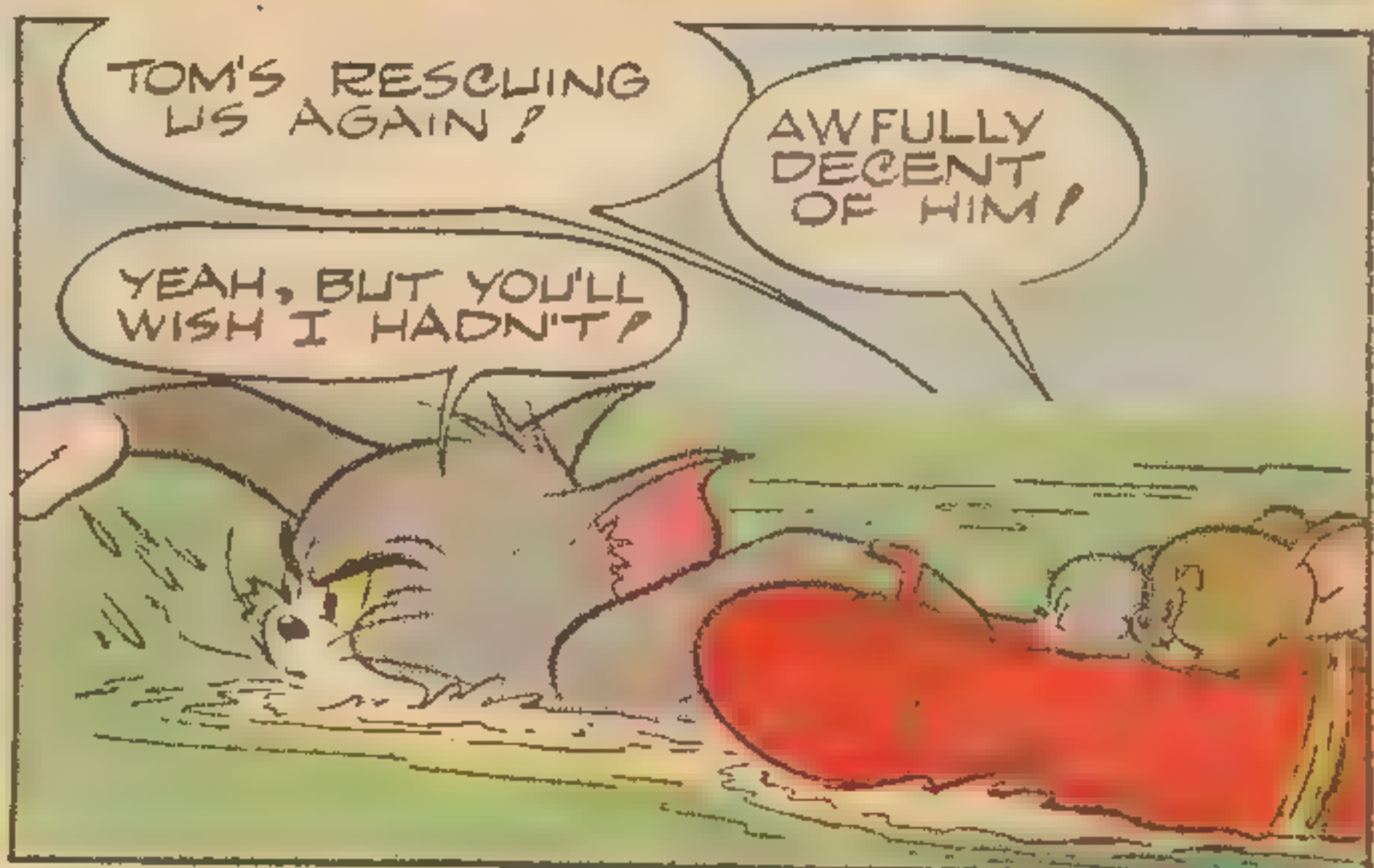
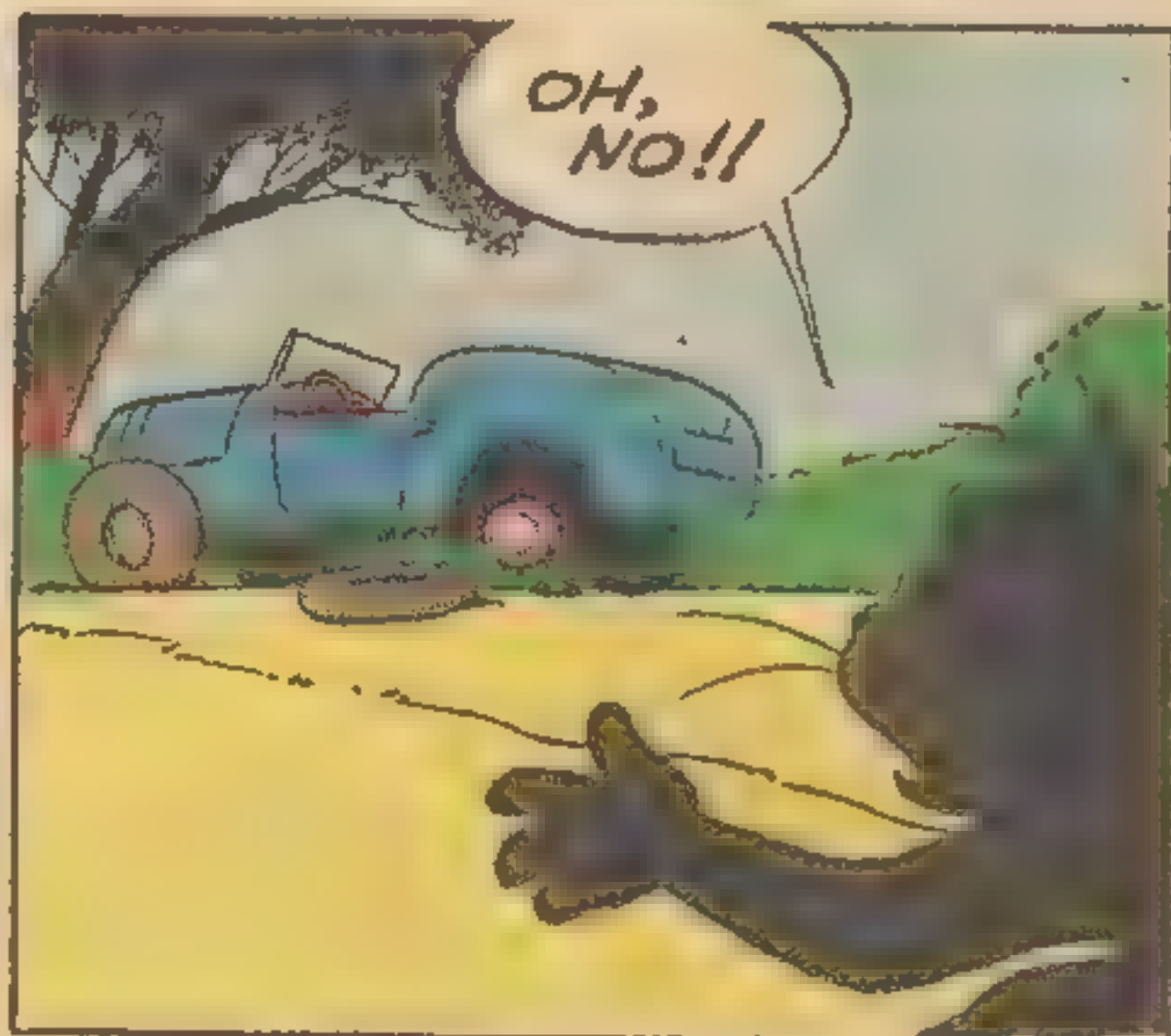
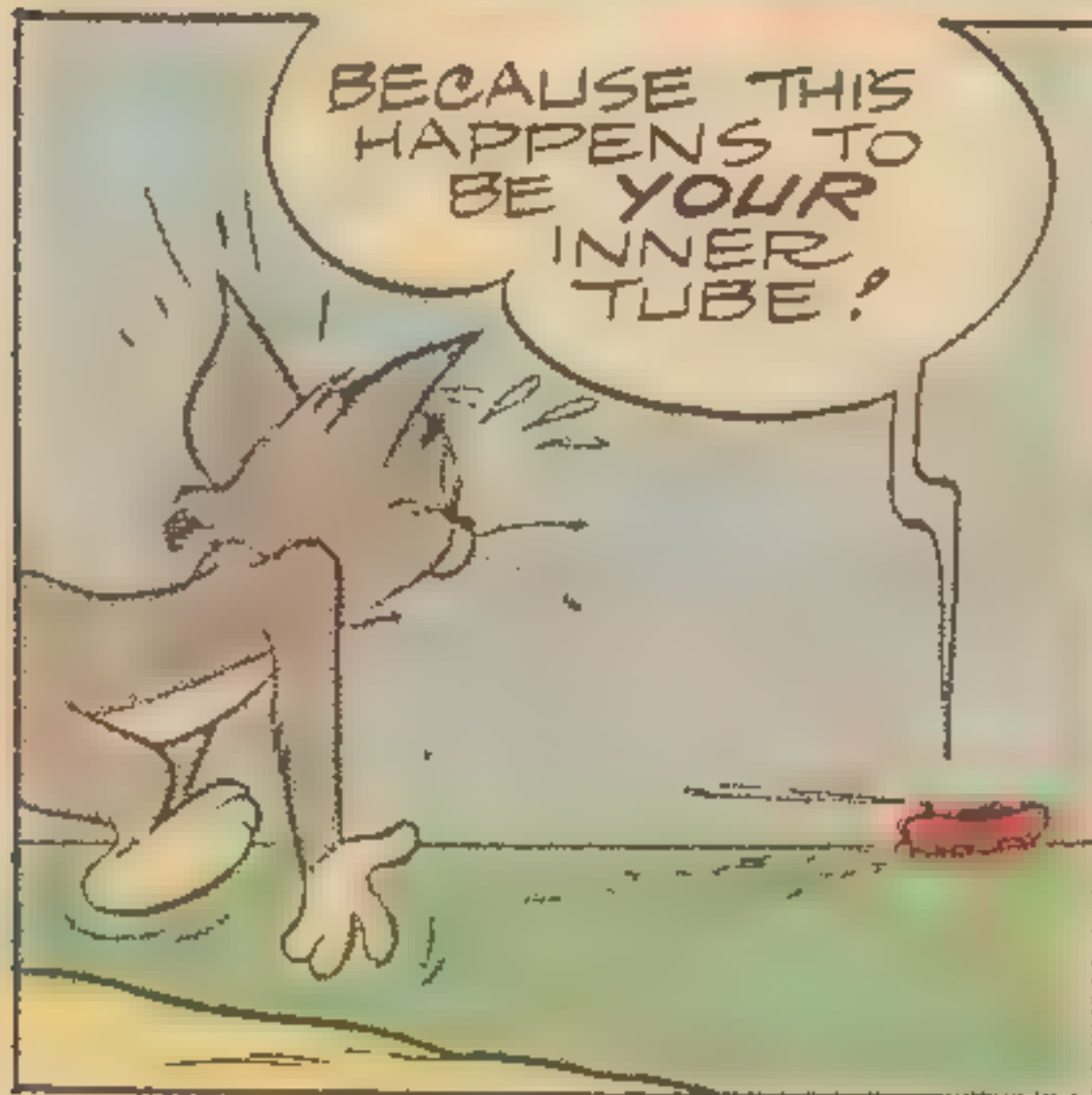
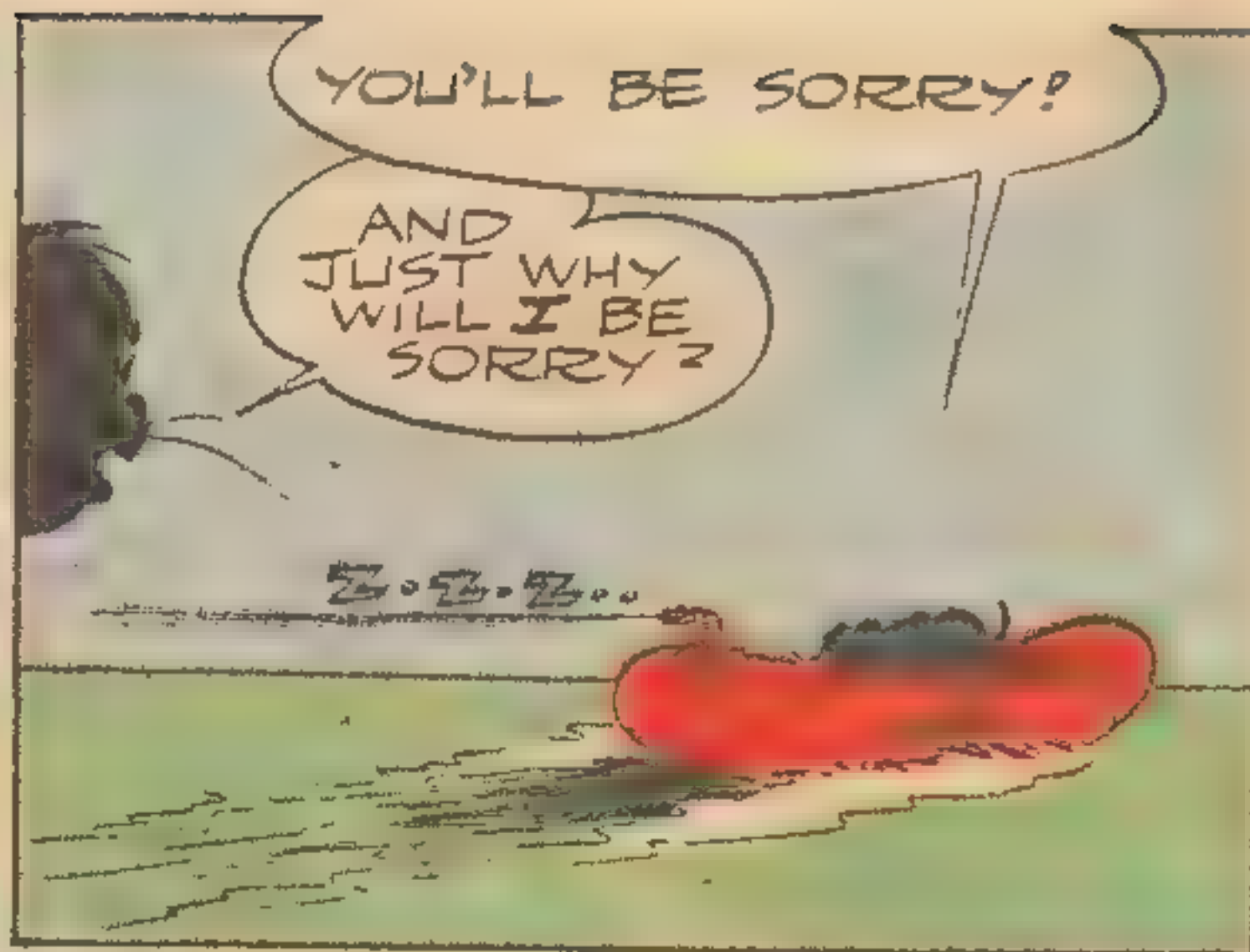
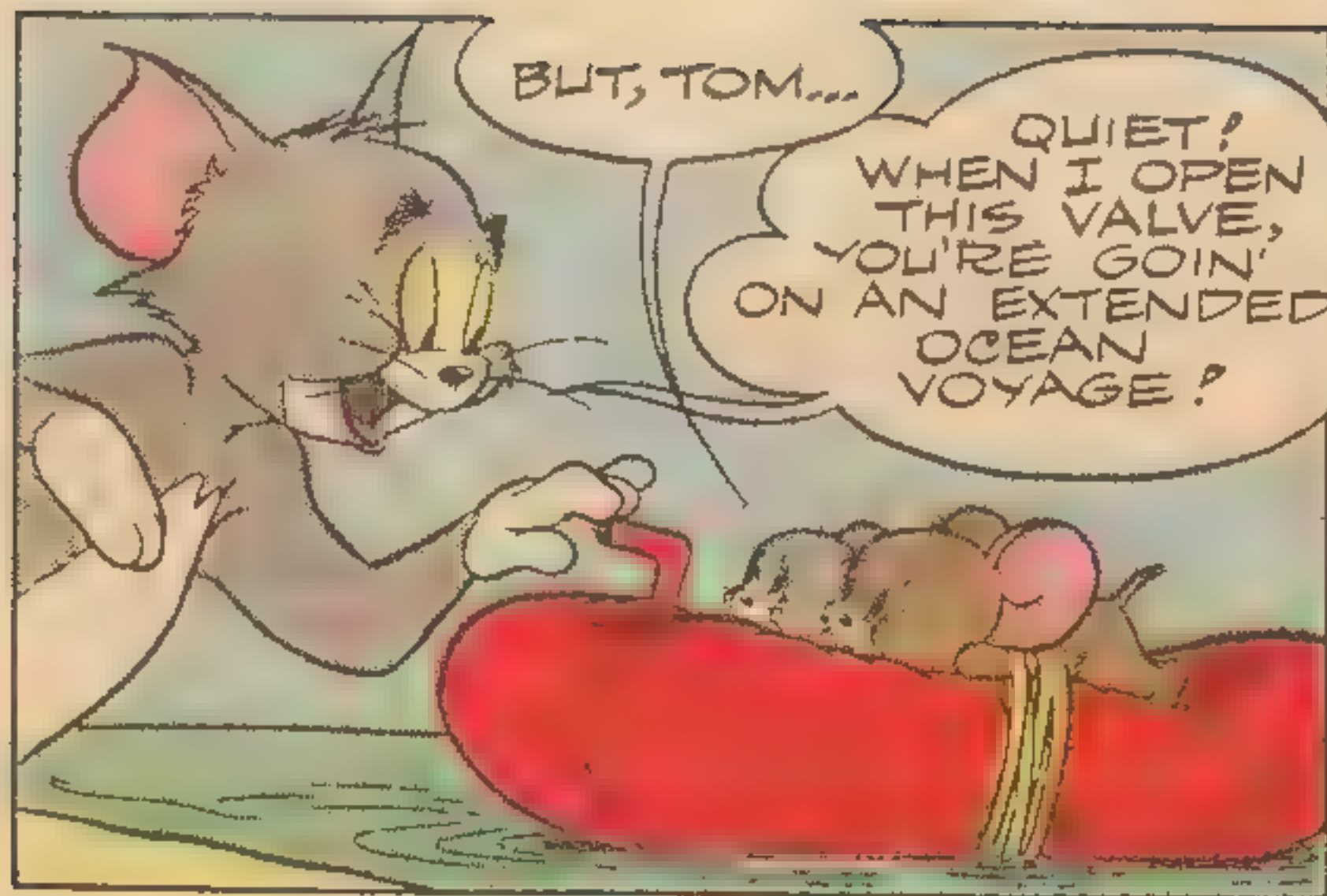




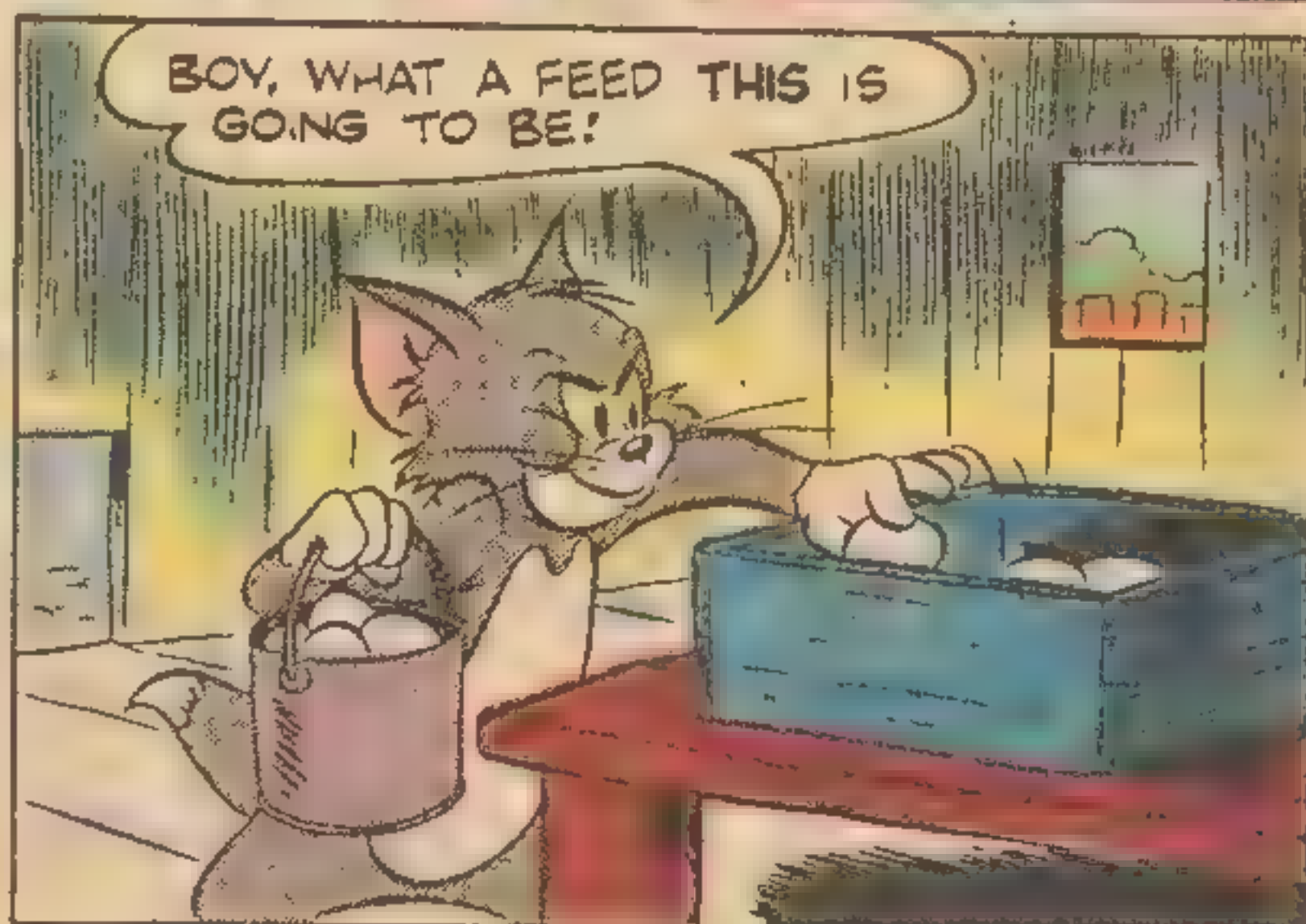
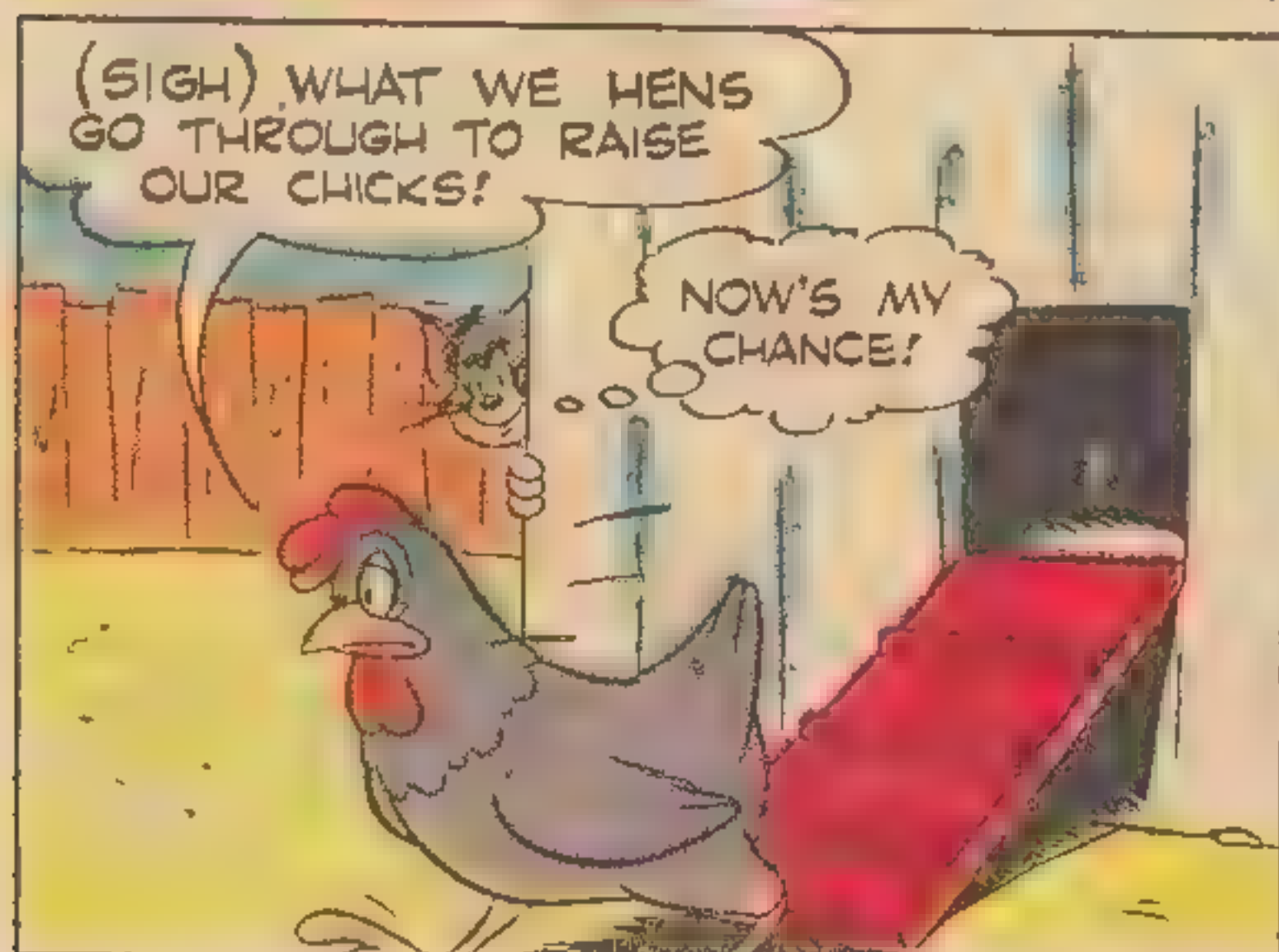
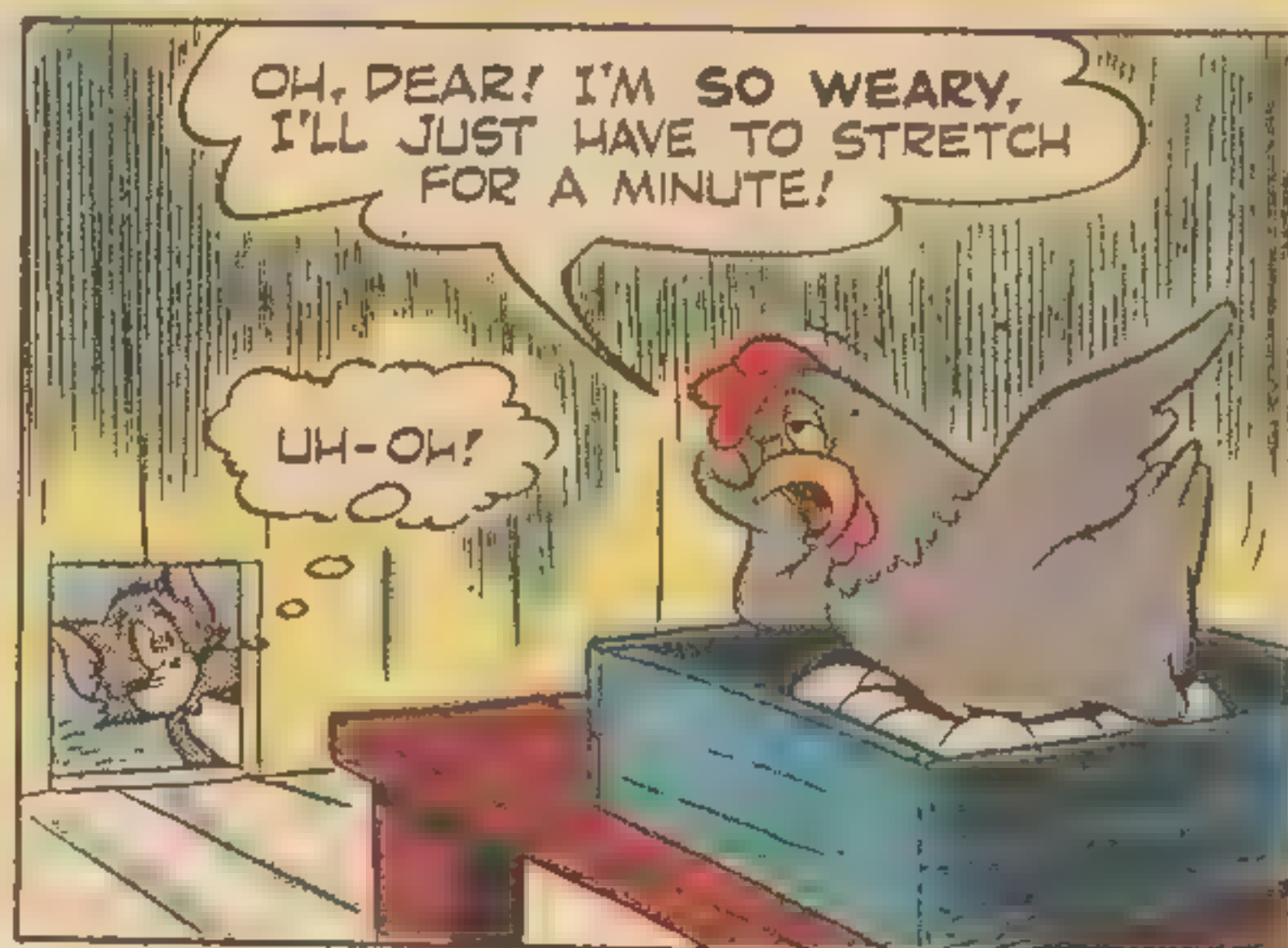
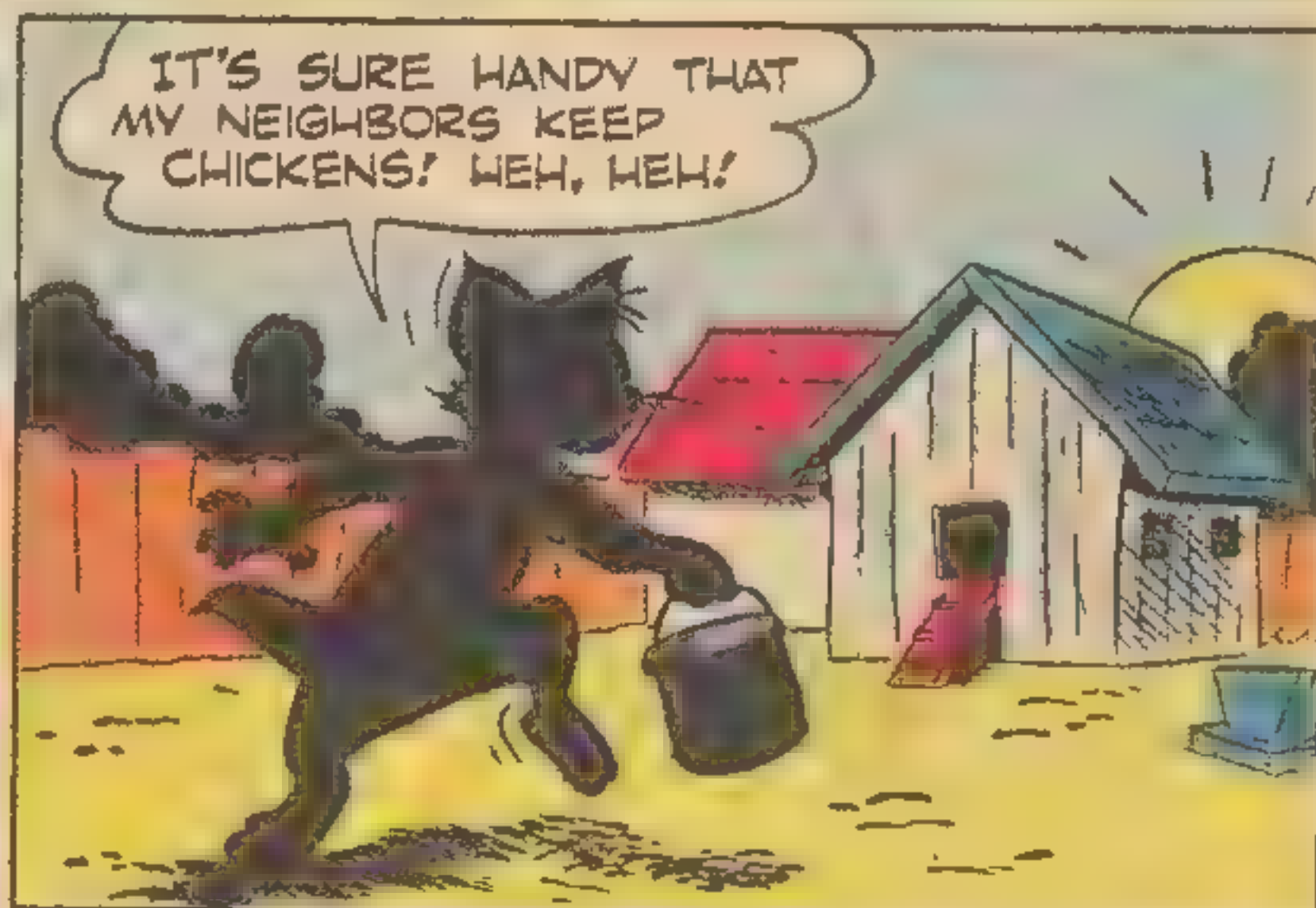
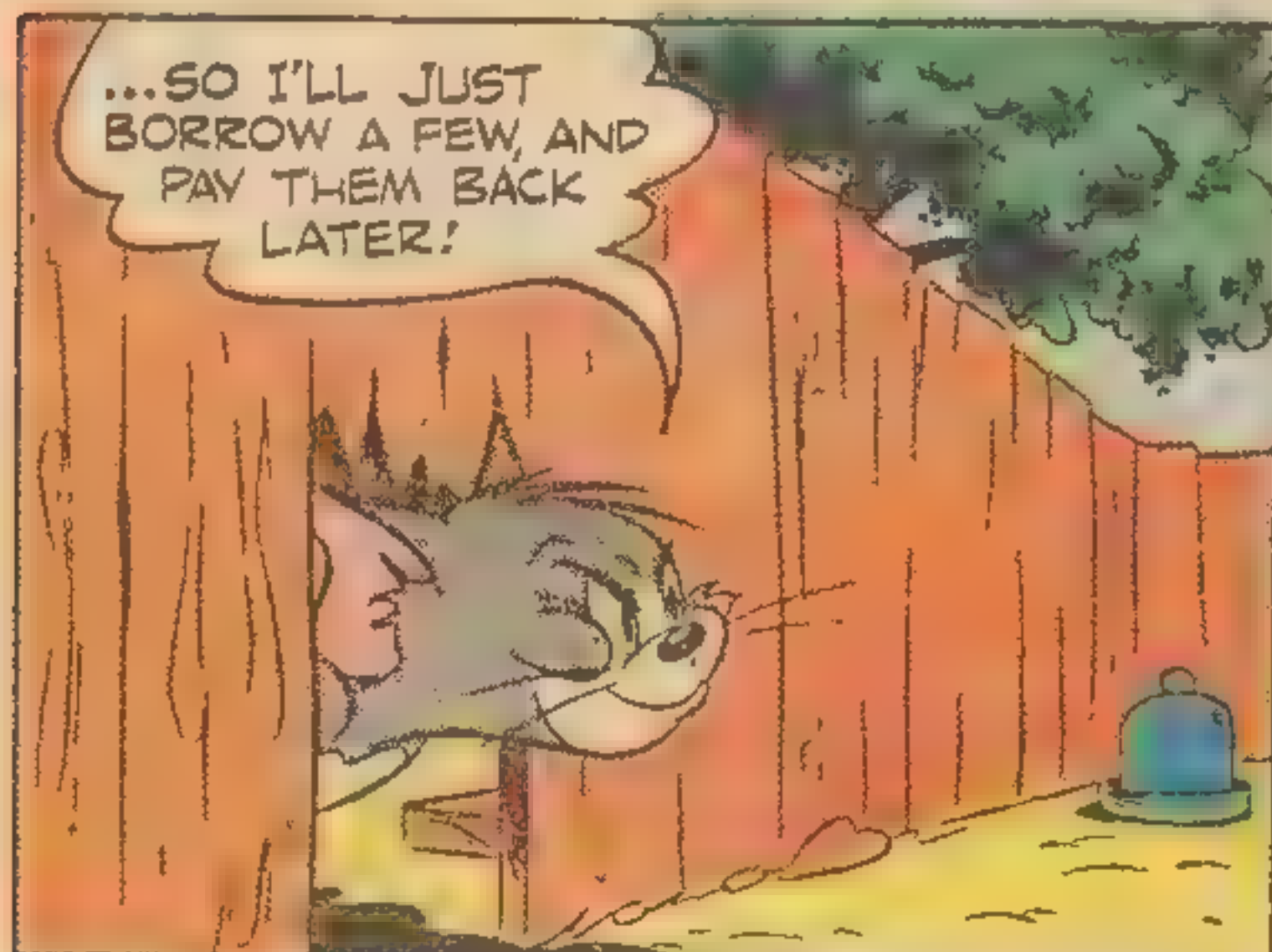




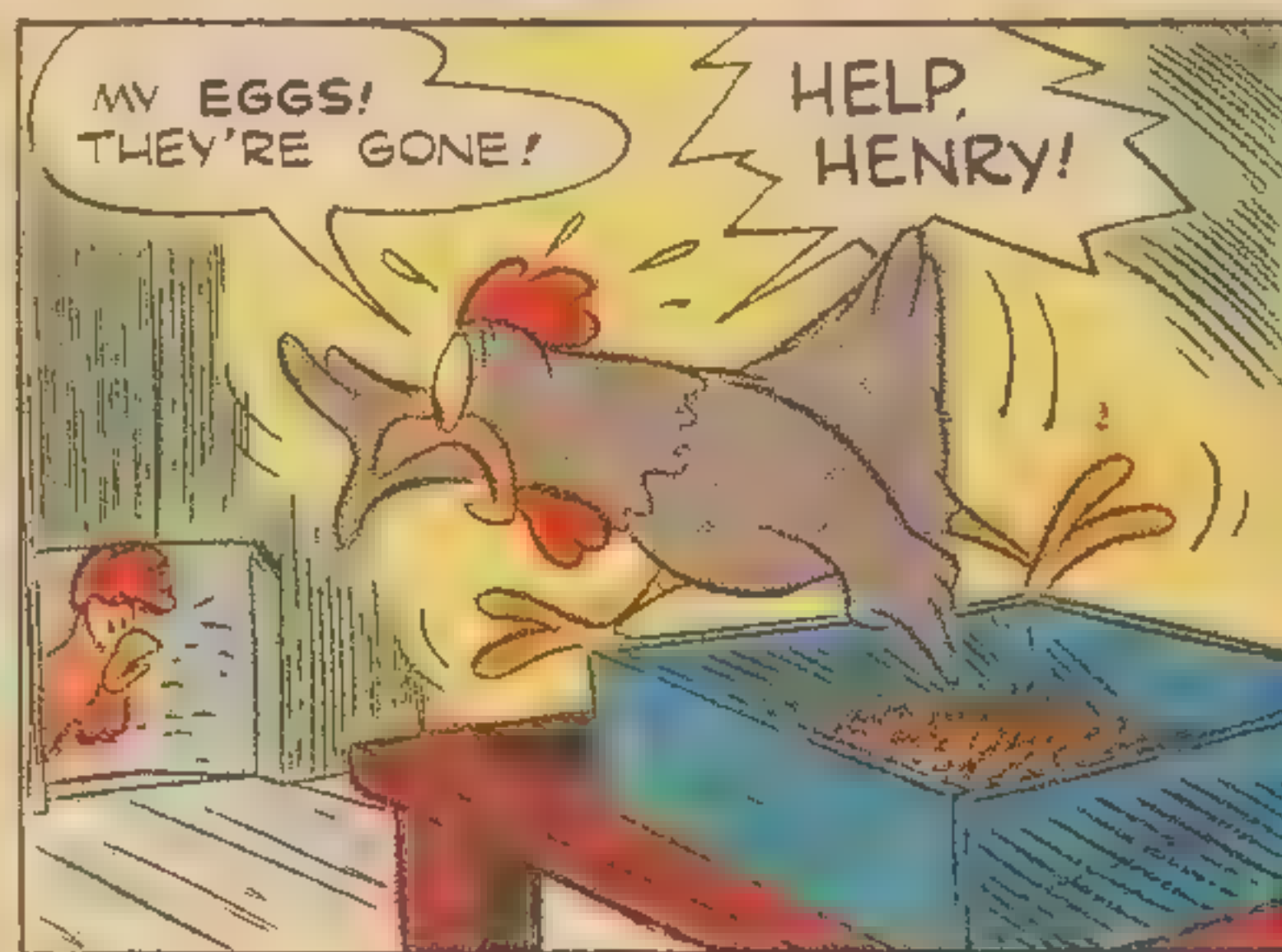
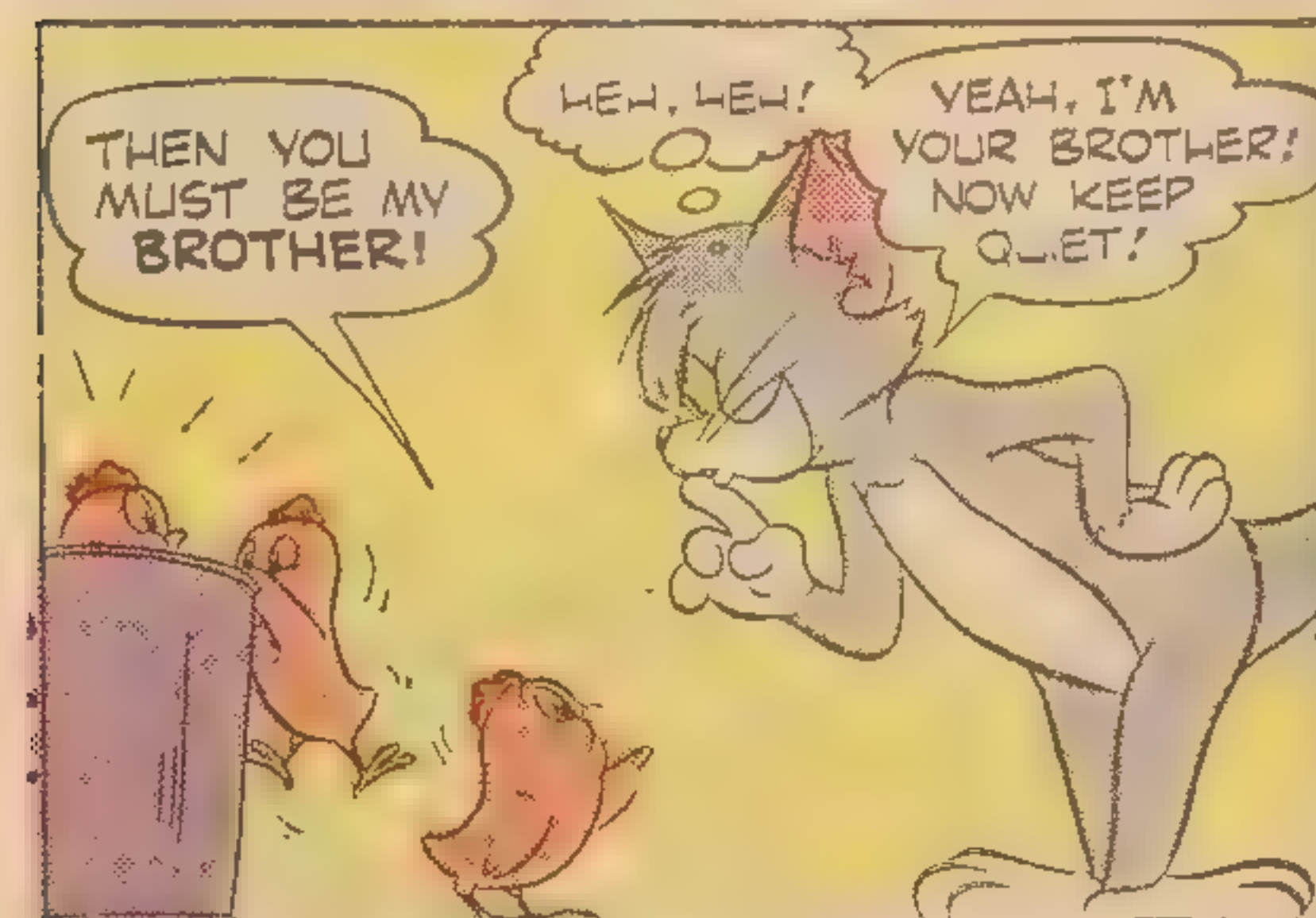
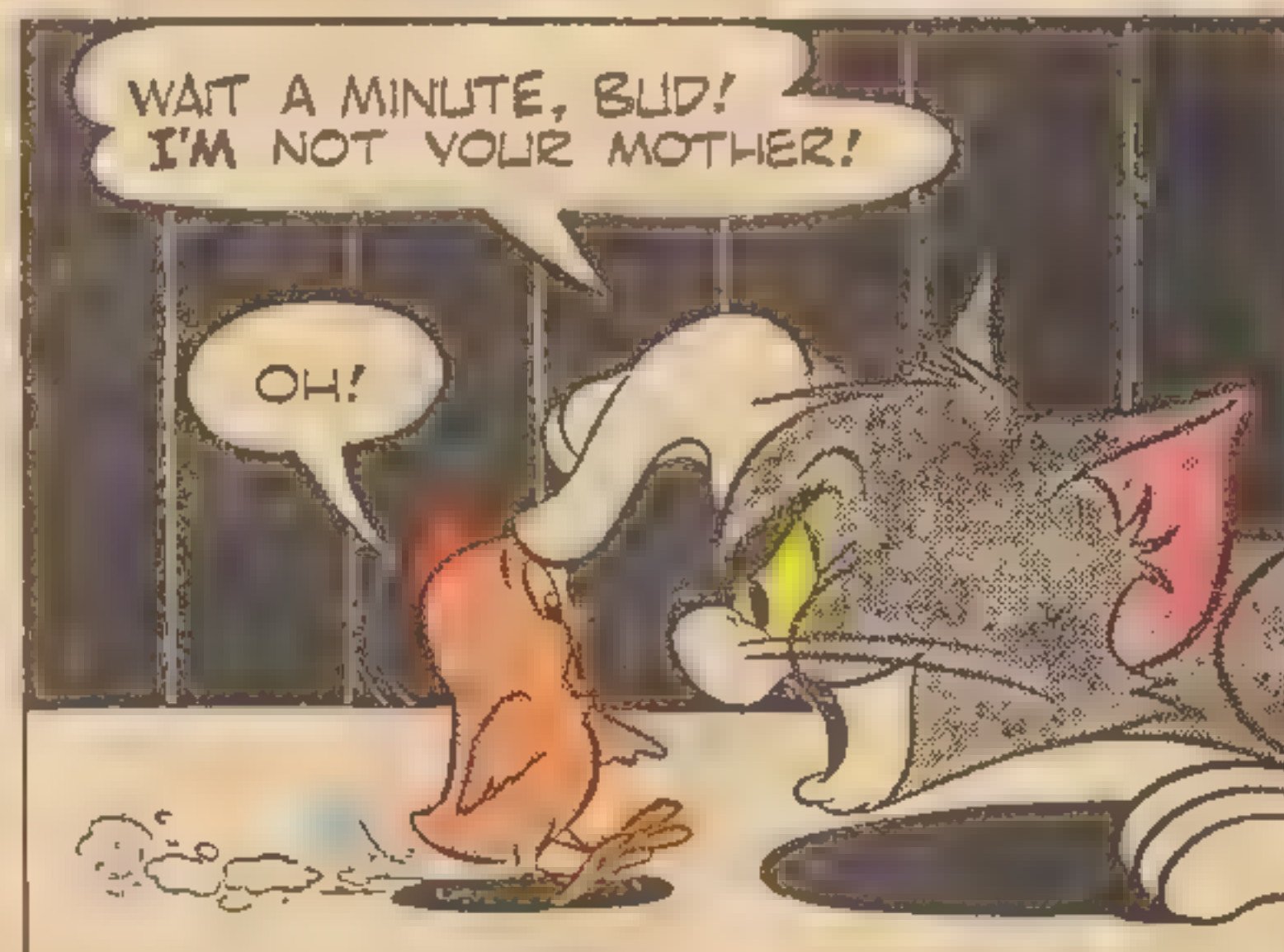
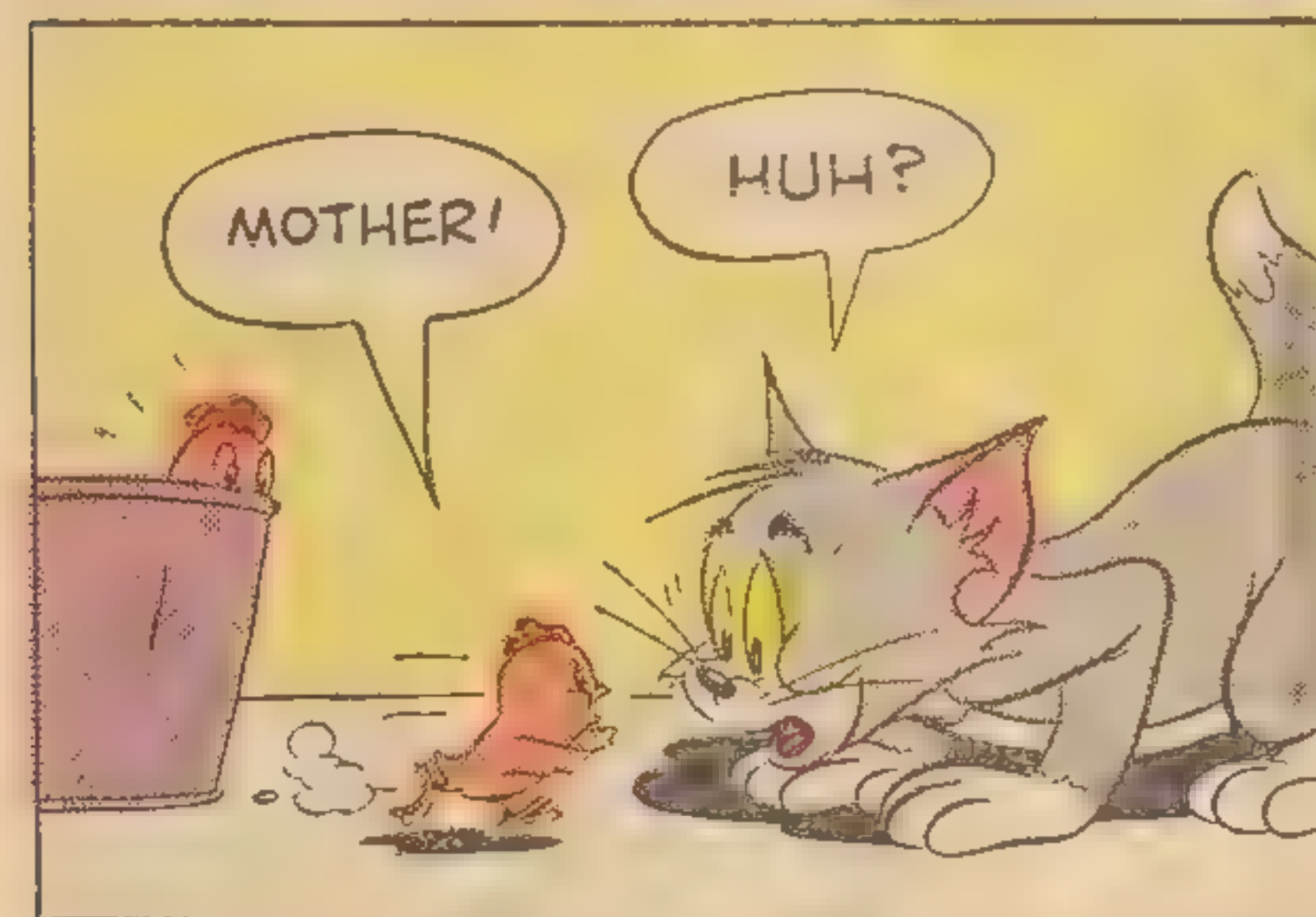
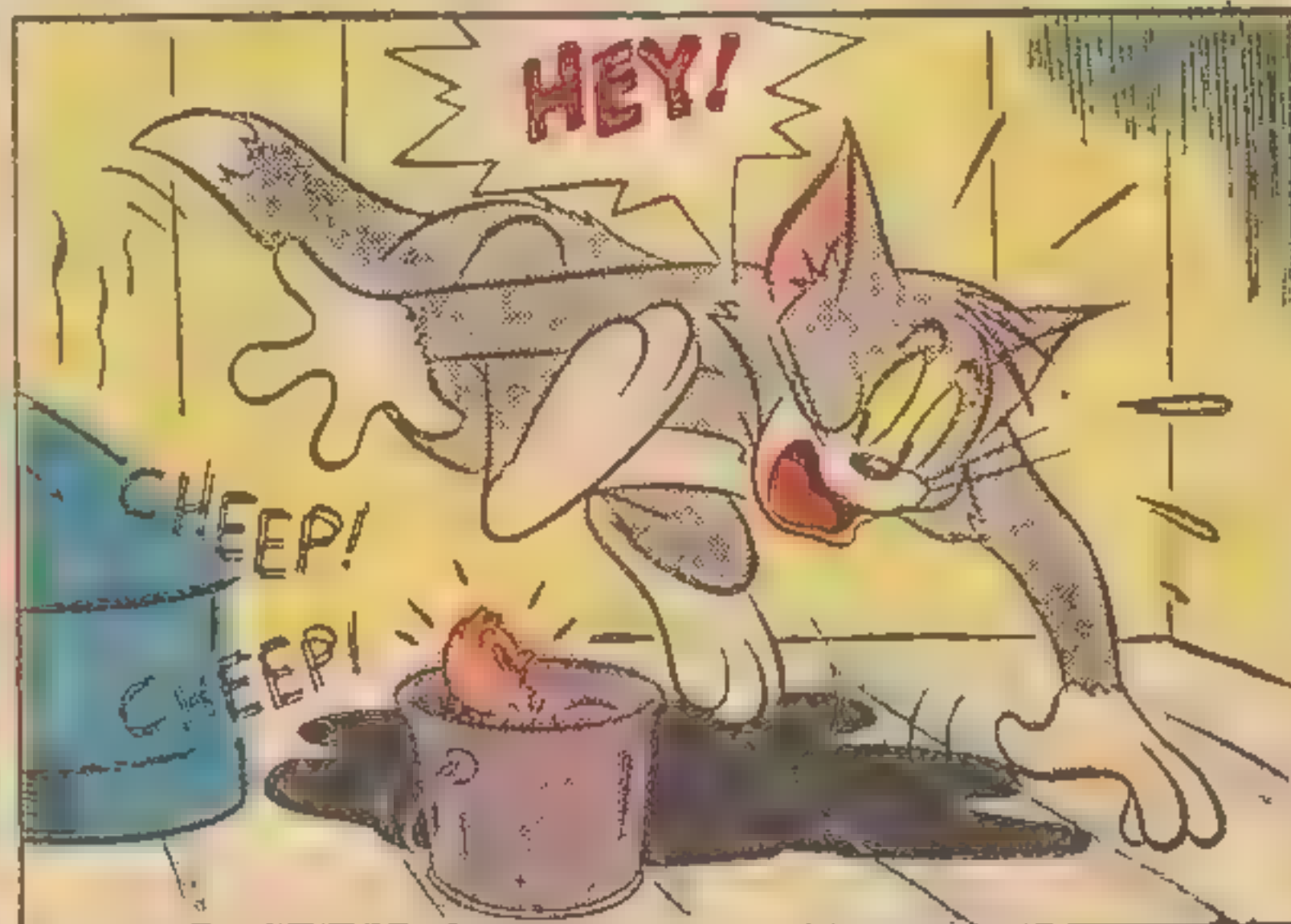
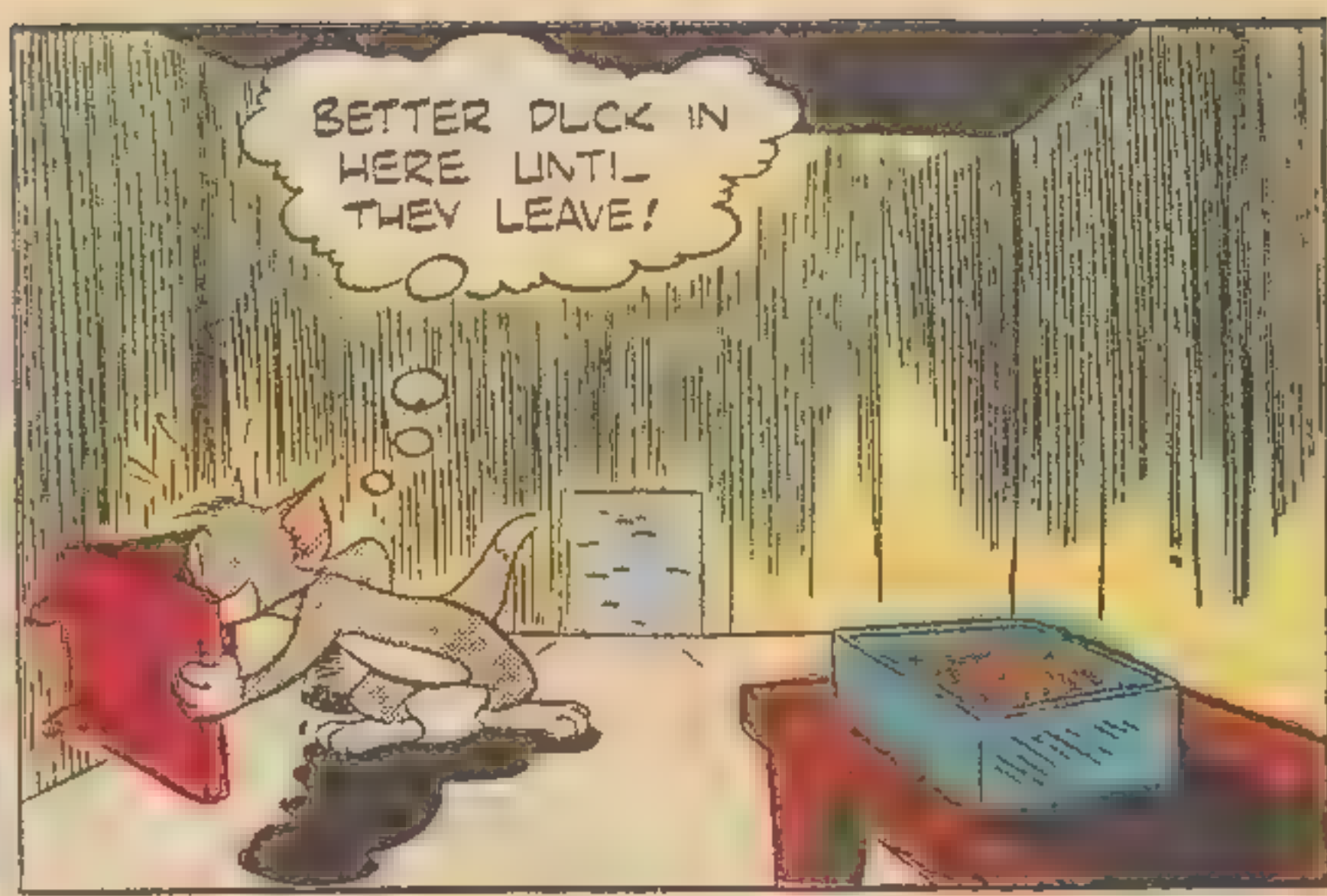
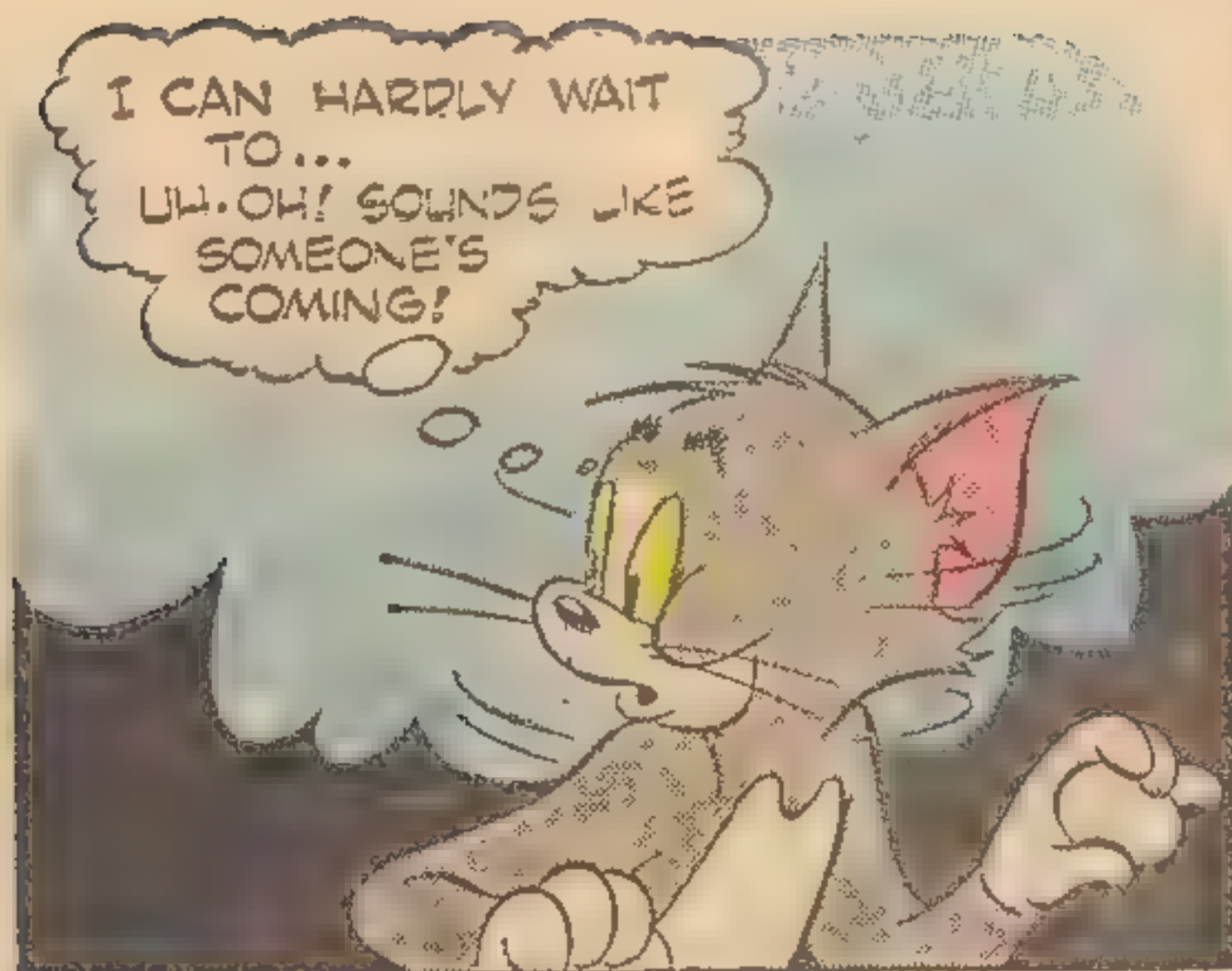




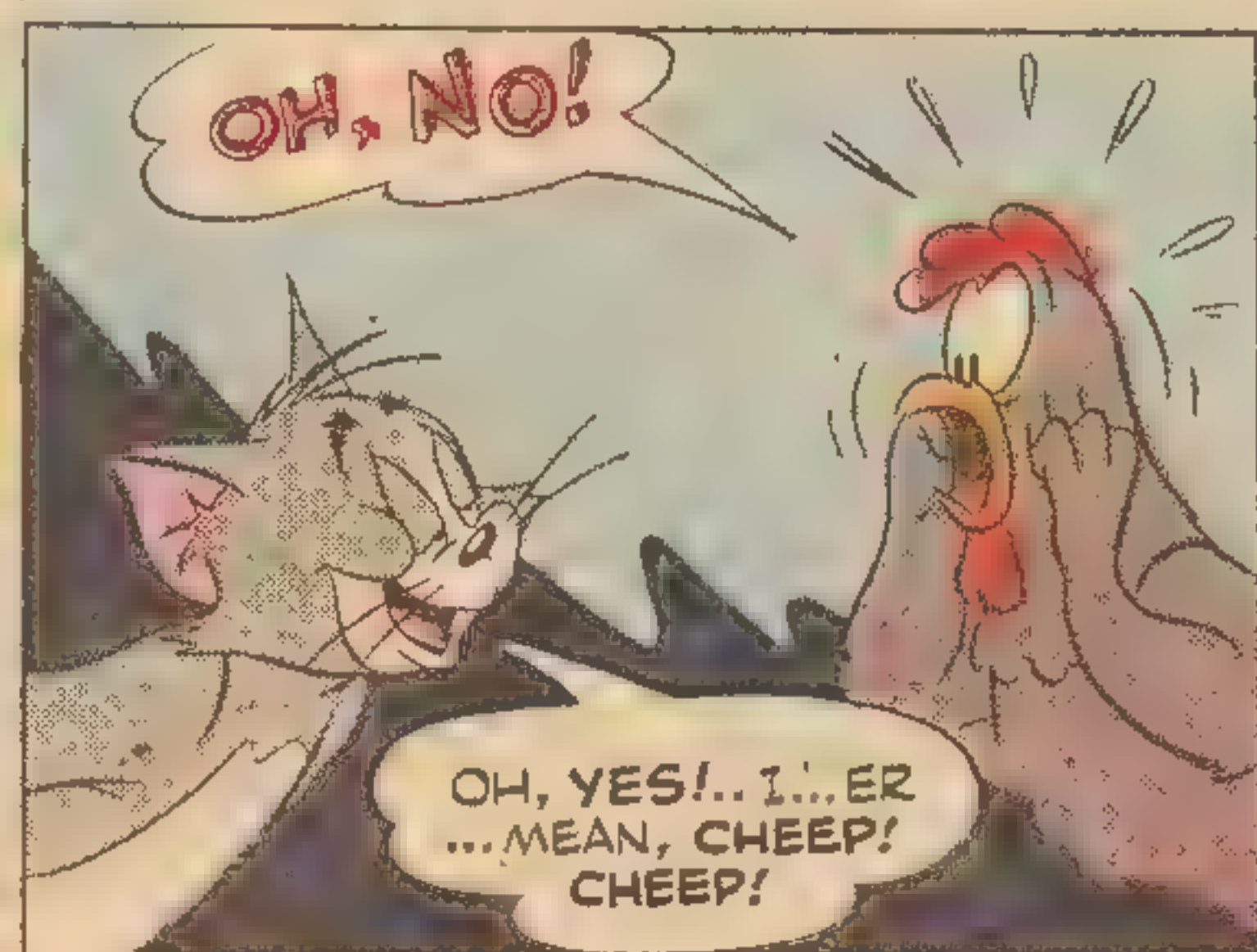
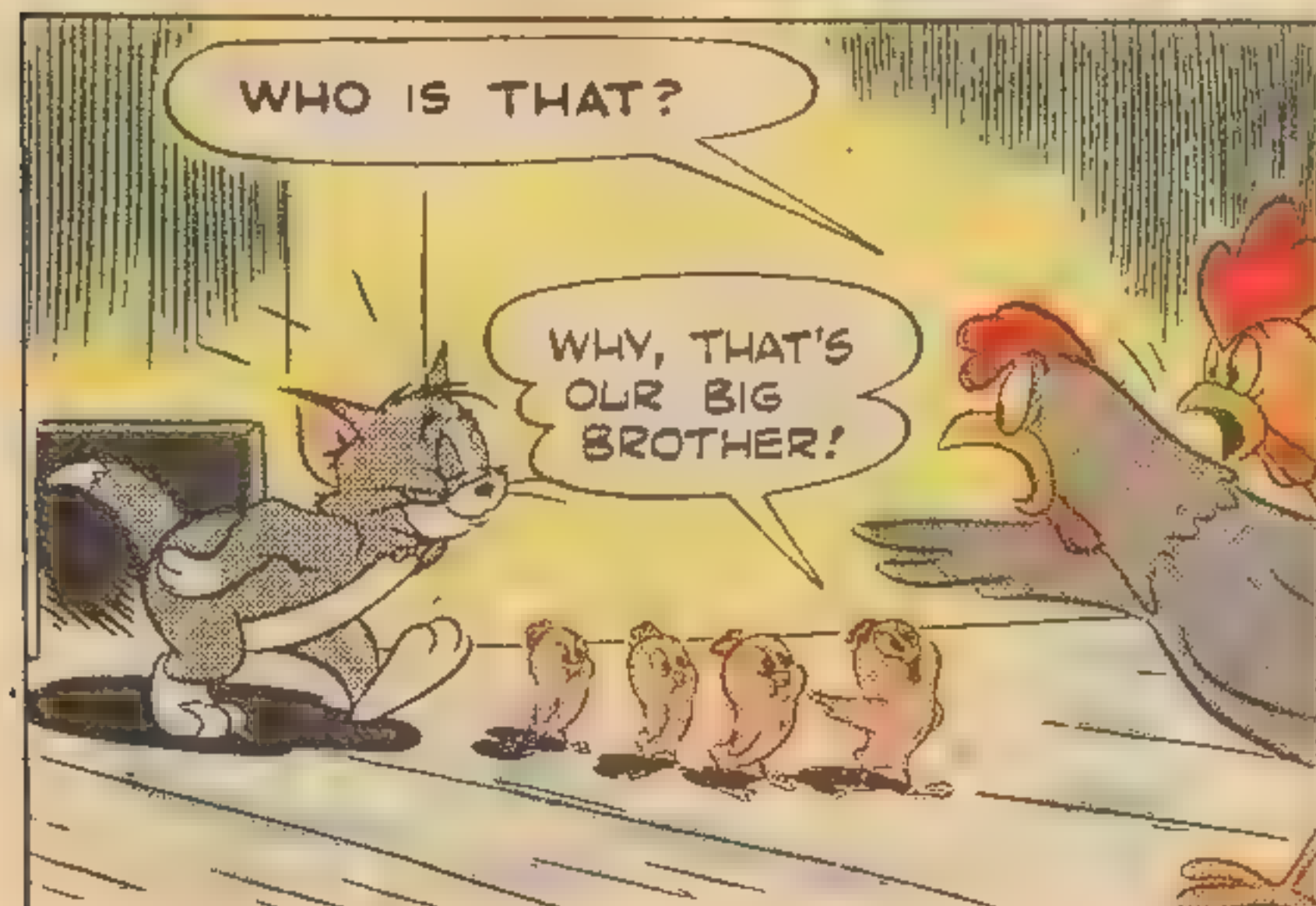
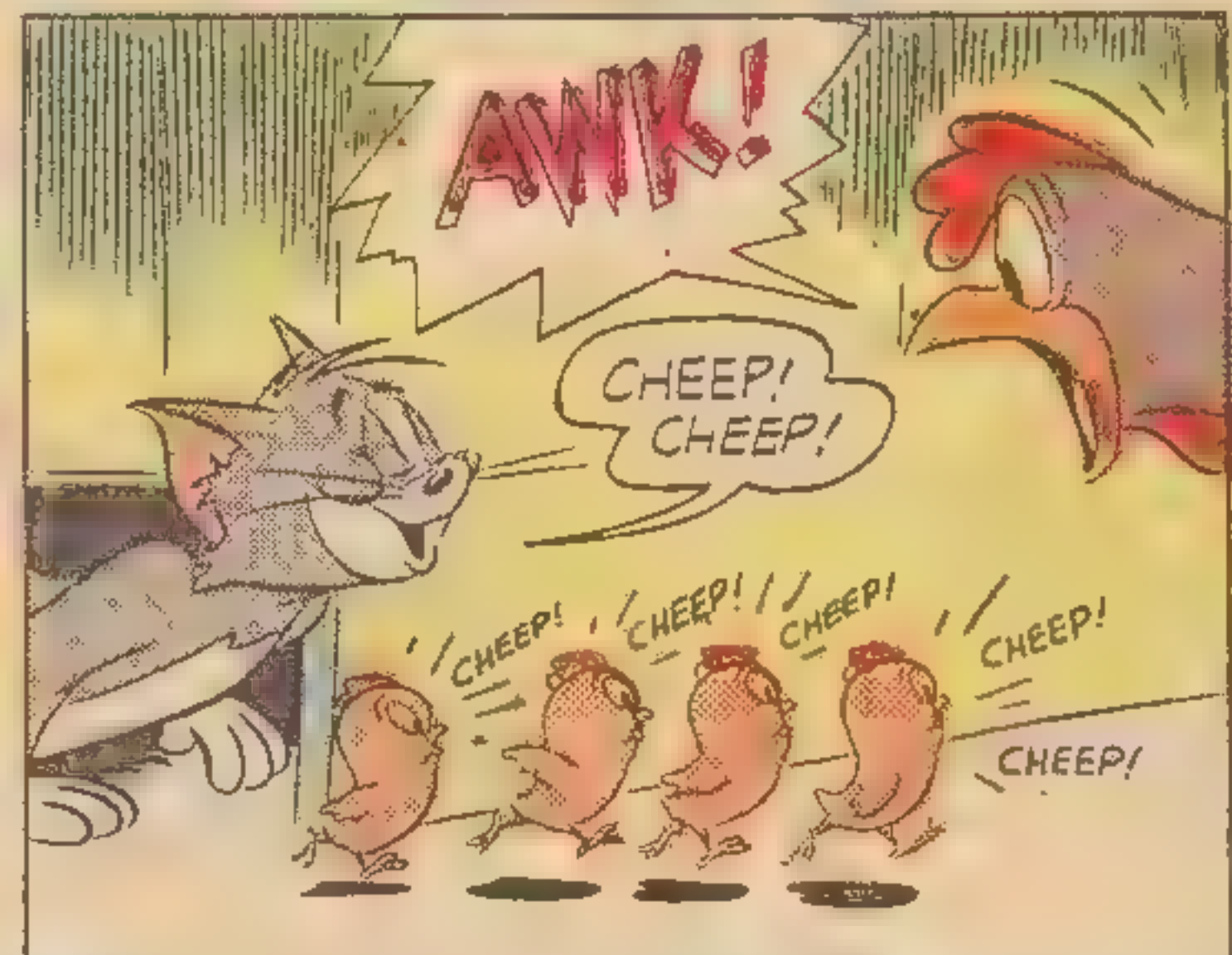
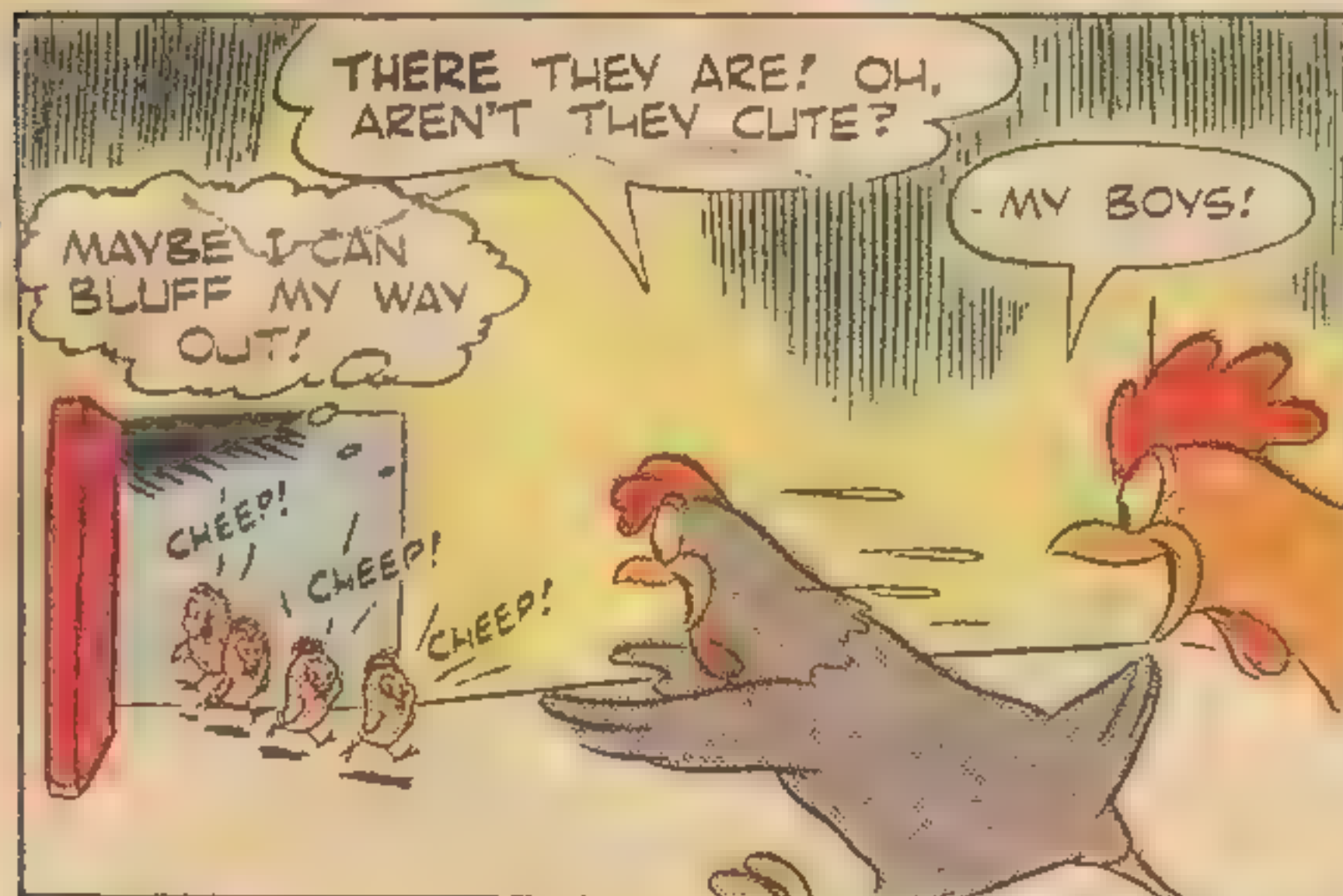
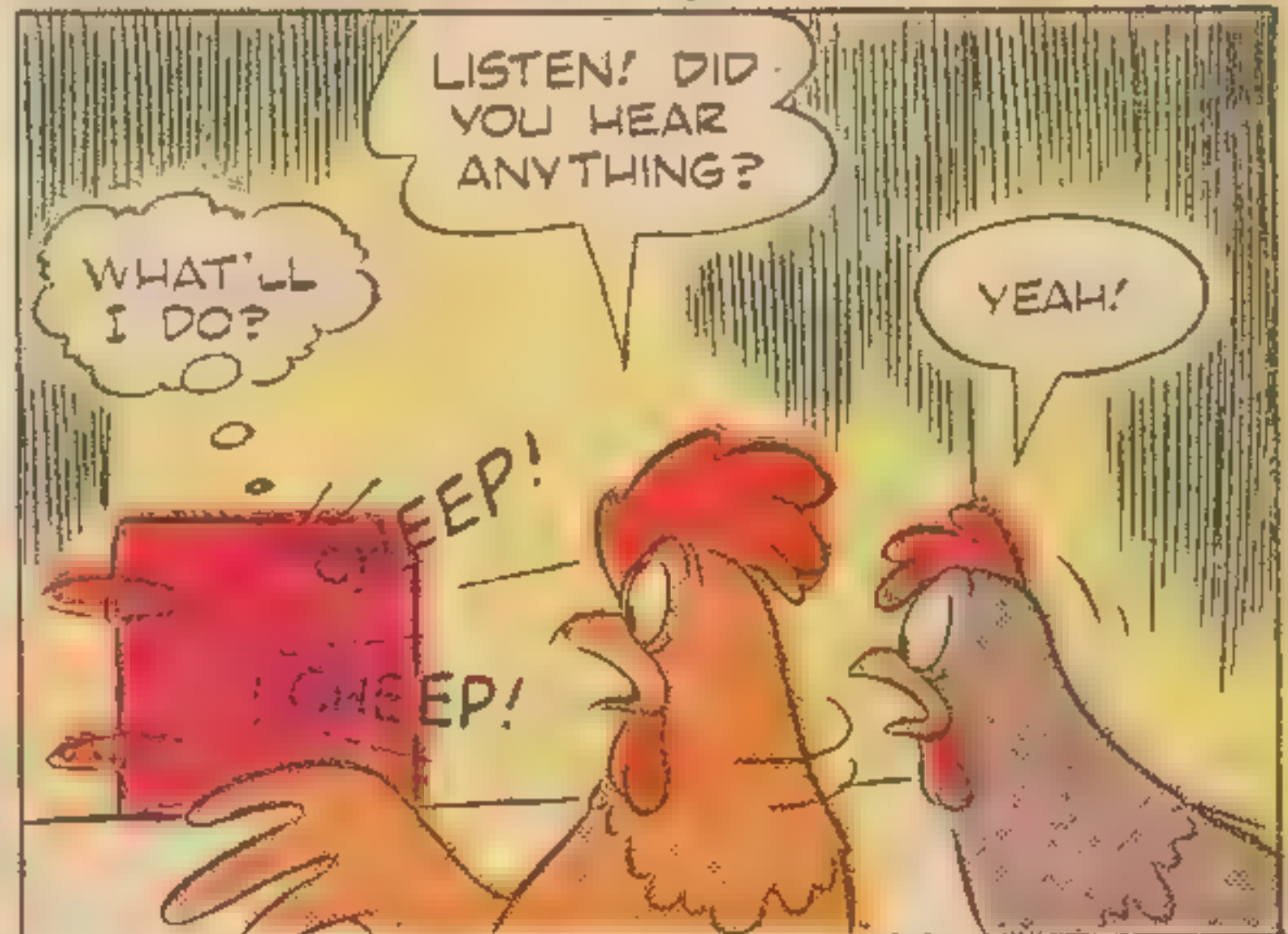
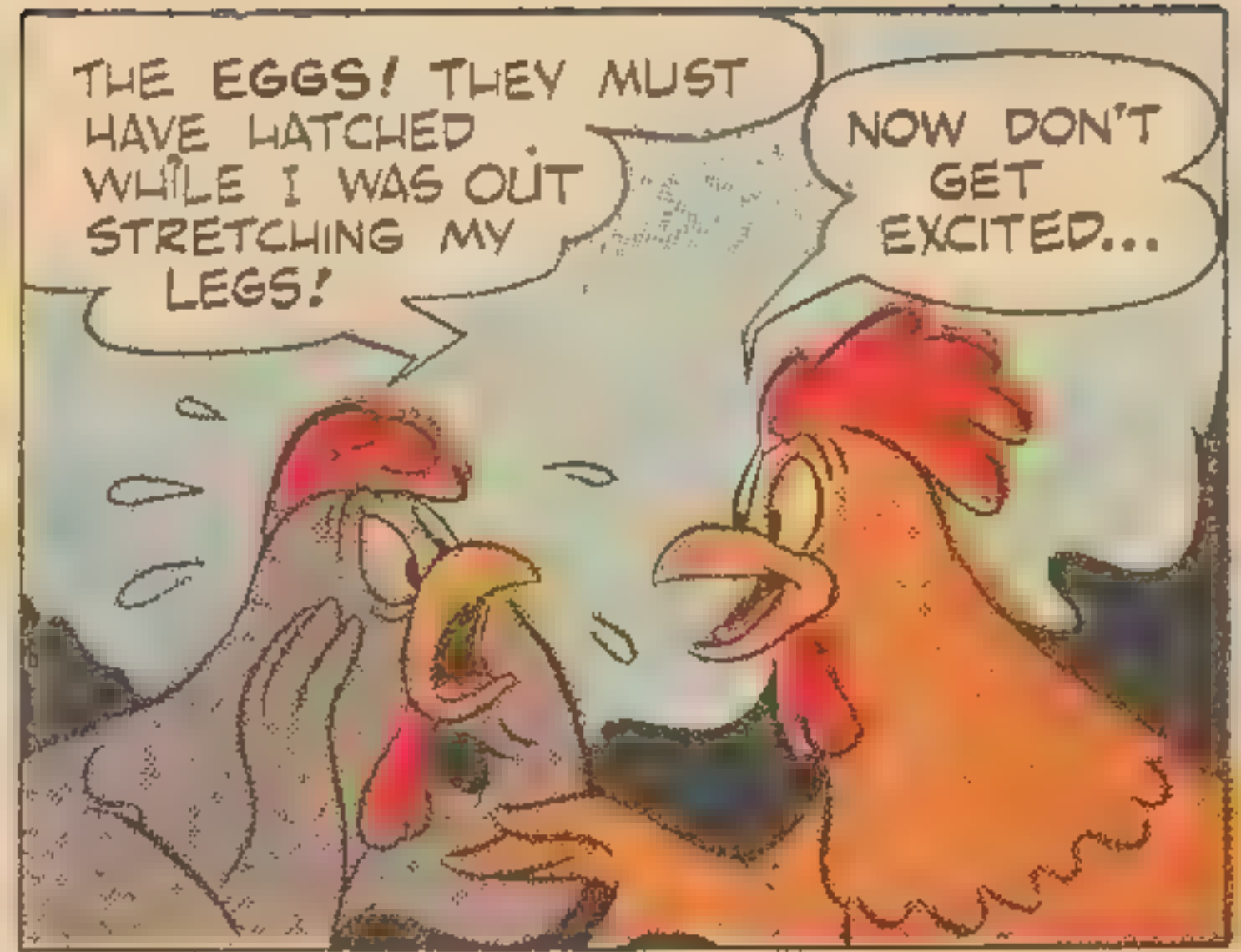
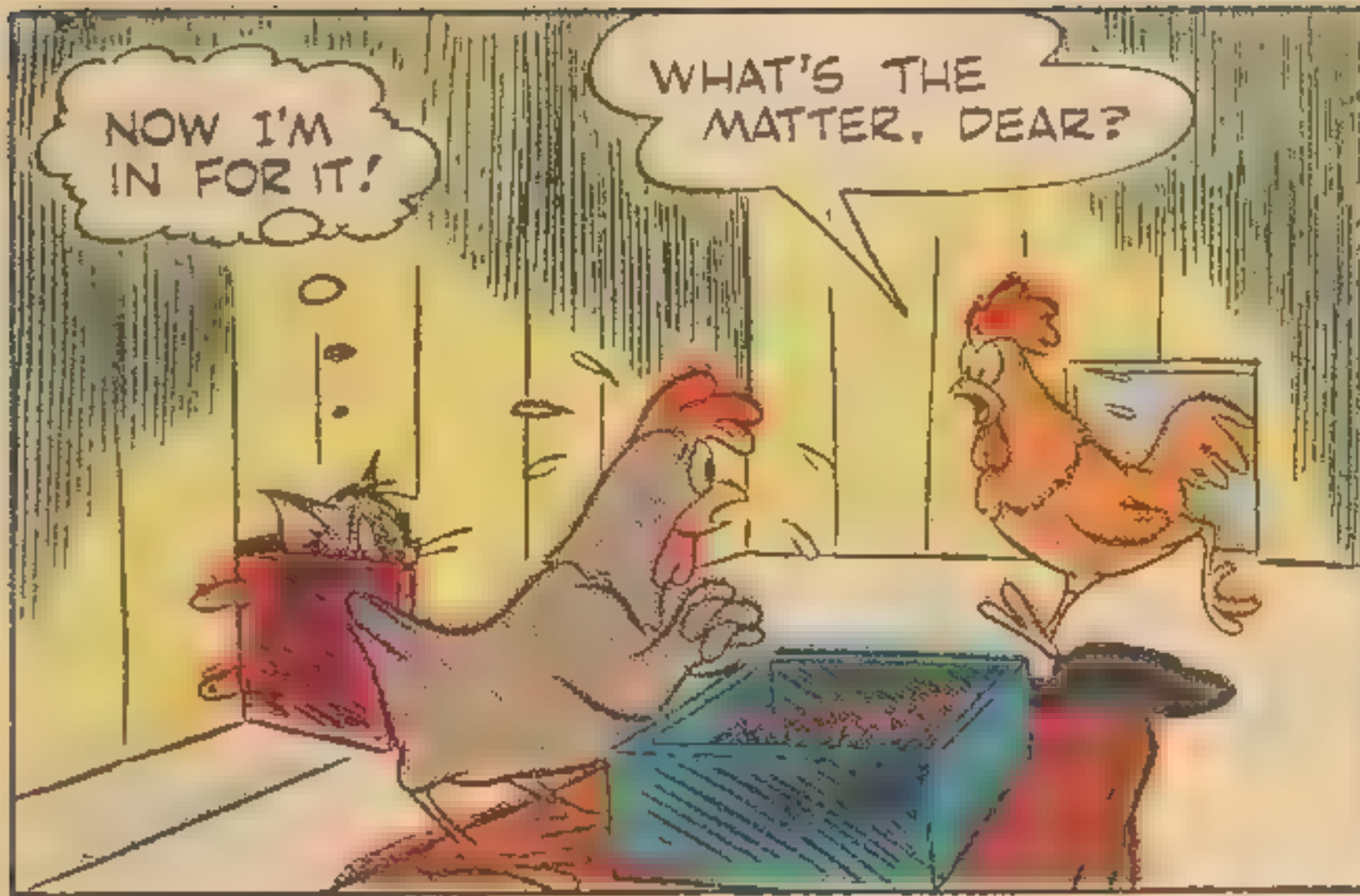




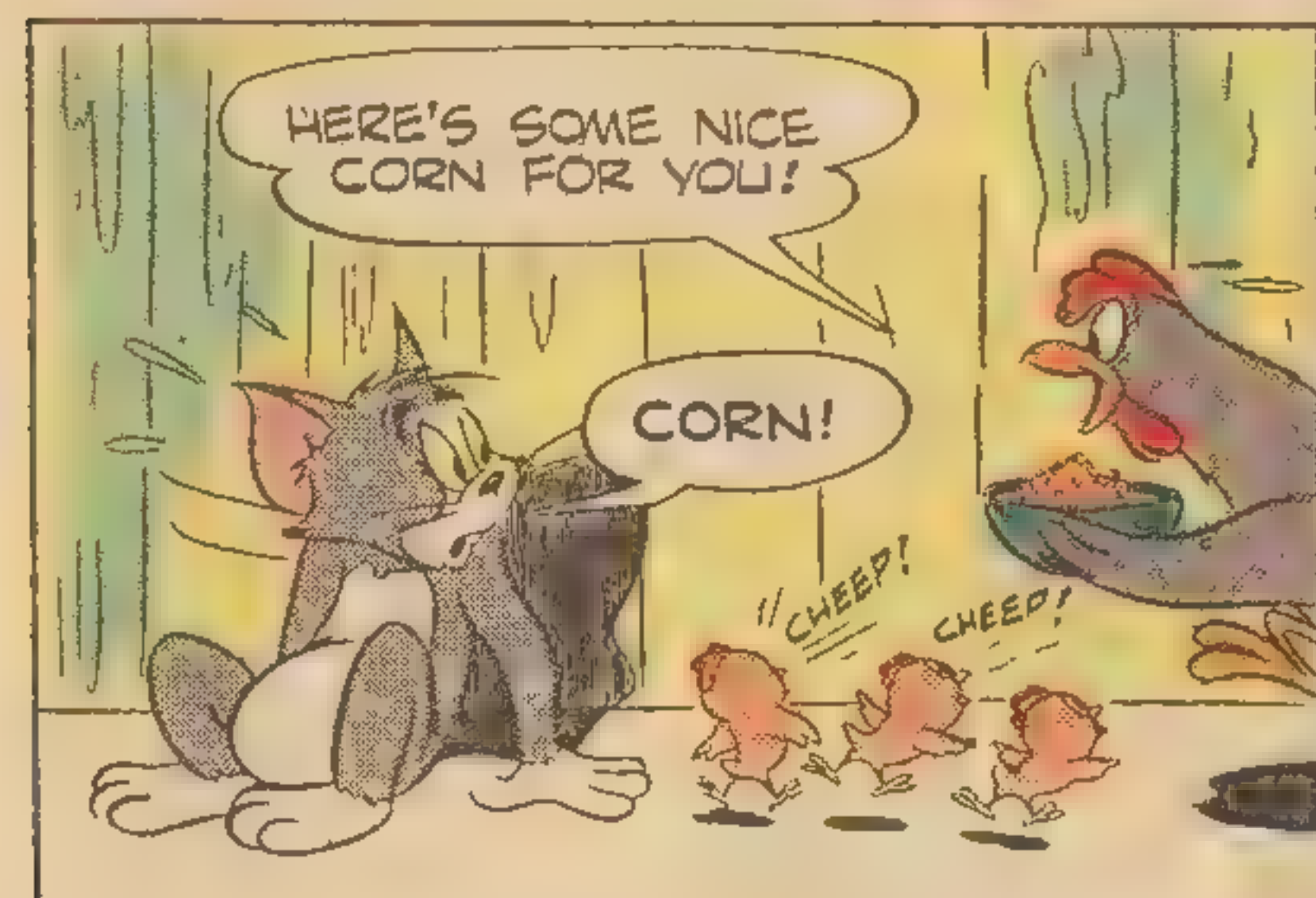
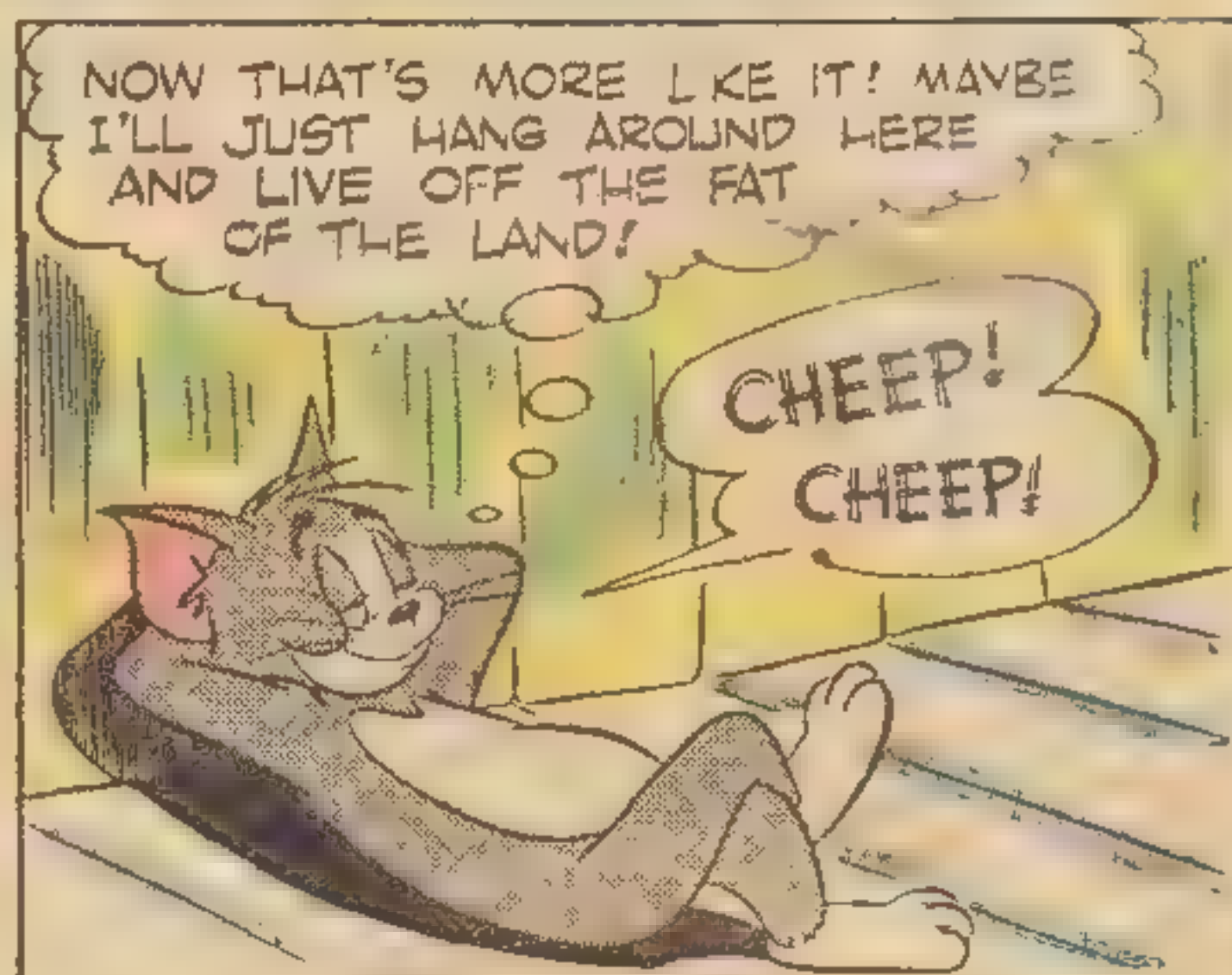
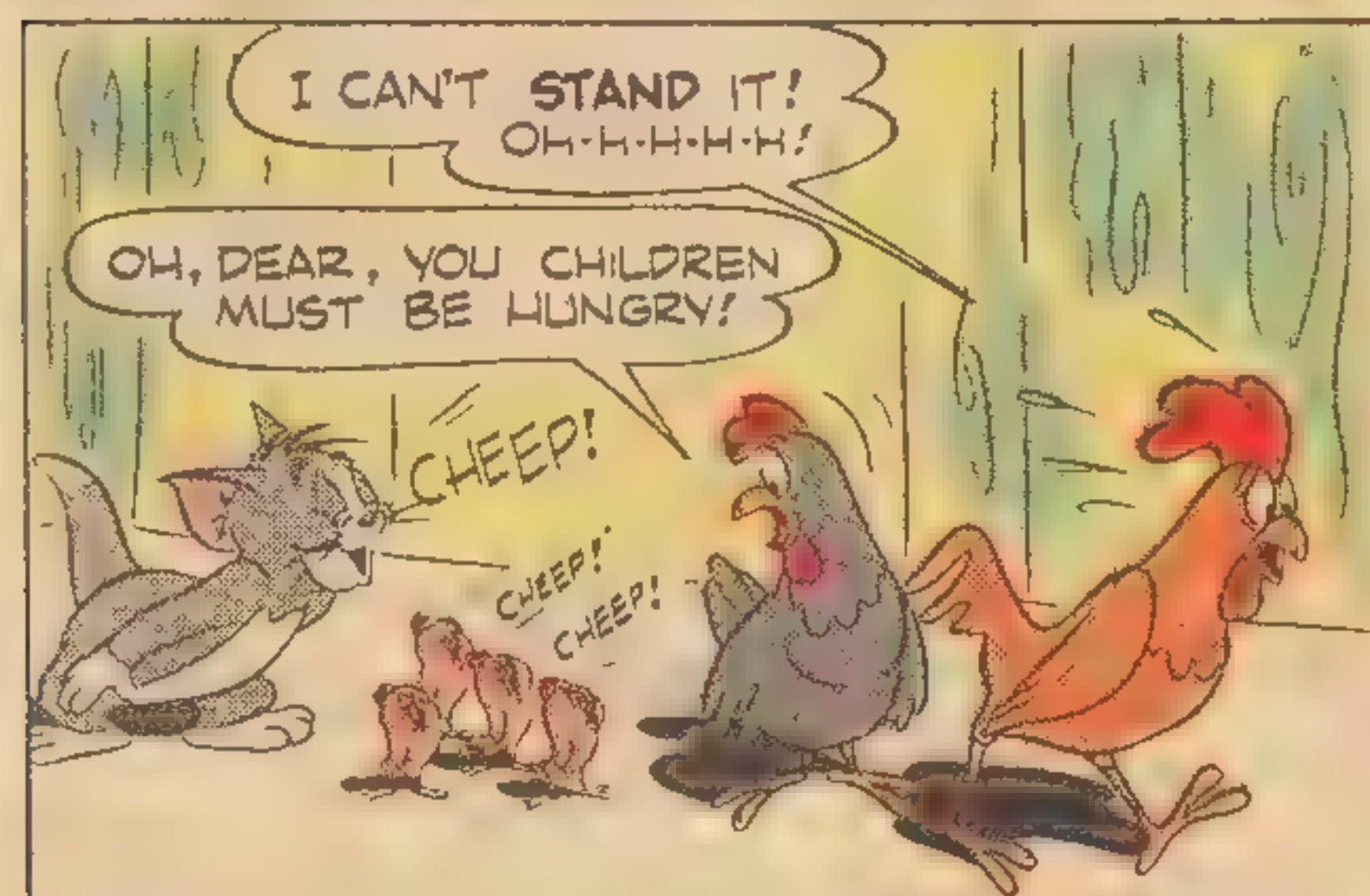
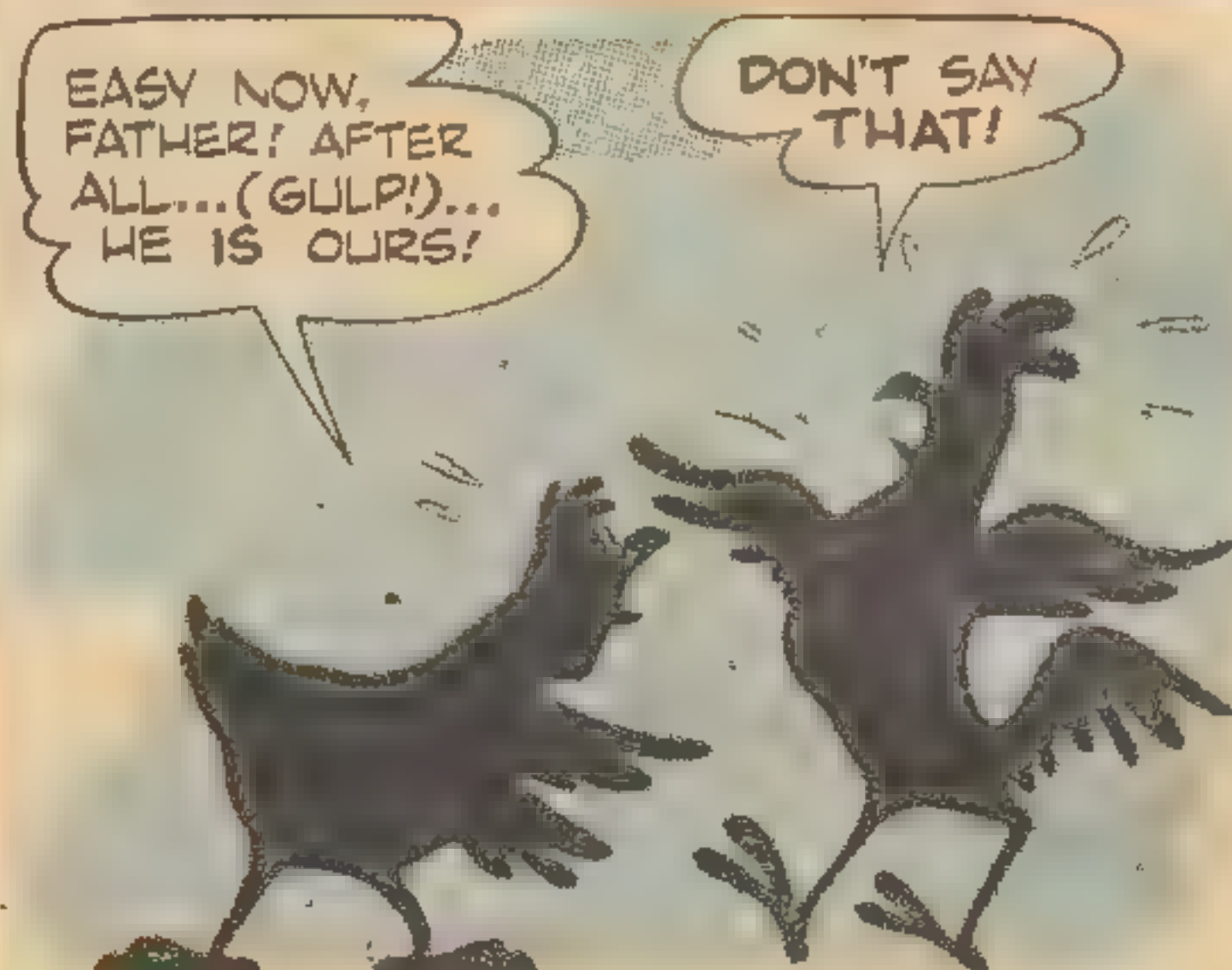
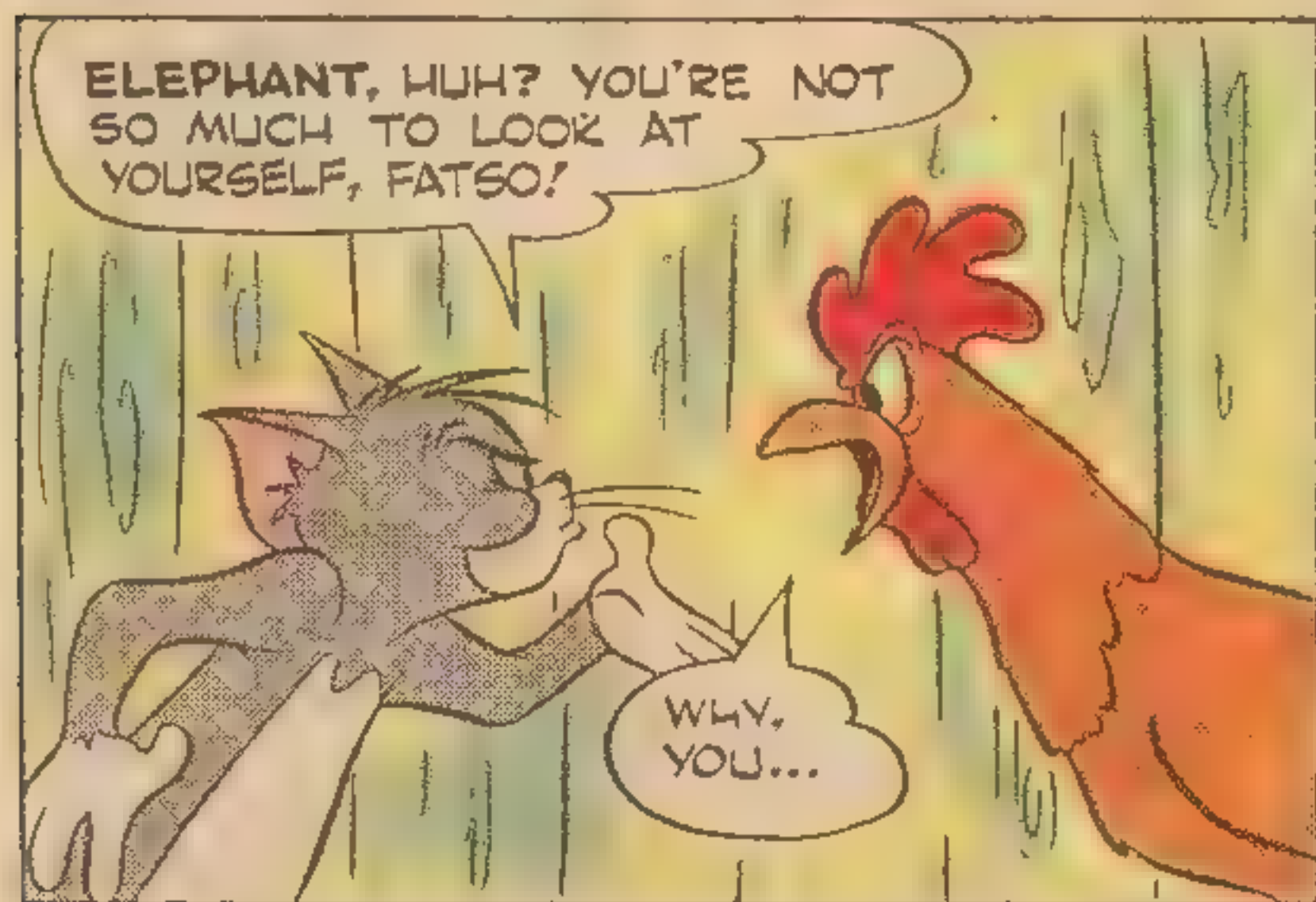
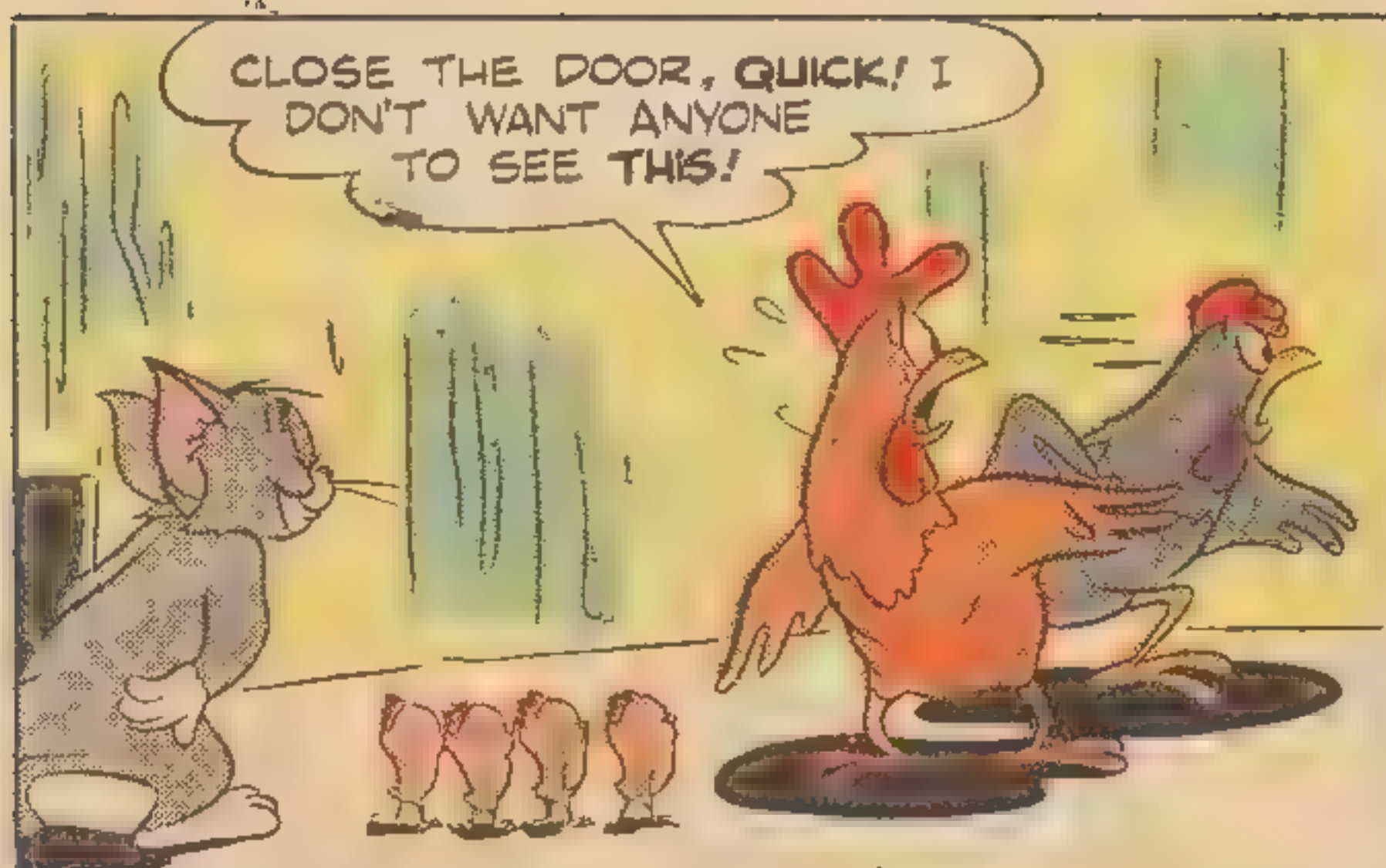




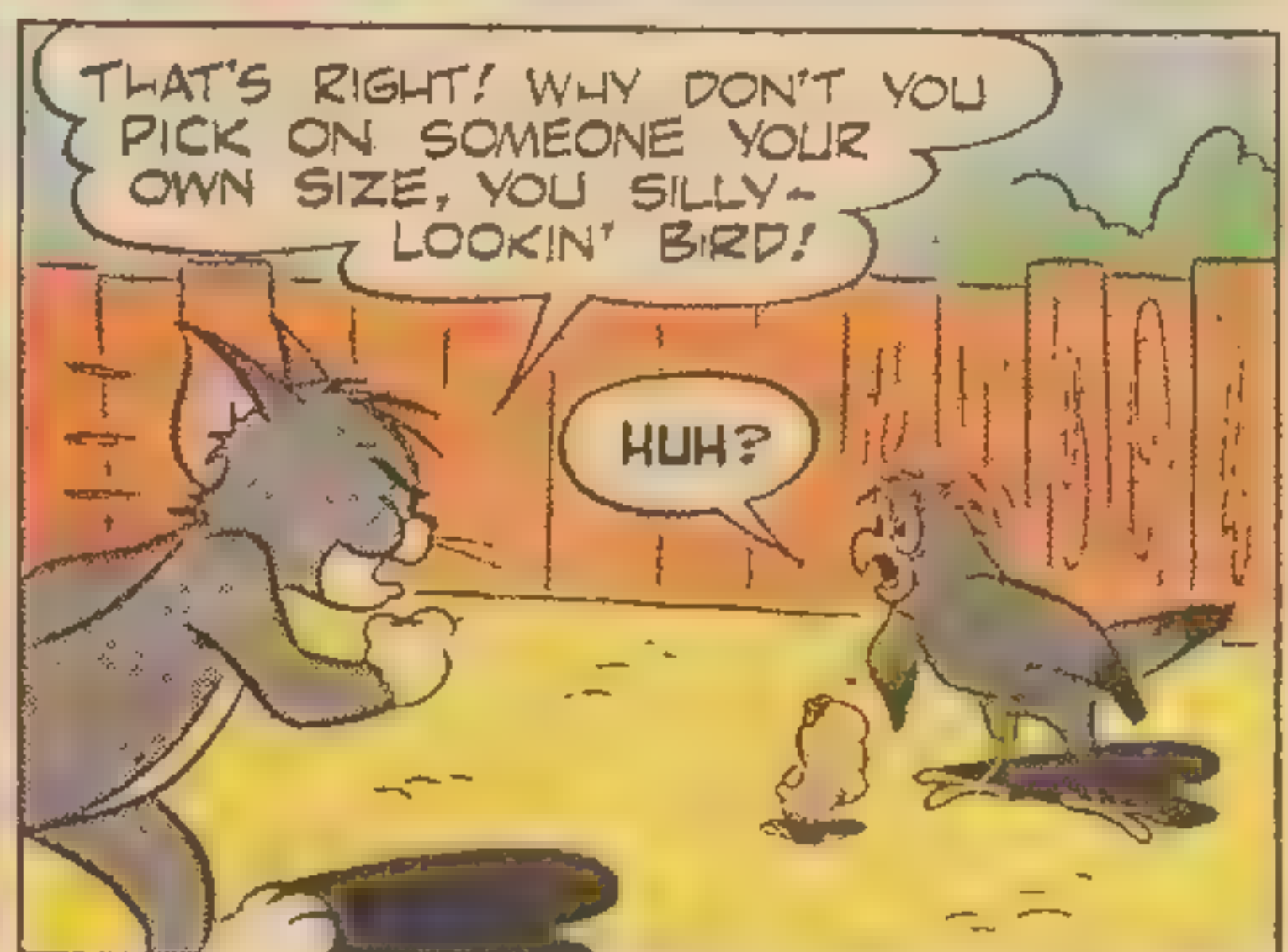
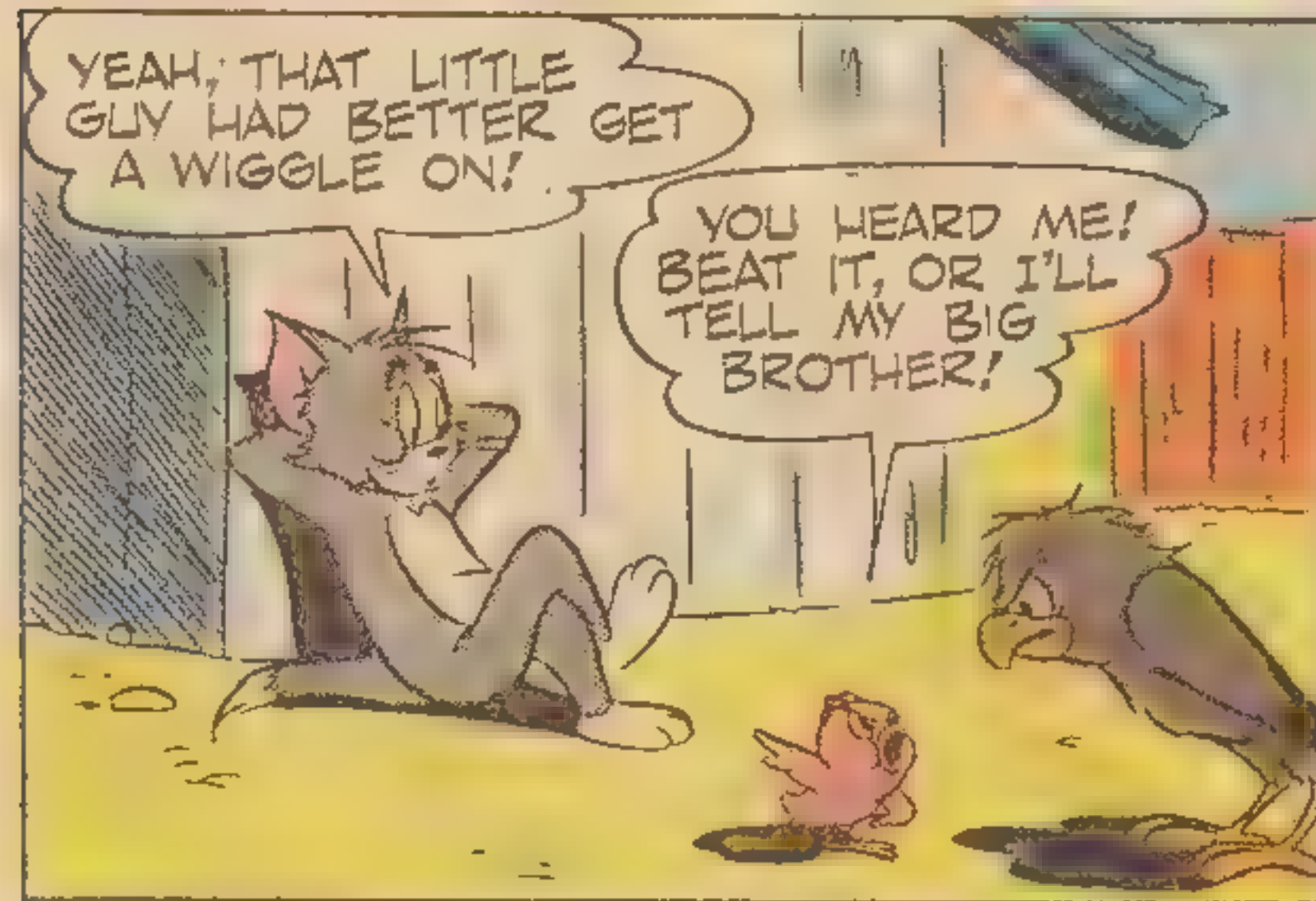
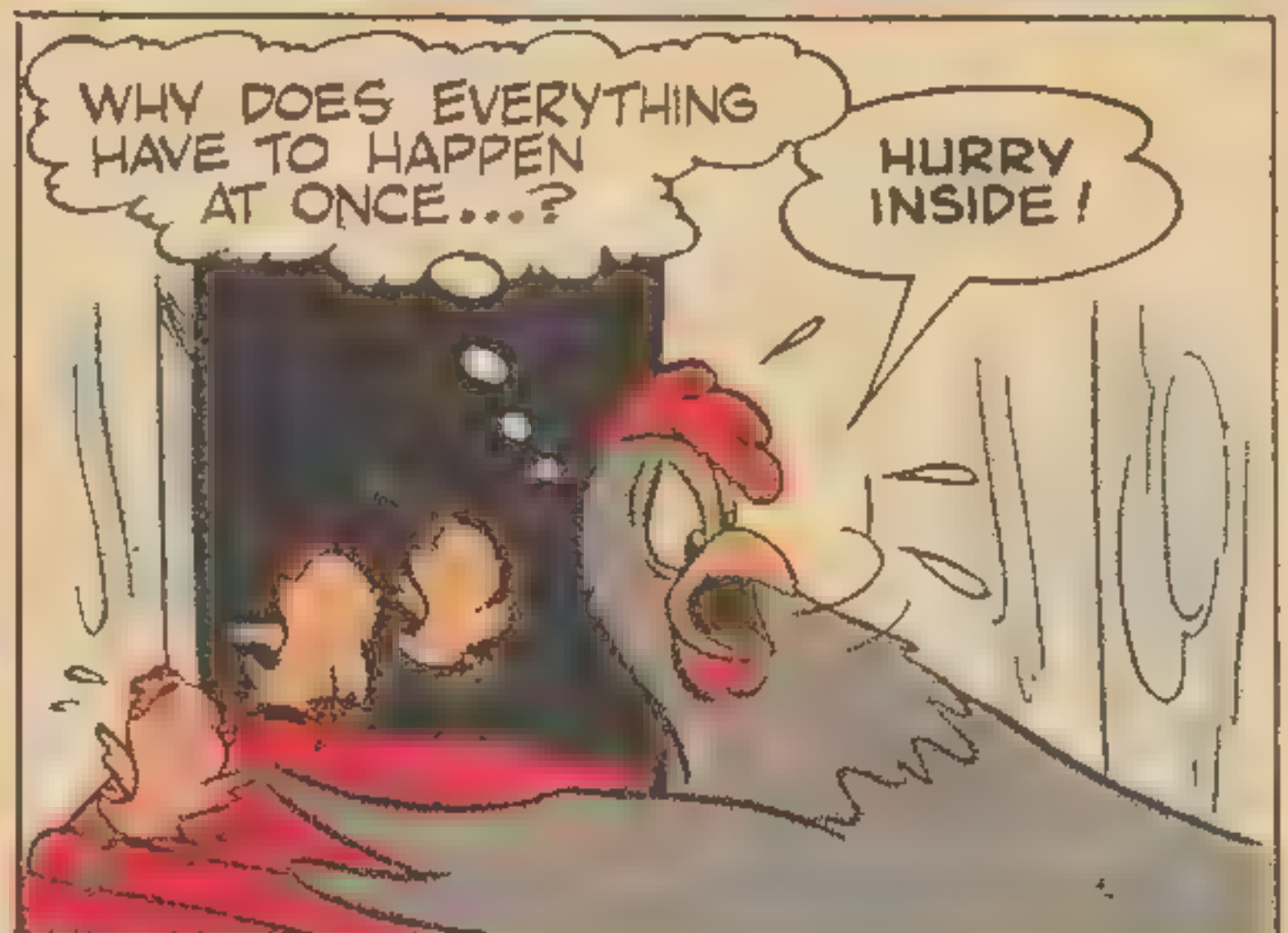
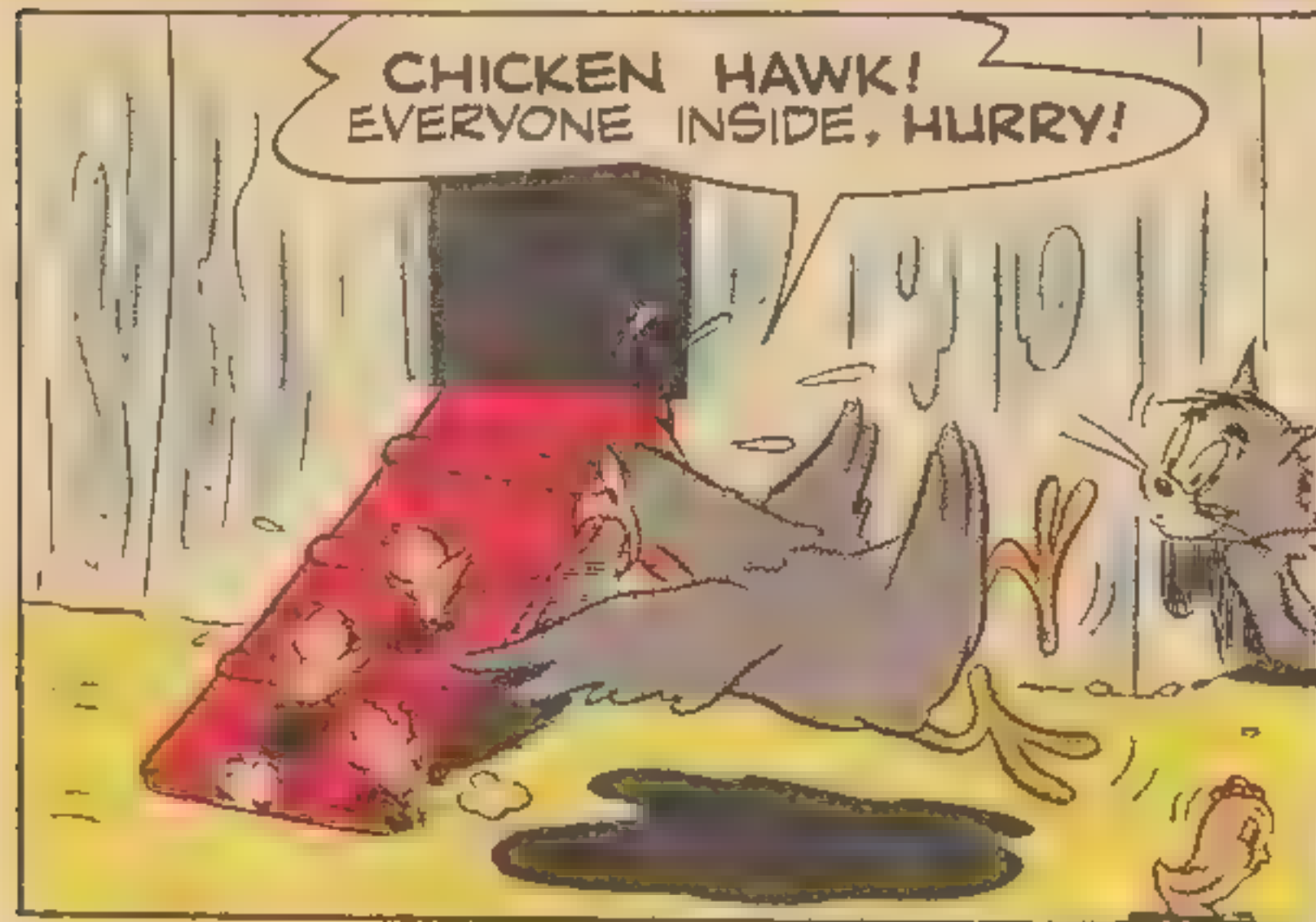
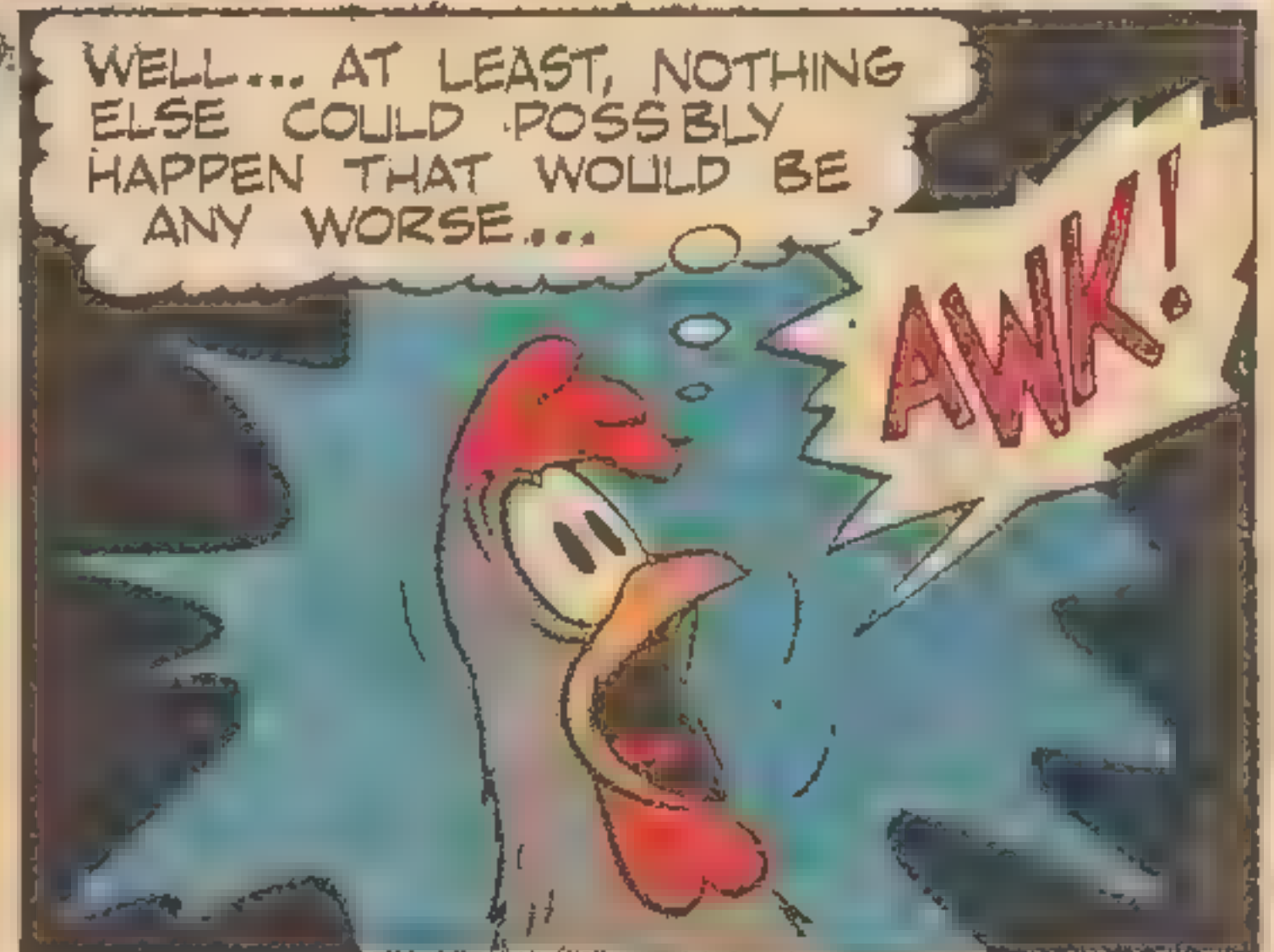
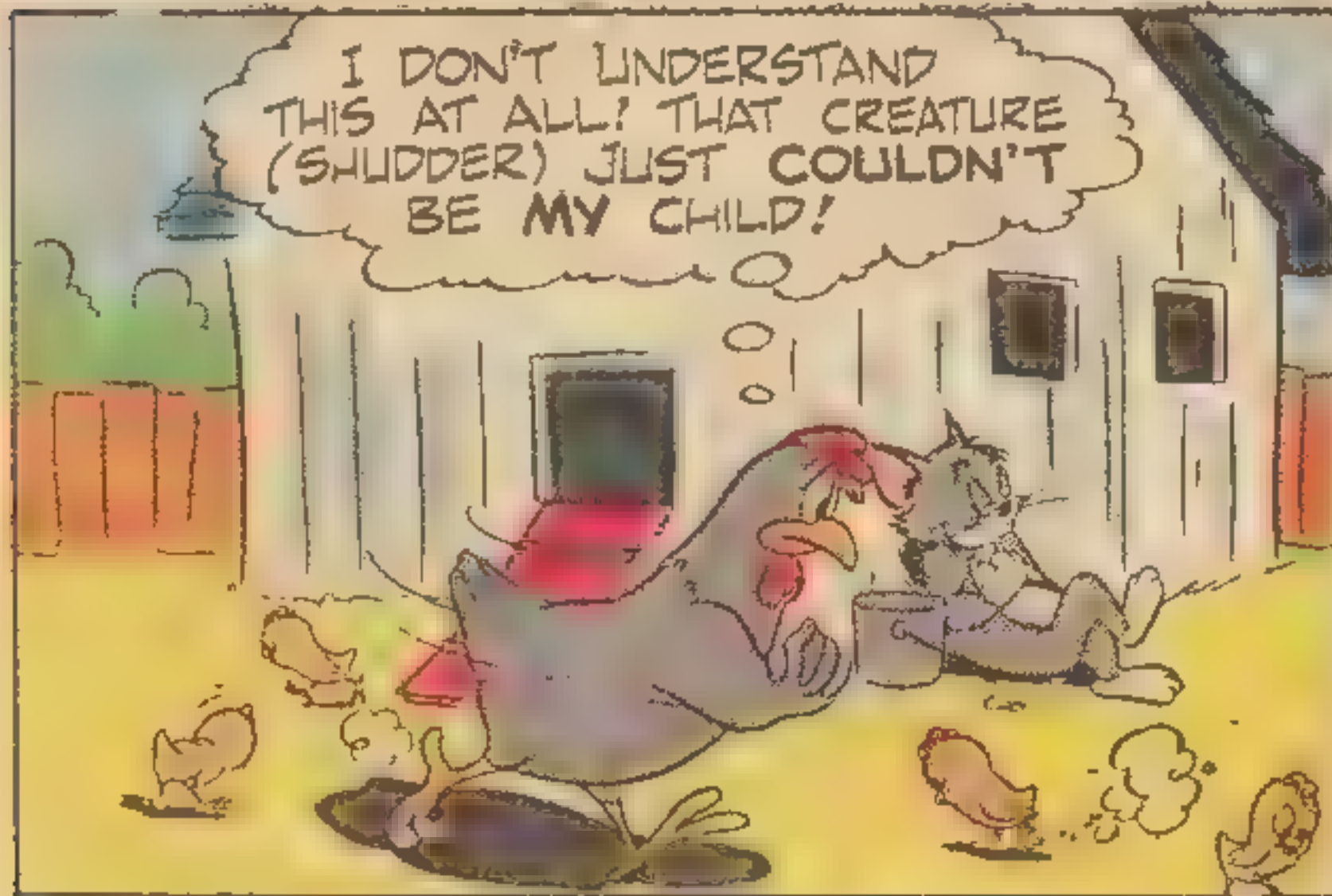
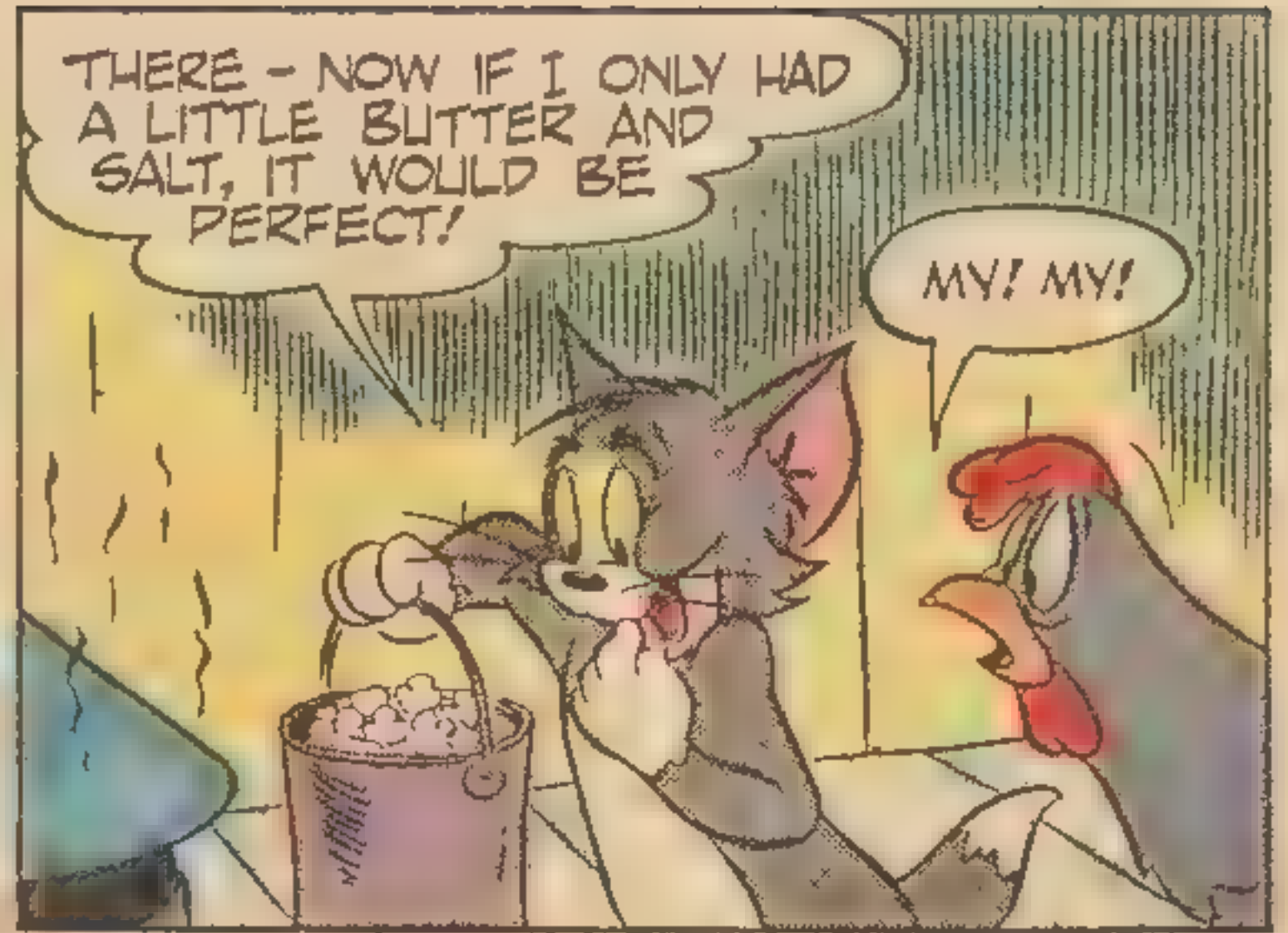
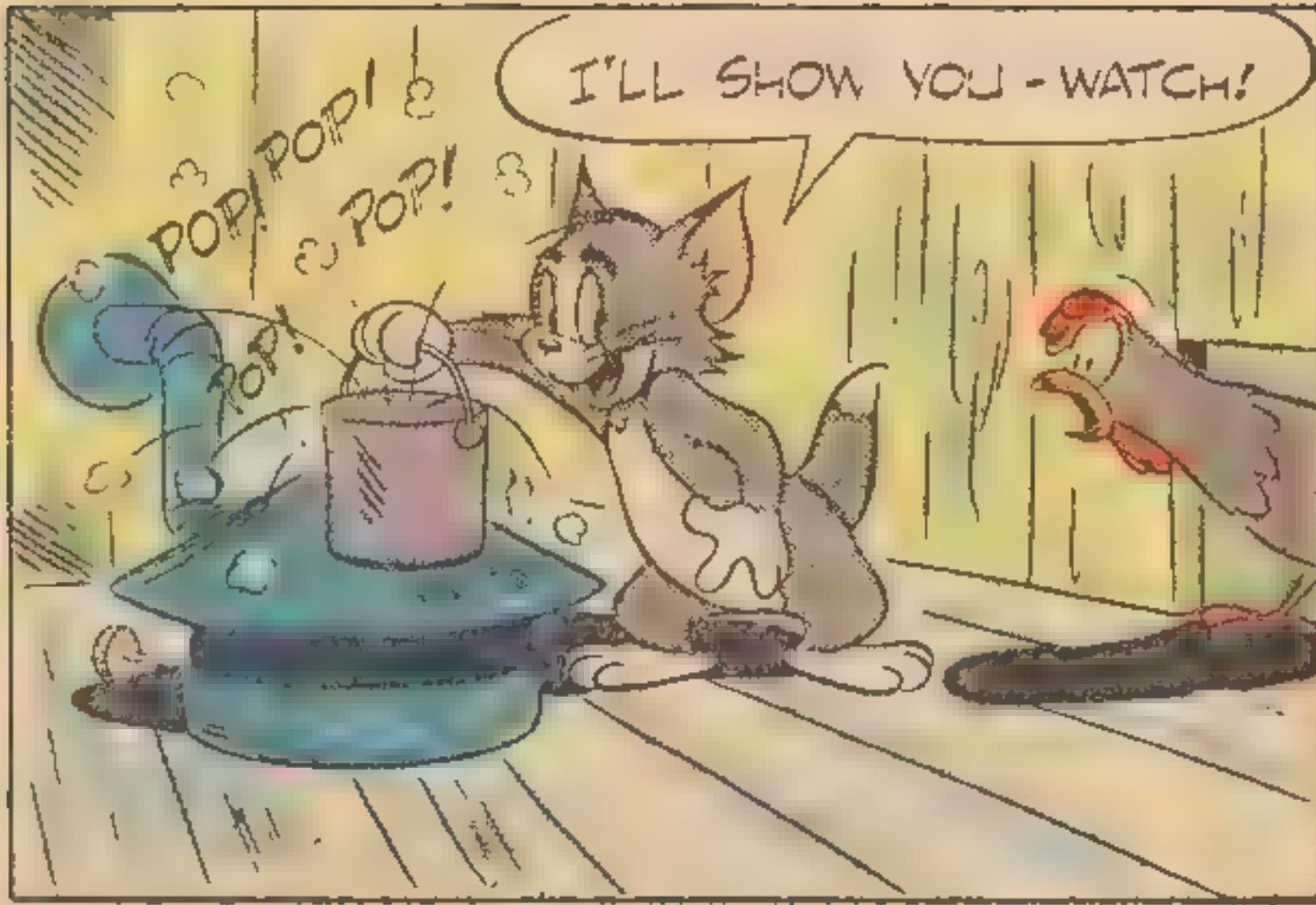




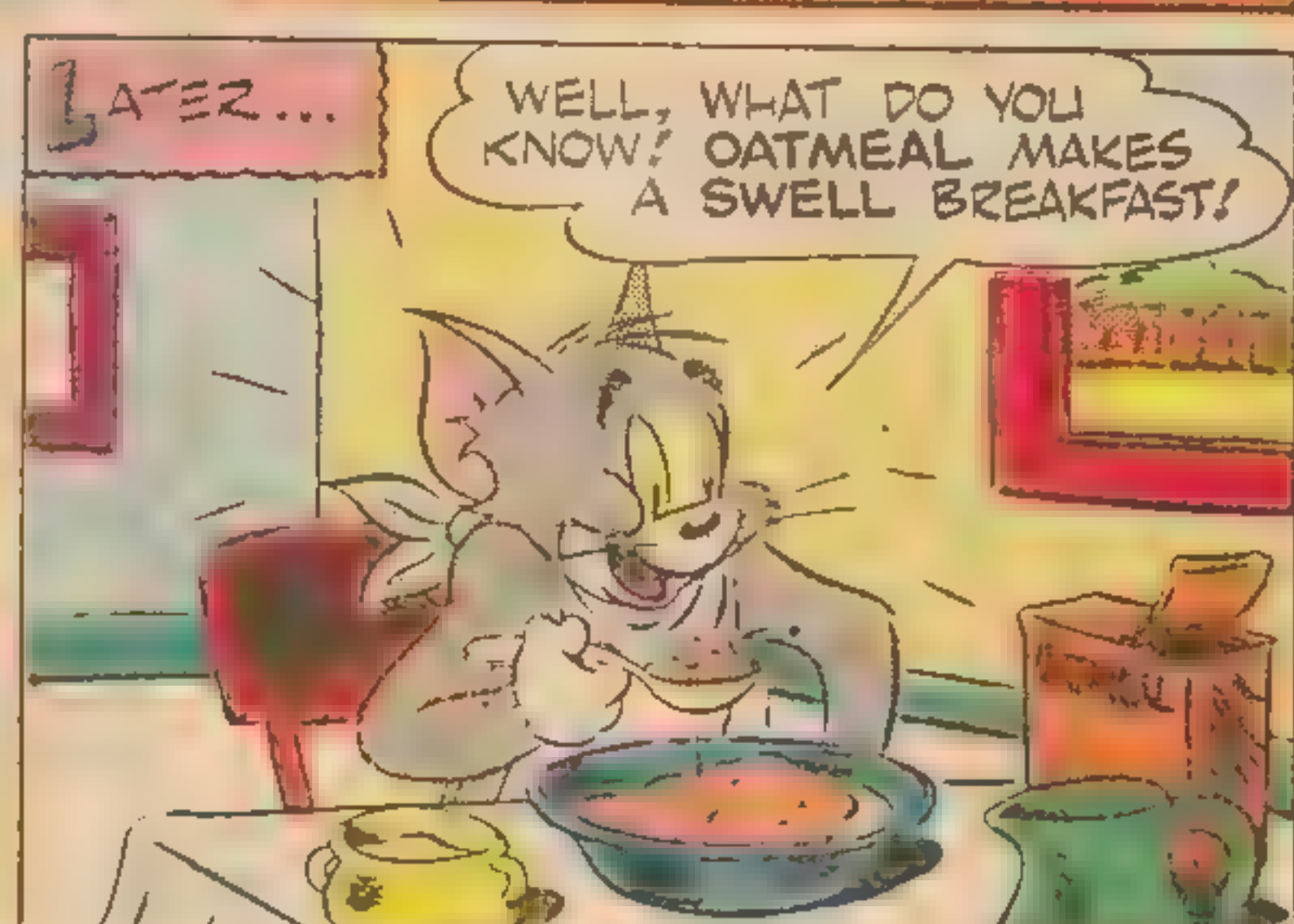
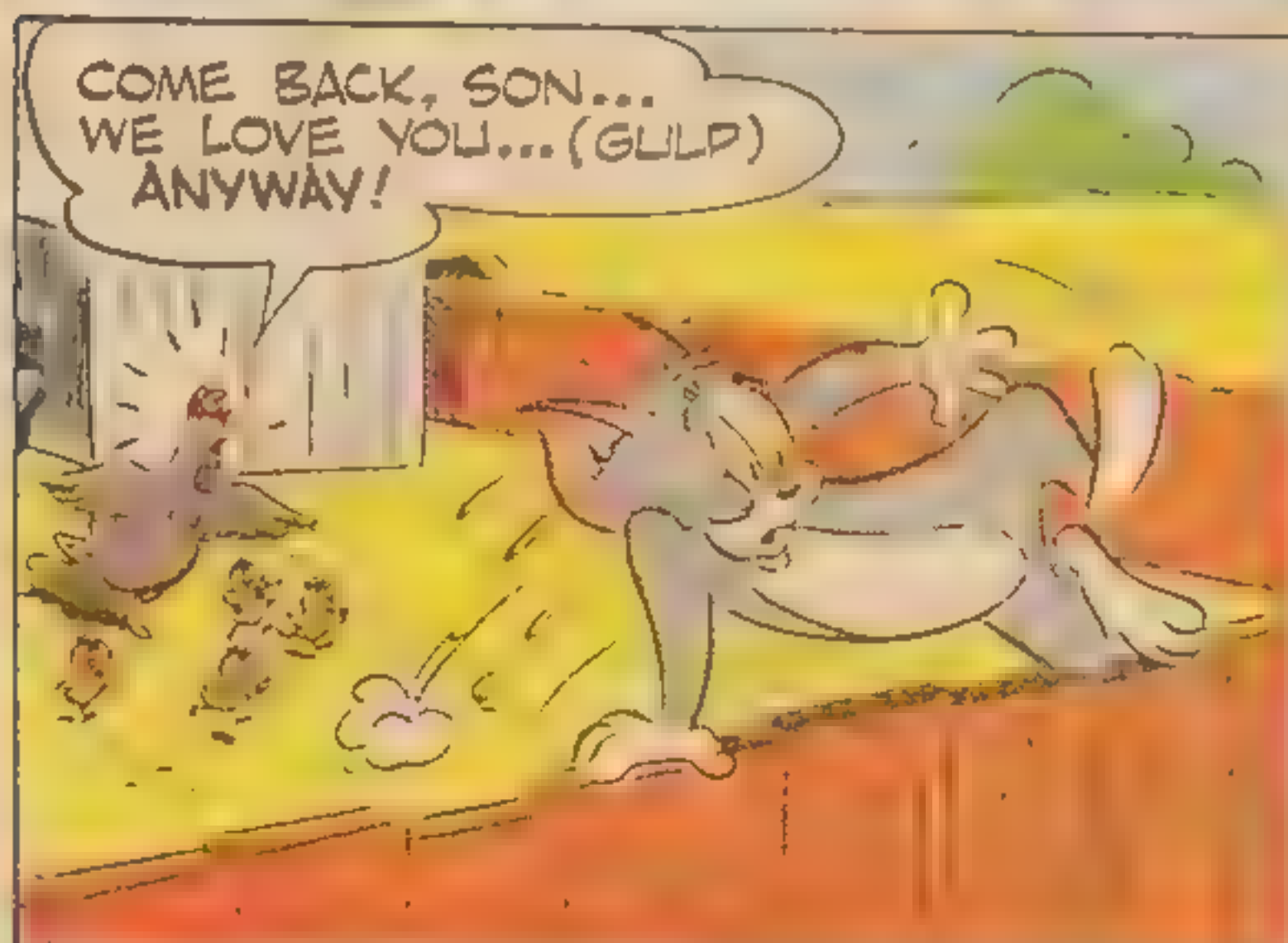
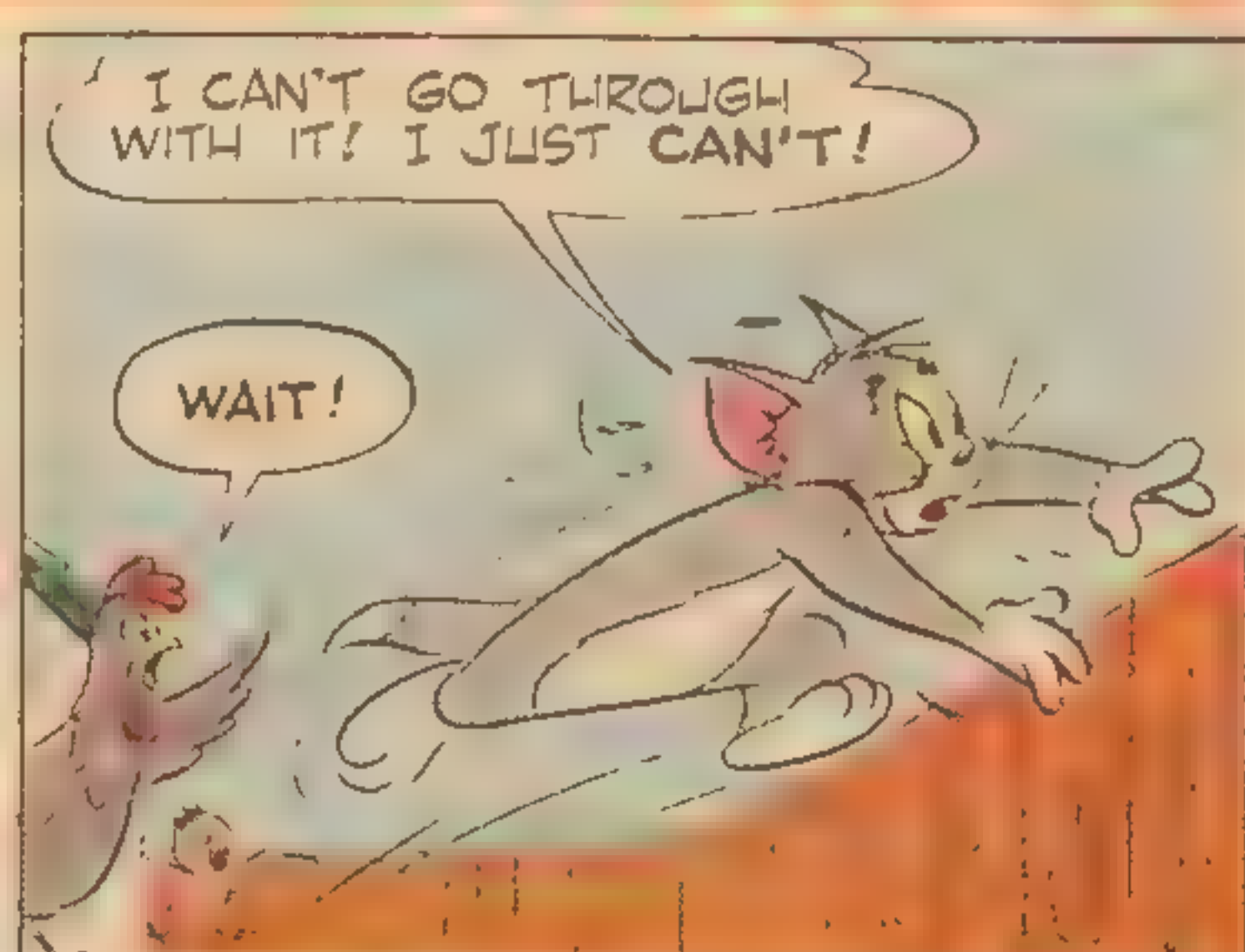
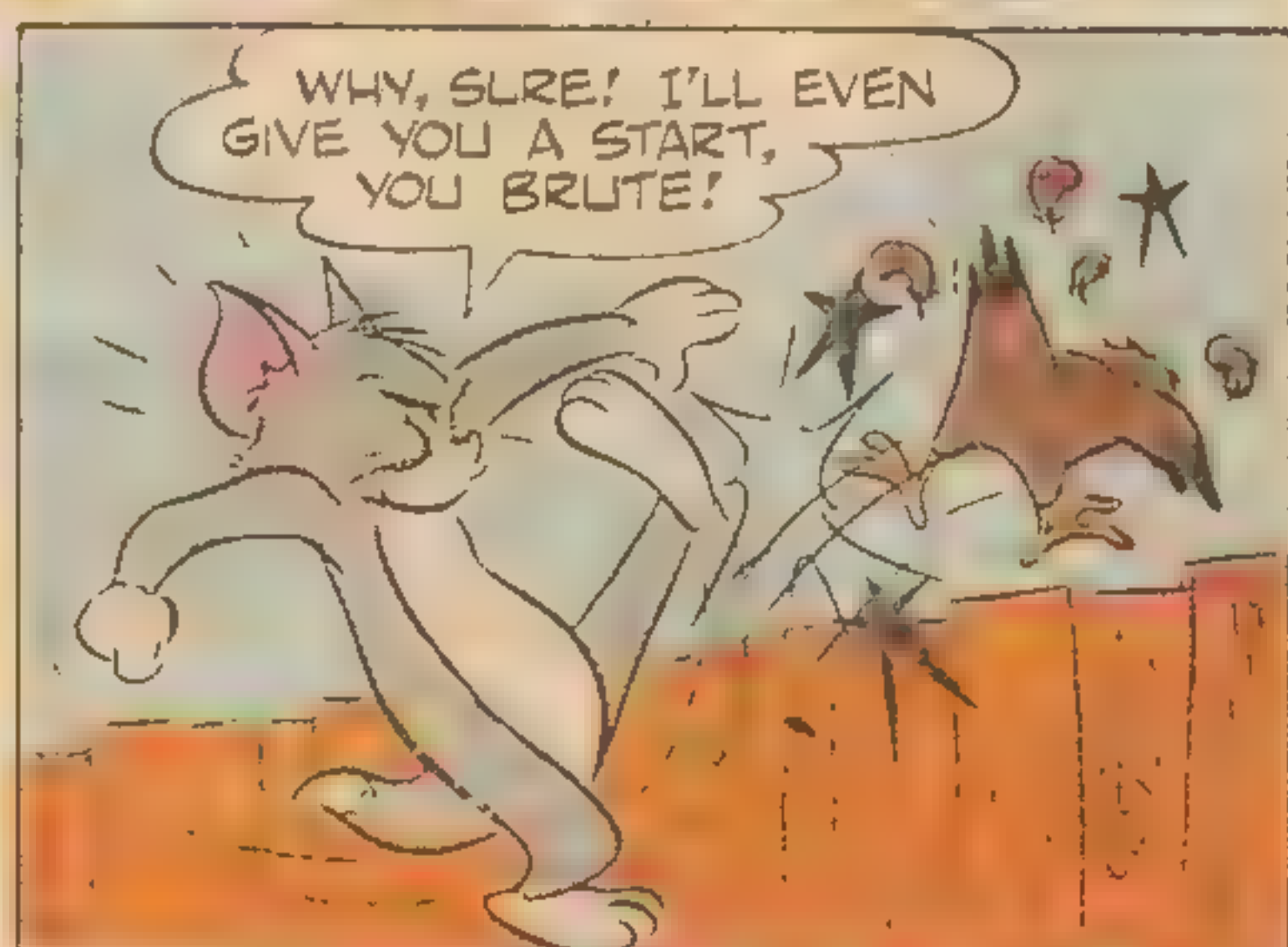
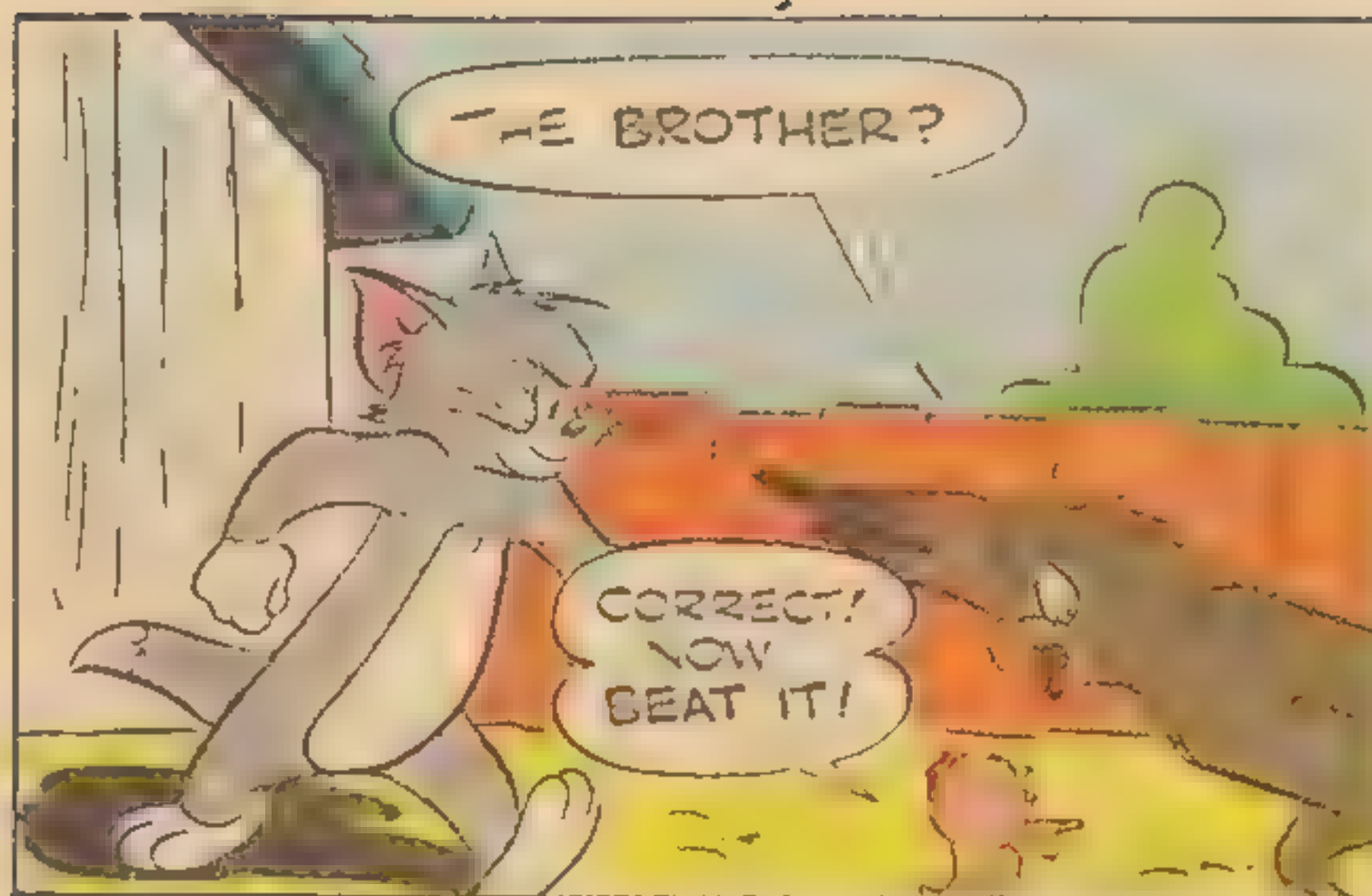














M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

# Barney Bear and Benny Bunny

AH, HOW I LOVE A DROWSY  
SUMMER DAY, BENNY!  
IT'S SO RESTFUL!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
BARNEY...

BUT HOW CAN YOU REST WITH YOUR  
PLACE LOOKIN' LIKE THIS?  
YOU OUGHTA BE CUTTIN'  
WEEDS AND CLEANIN'  
UP!

NOW, BENNY, THERE'S A  
**LOT** OF GOOD REASONS  
WHY I'M NOT BUSY AT  
DOMESTIC CHORES!

OH, YEAH?  
NAME SEVERAL!

THAT I'LL DO, BENNY!  
JUST COME WITH ME TO  
THE TOOL SHED!

LOOK...BROKEN SHOVEL, BENT  
RAKE, DULL HOE, WORN-OUT  
SICKLE... REASONS ENOUGH,  
DON'T YOU  
THINK?

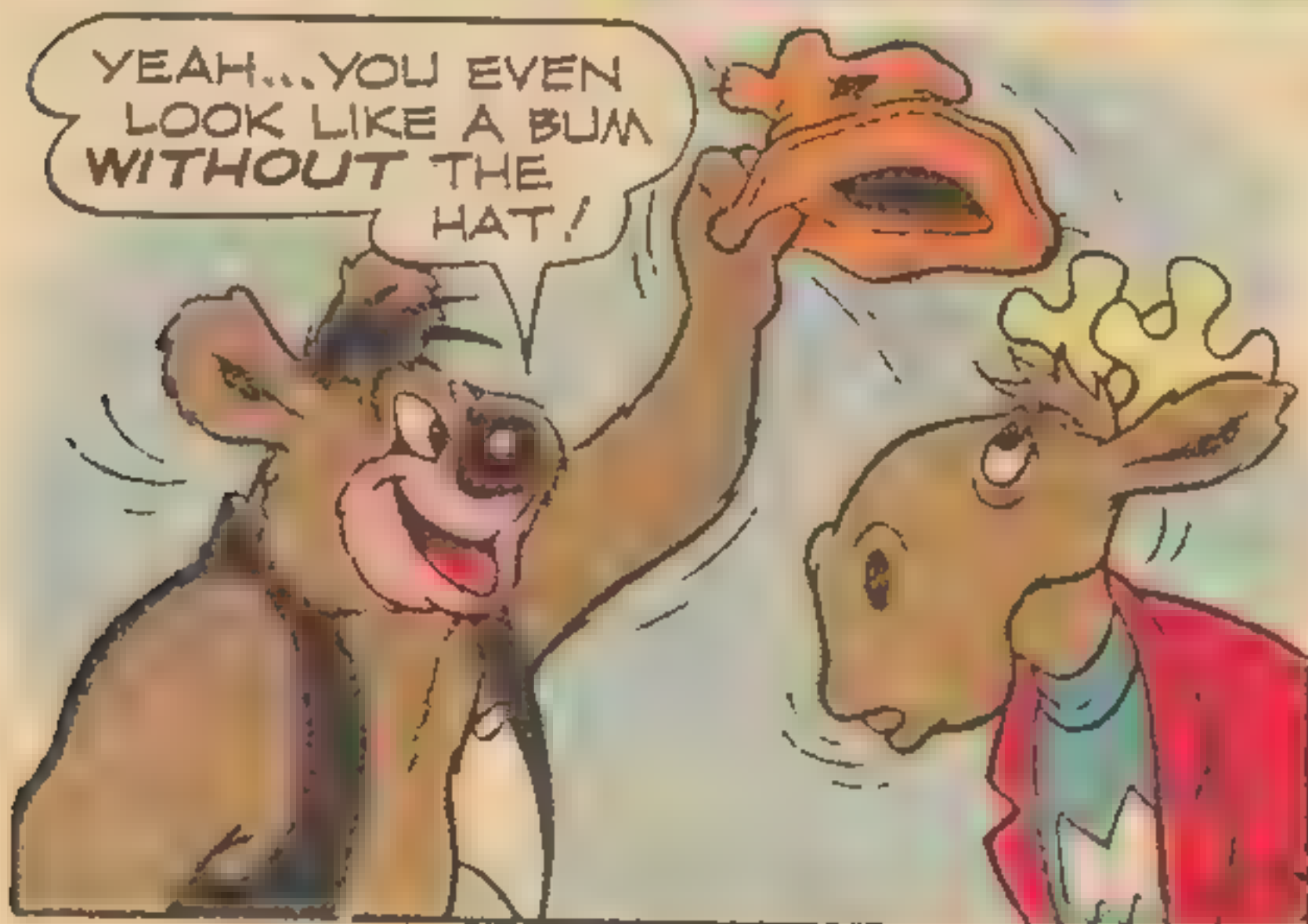
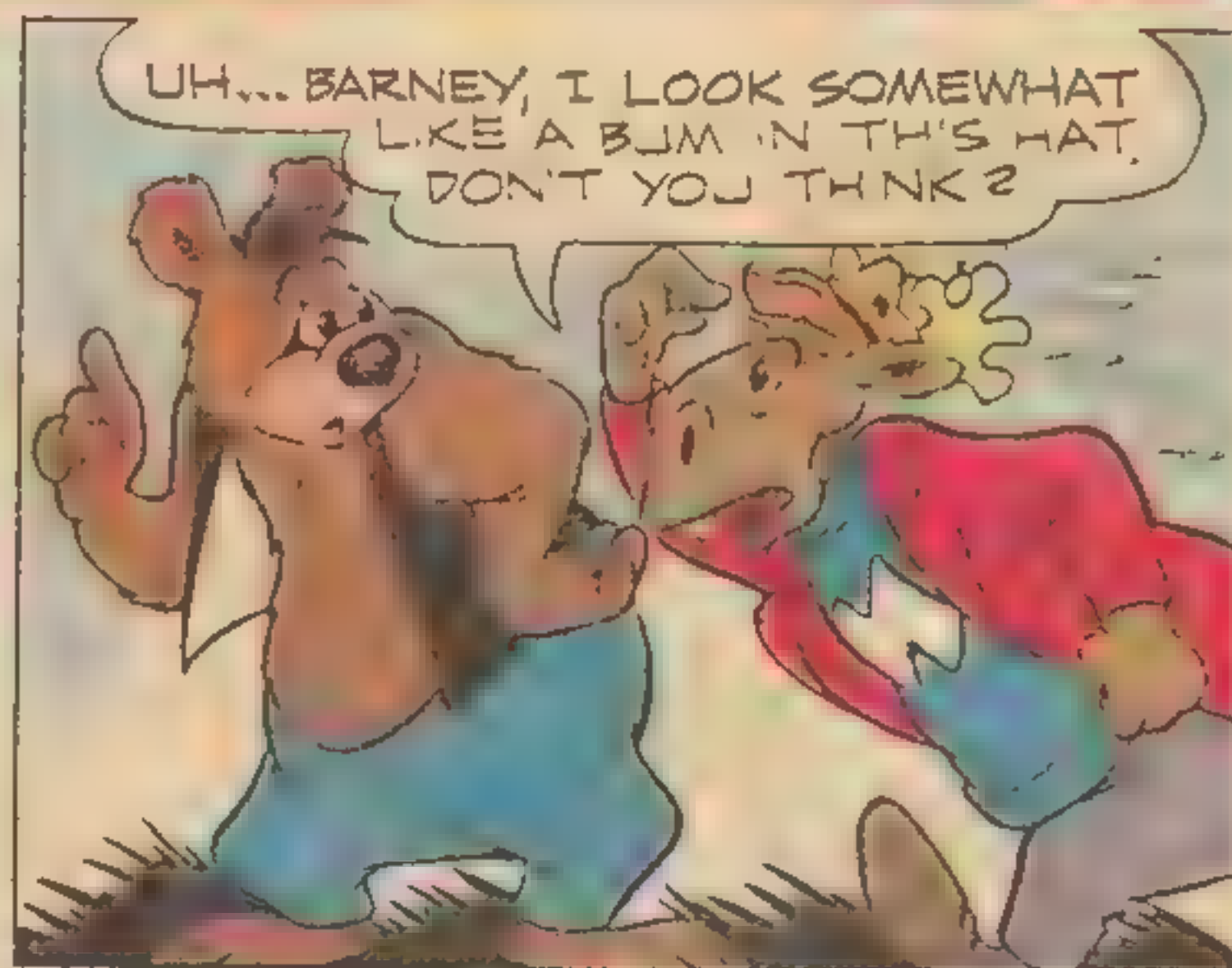
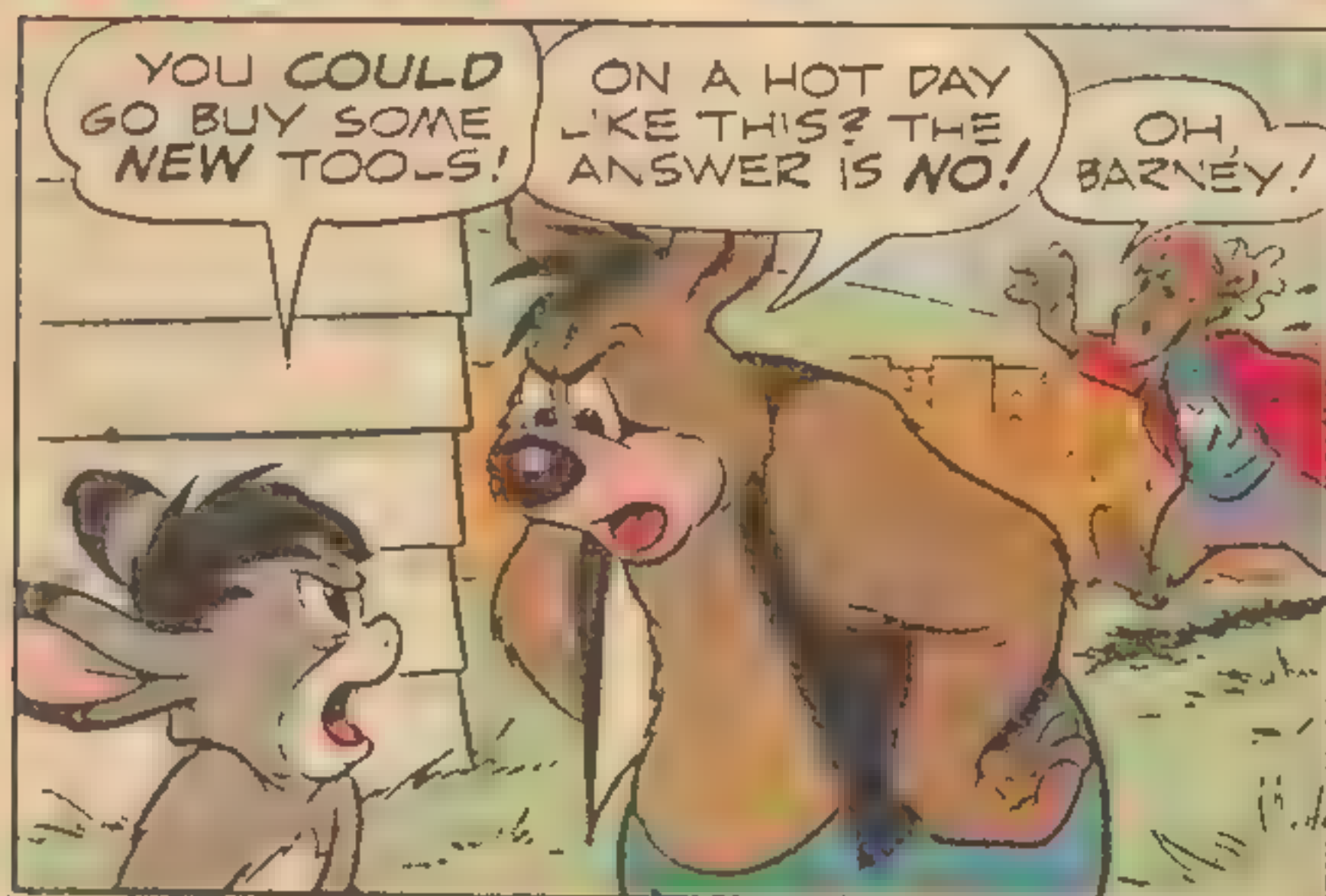
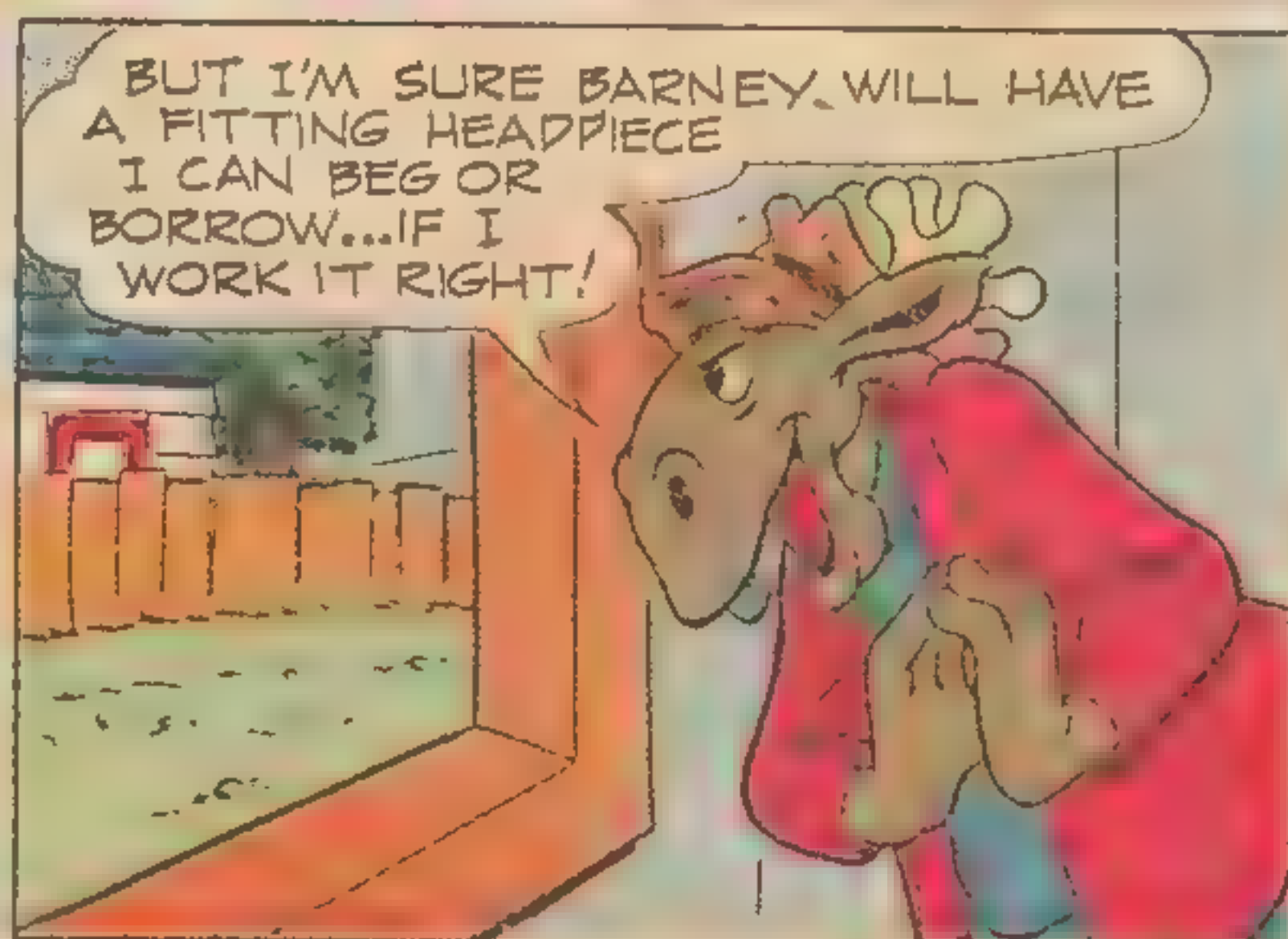
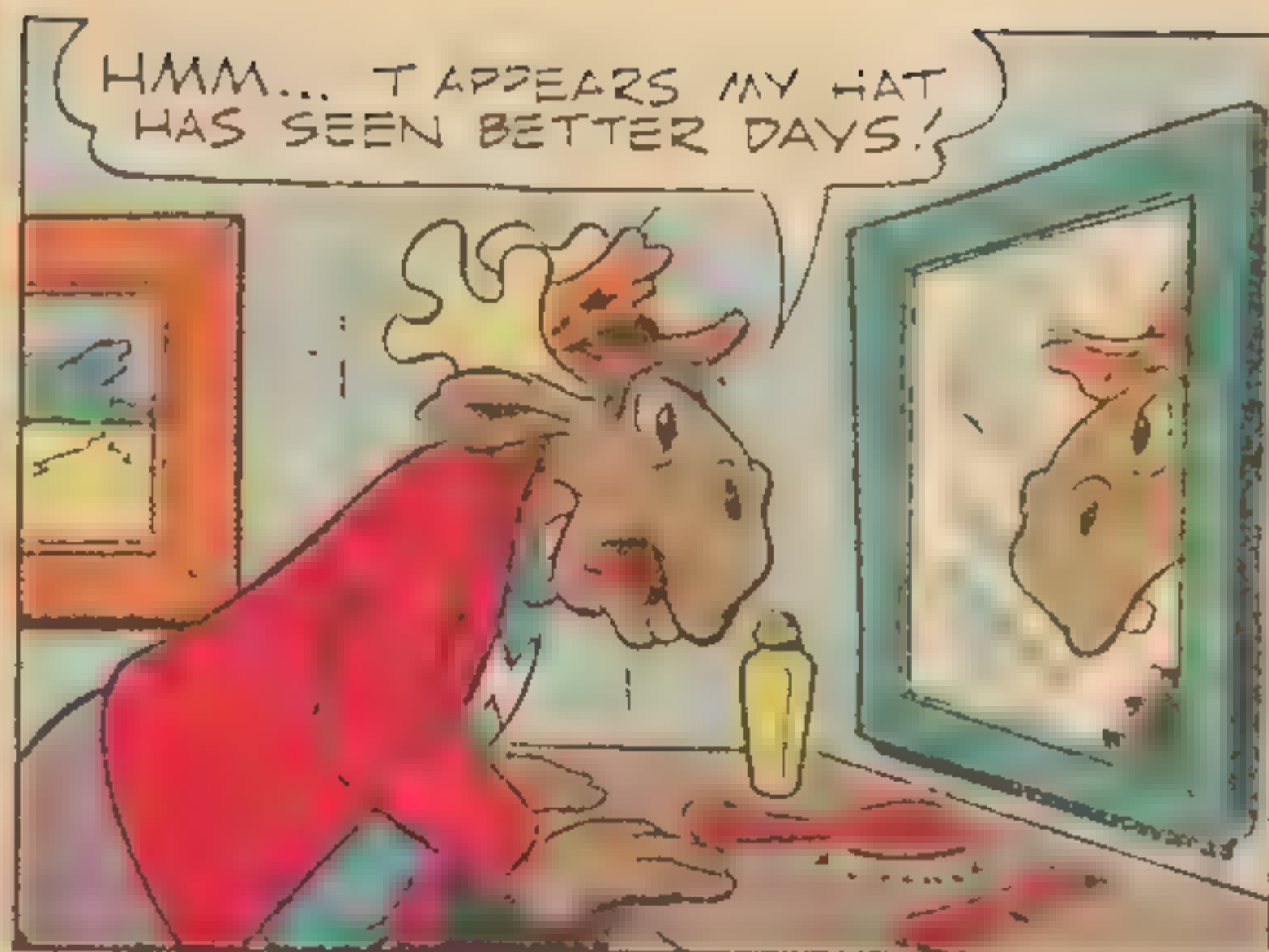
YOU SEE, MY PAST ACTIVITY  
WITH THE GARDEN TOOLS HAS  
RENDERED THEM UNFIT FOR  
FURTHER SERVICE!

THE ACTIVITY  
HASN'T BEEN  
**RECENT!**

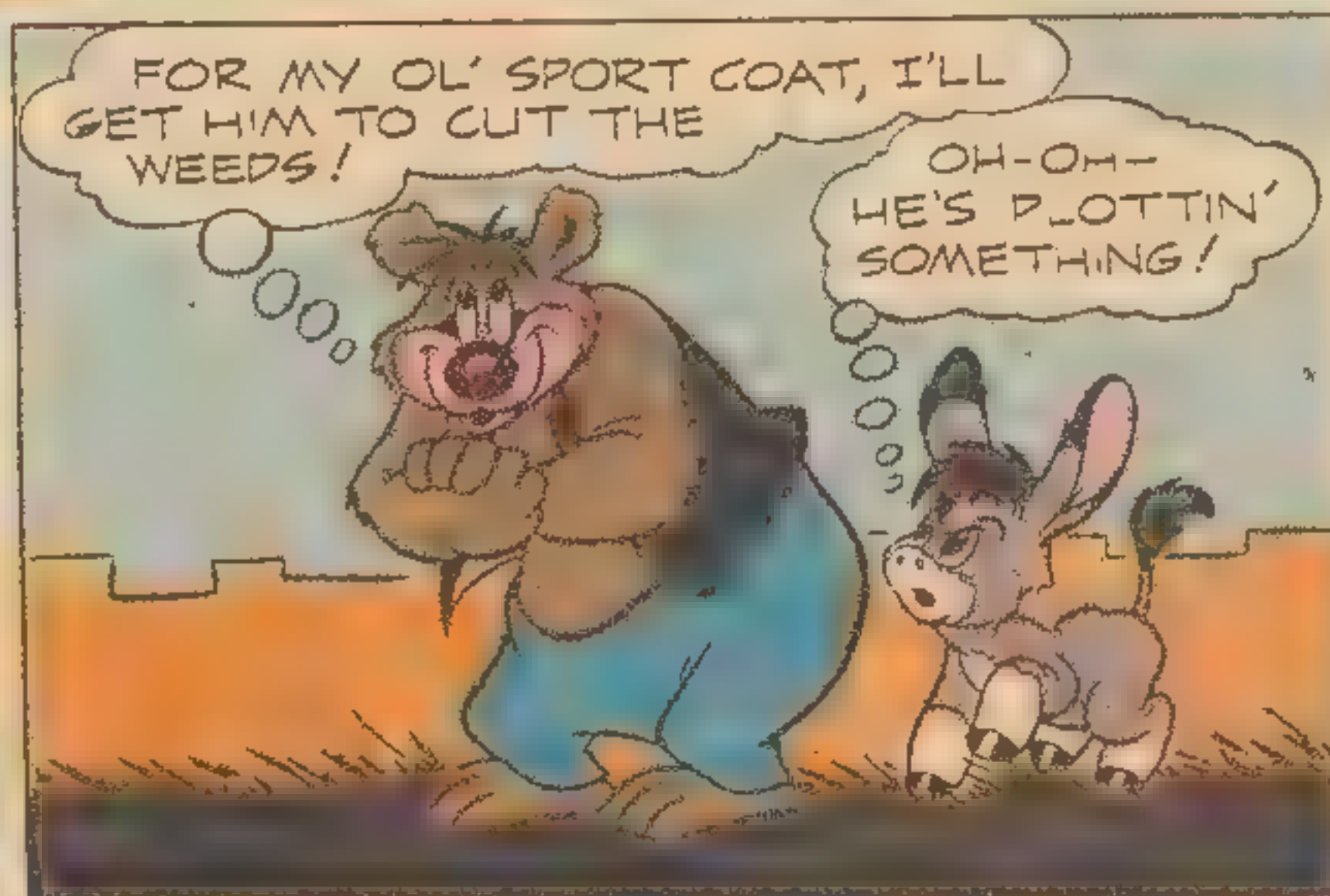
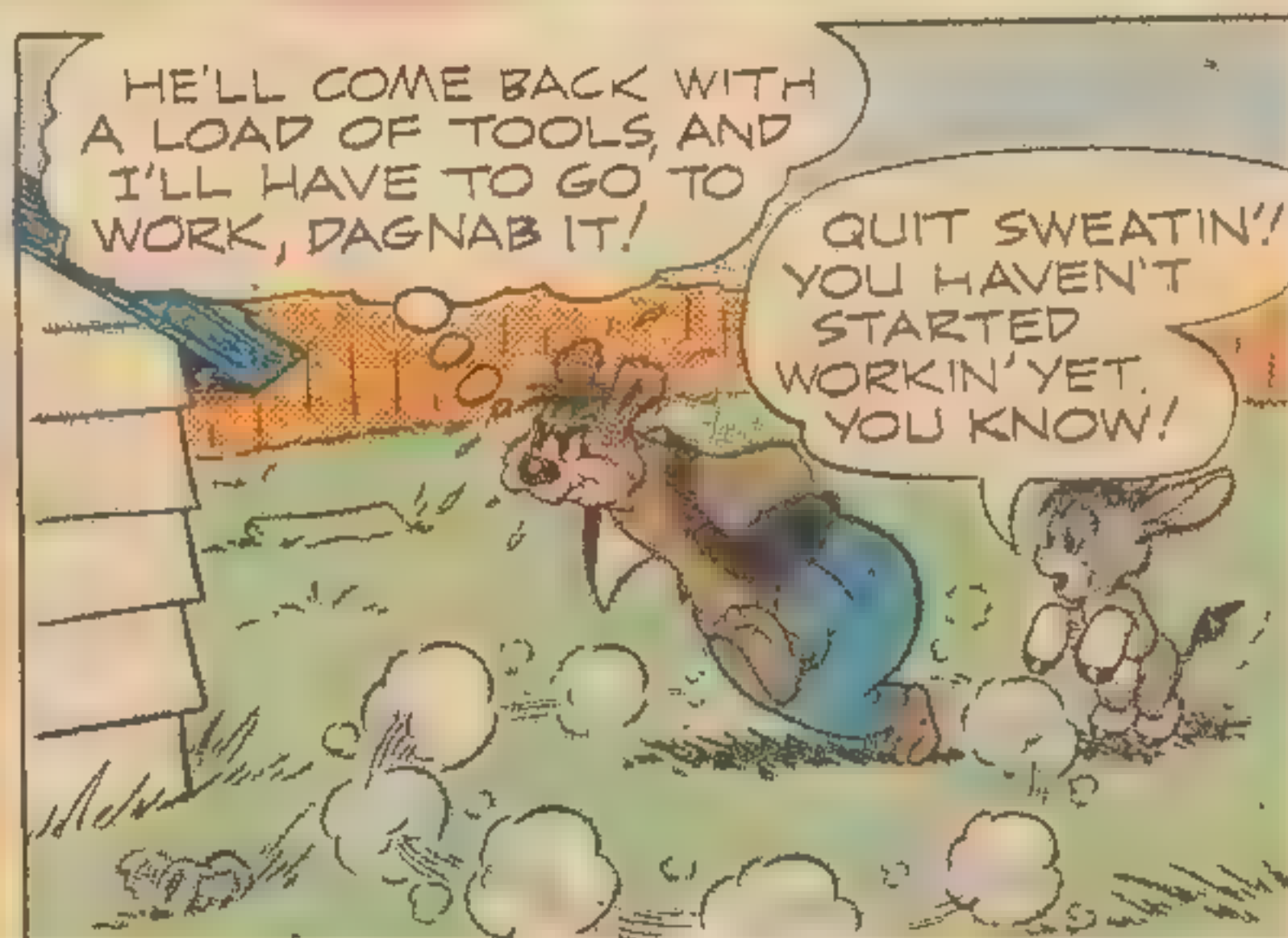
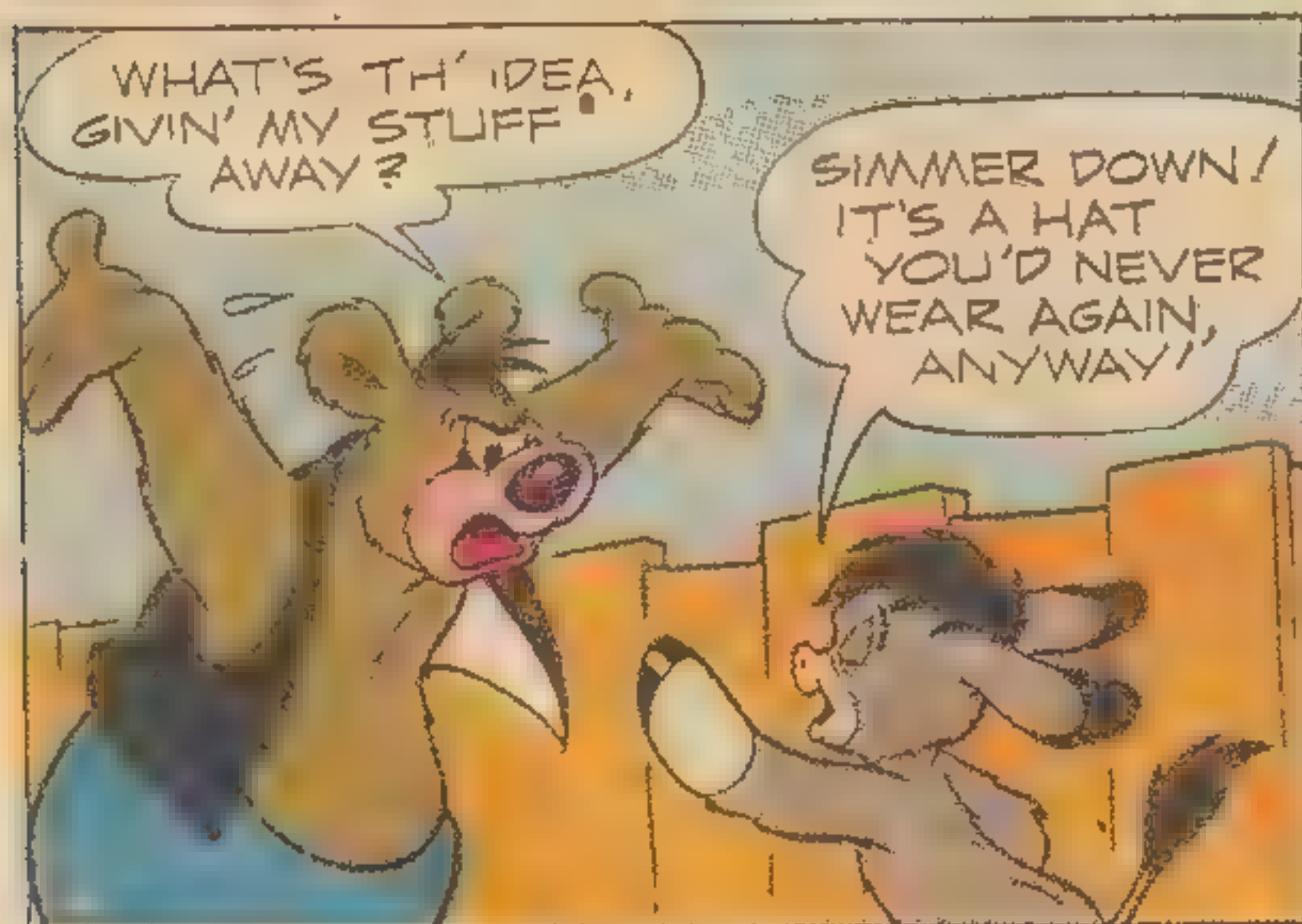
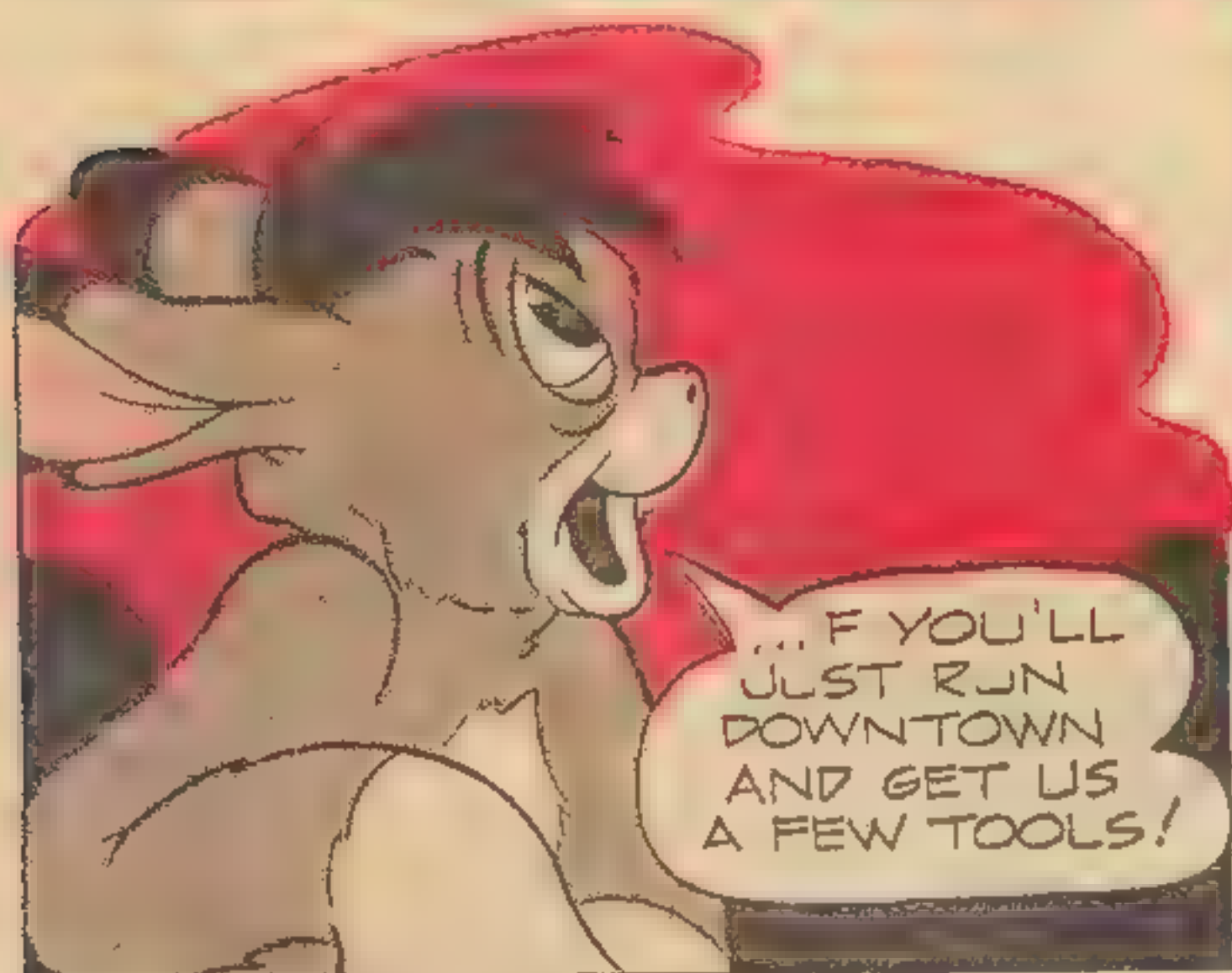
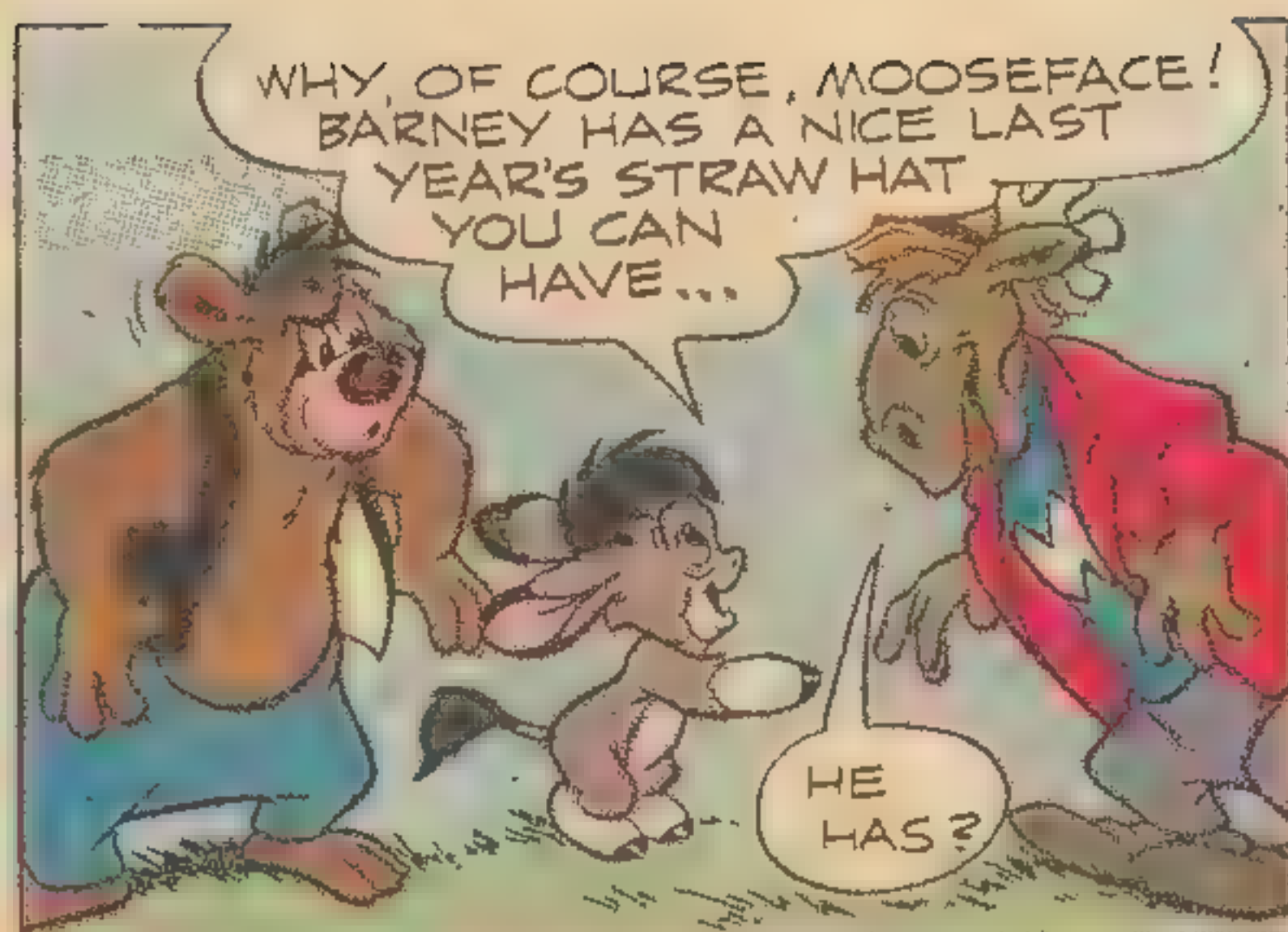
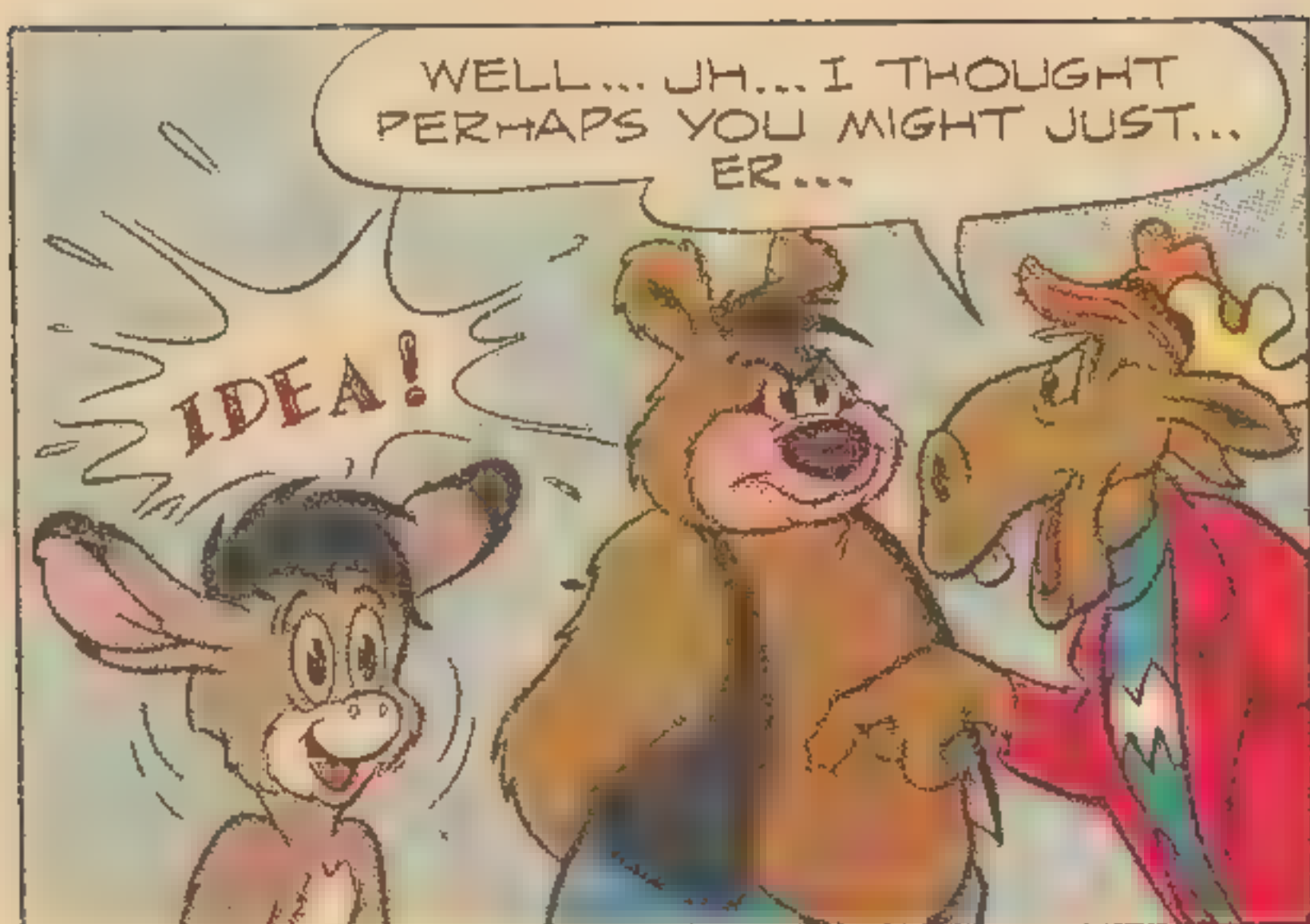
MEANWHILE NEXT DOOR, MOOSEFACE  
IS IN A GAY SUMMER MOOD, TOO...

ON SUCH A  
FINE SUMMER  
DAY, A GAY, MAD  
CHARACTER LIKE  
ME SHOULDN'T  
BE STAYIN' AT  
HOME!

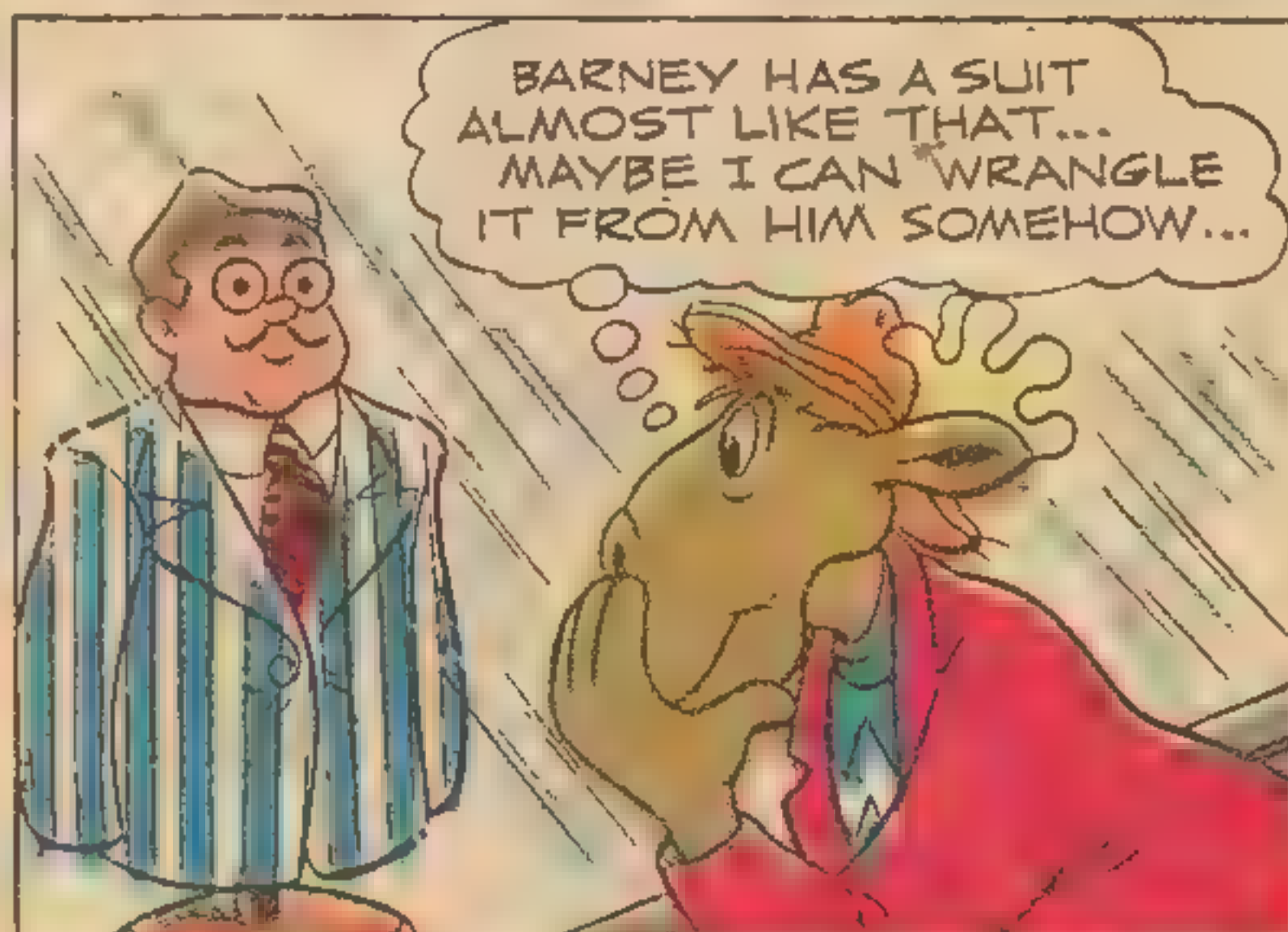
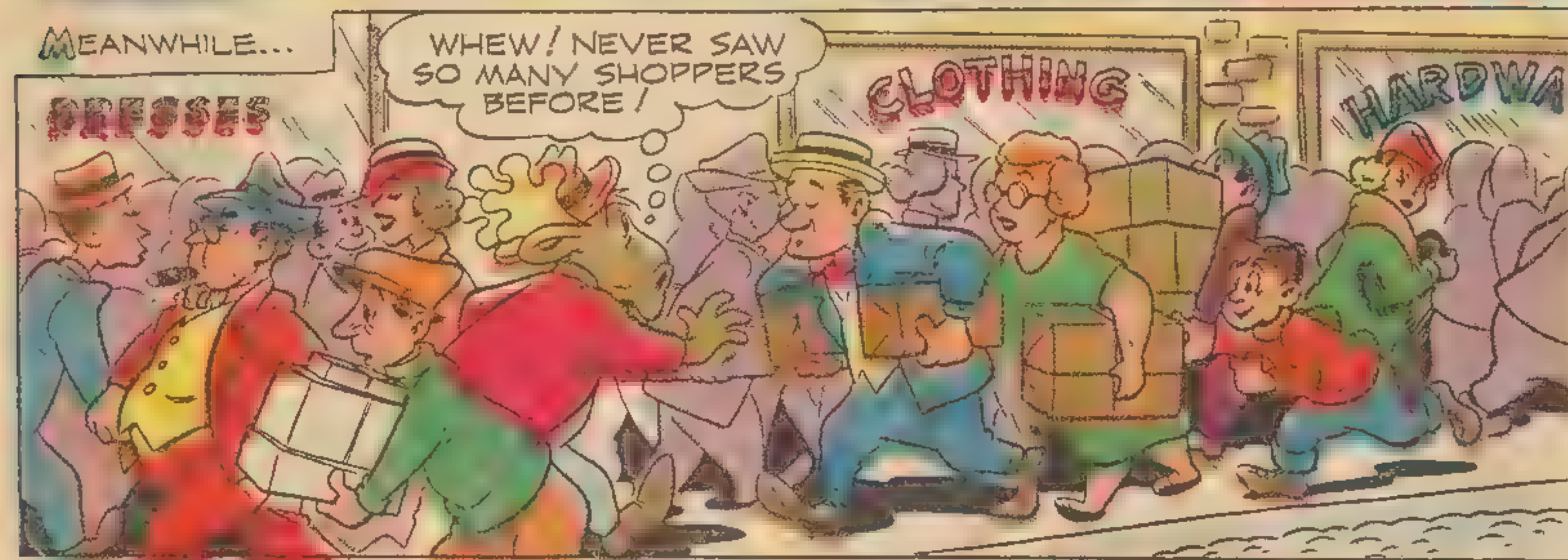
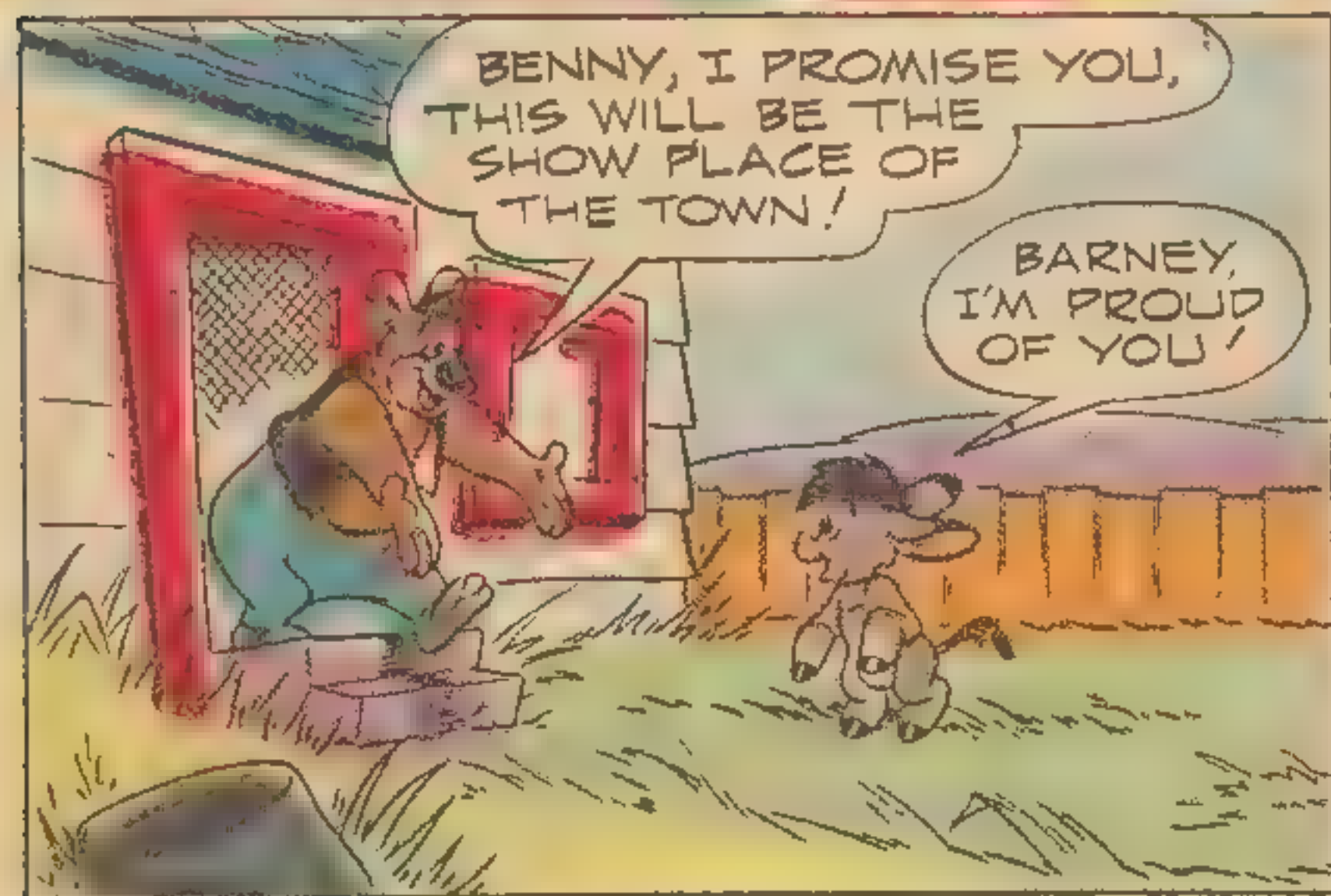




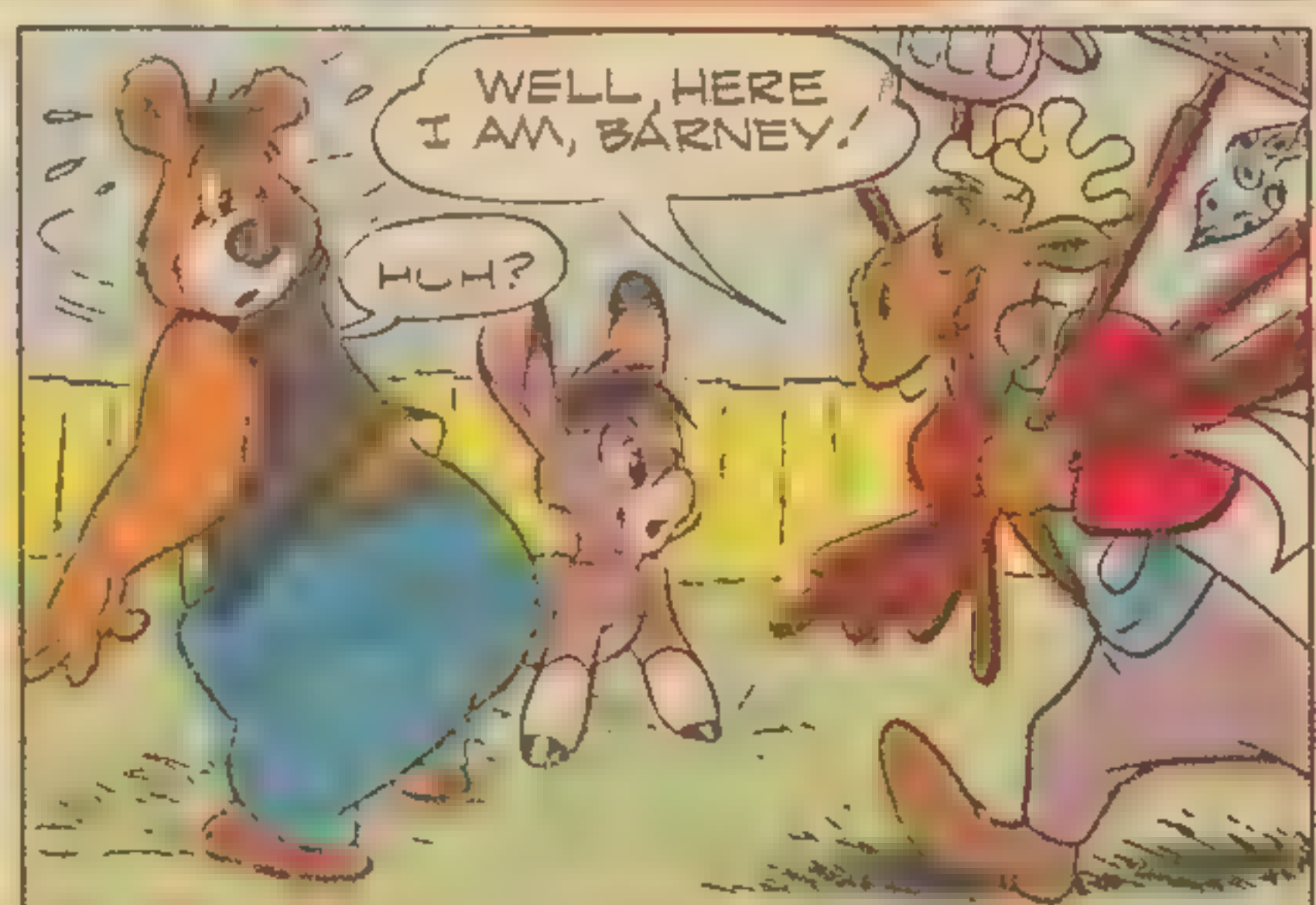
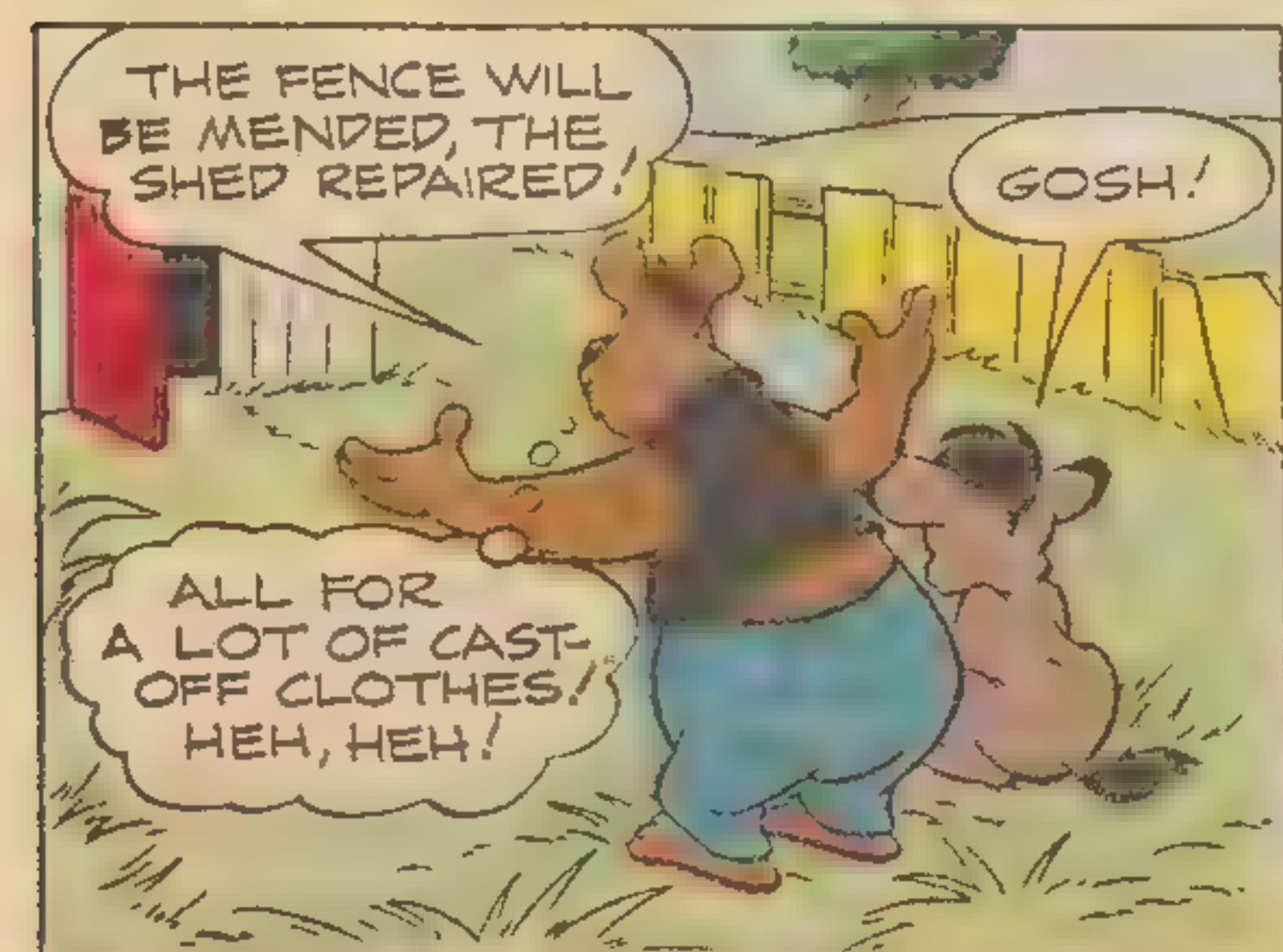
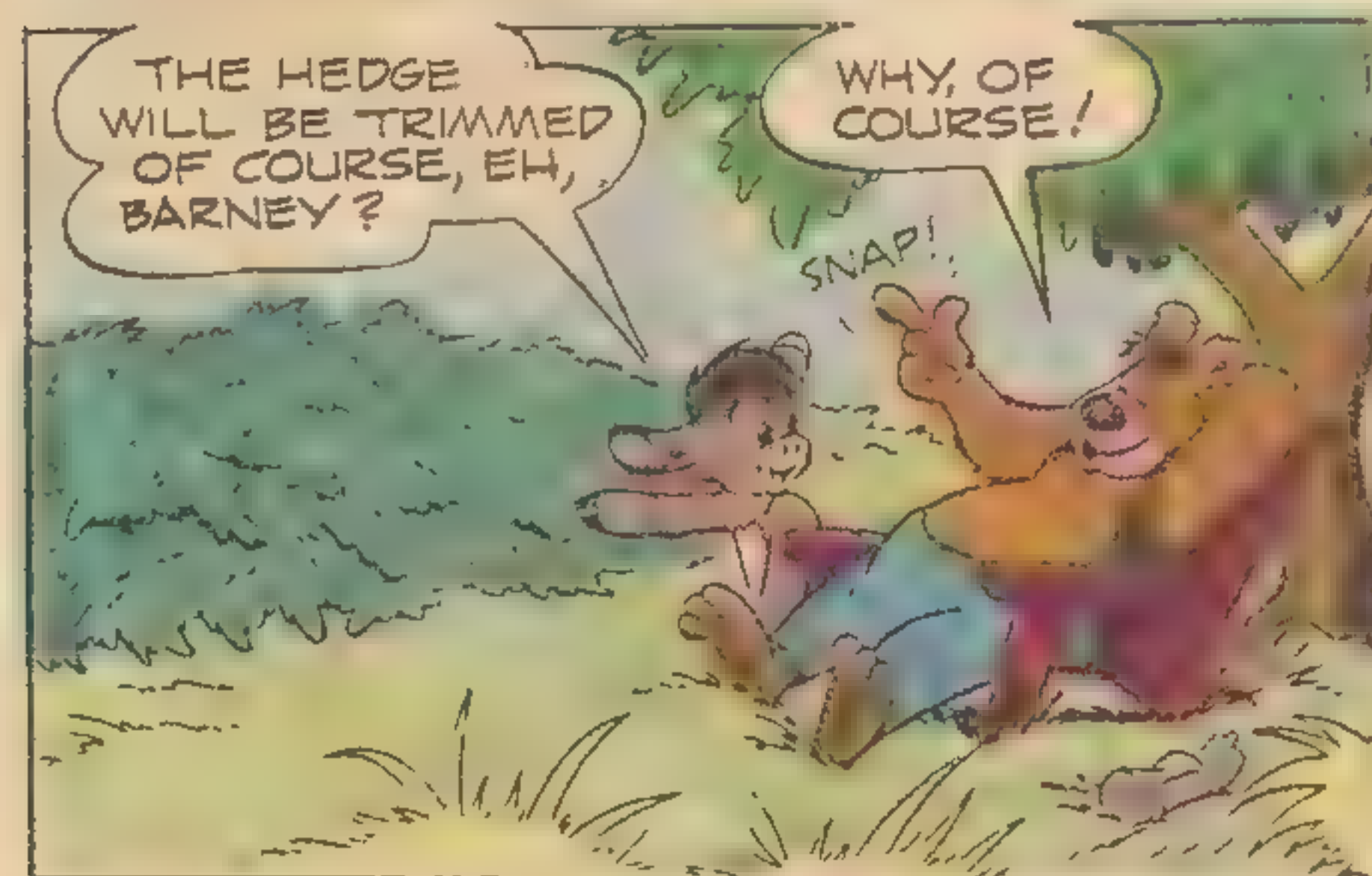
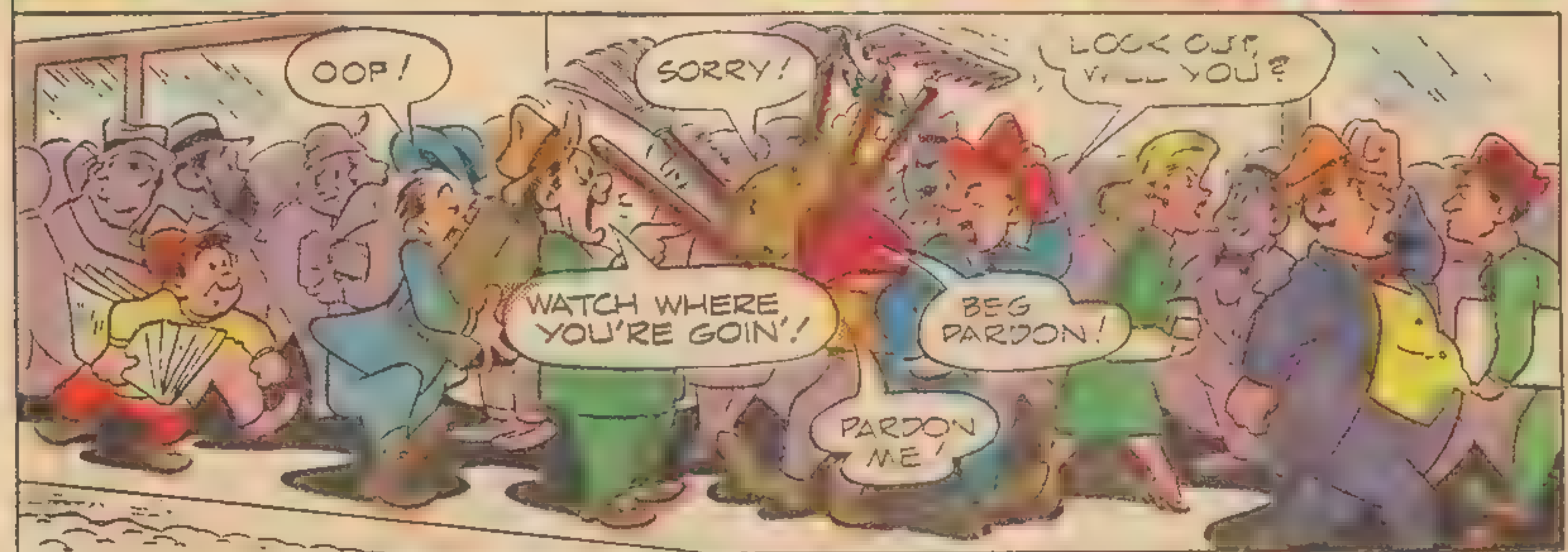
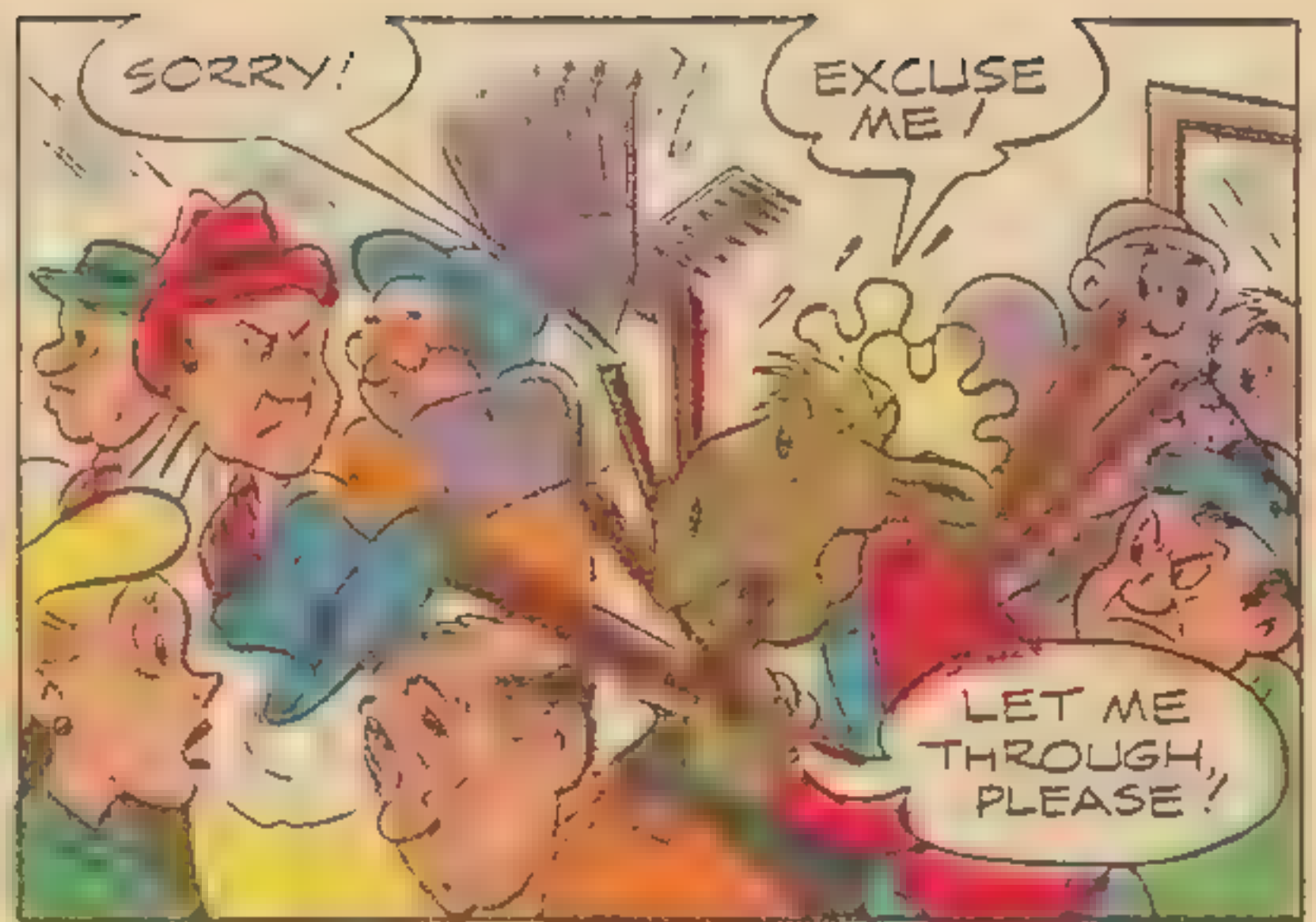




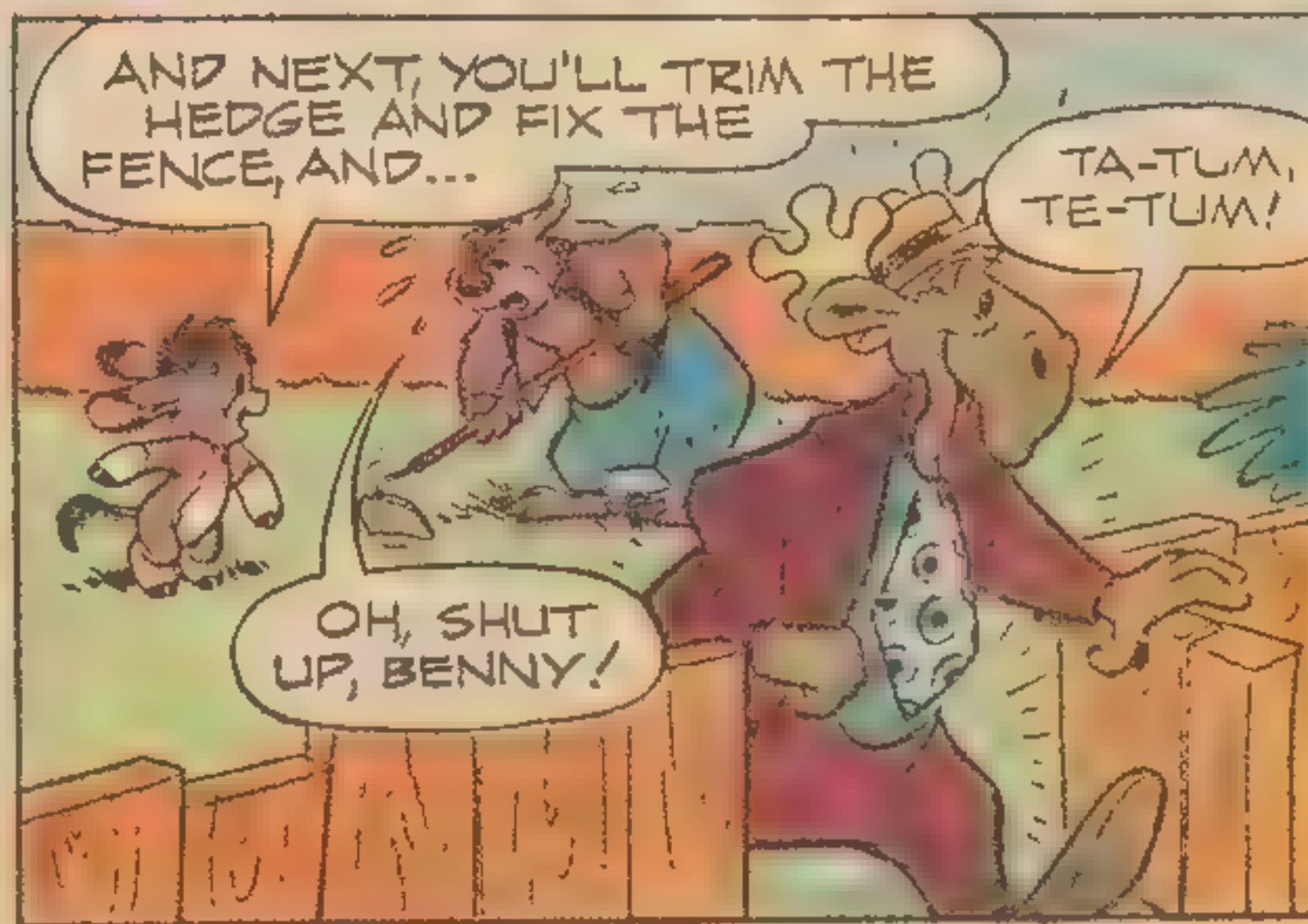
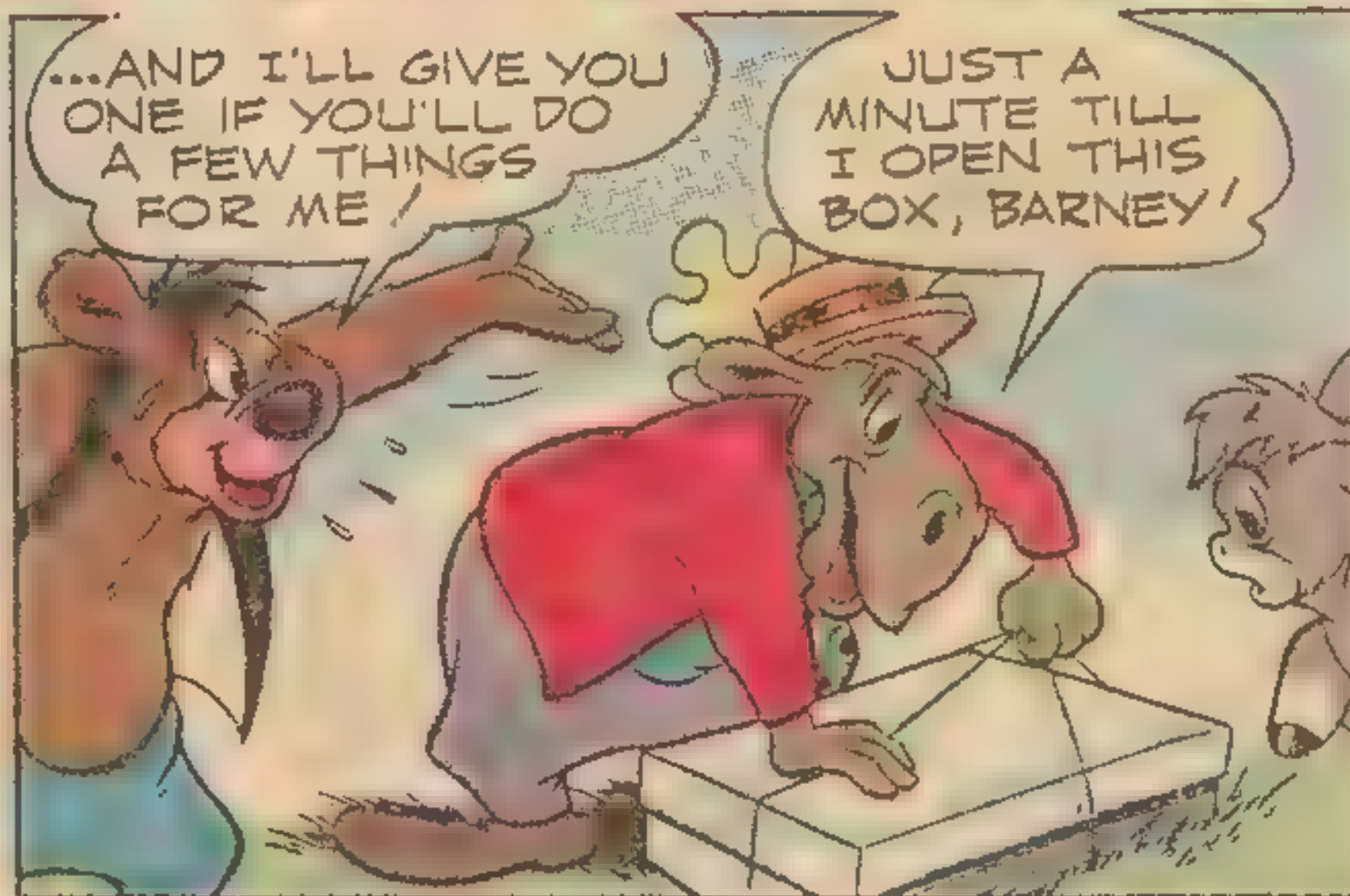
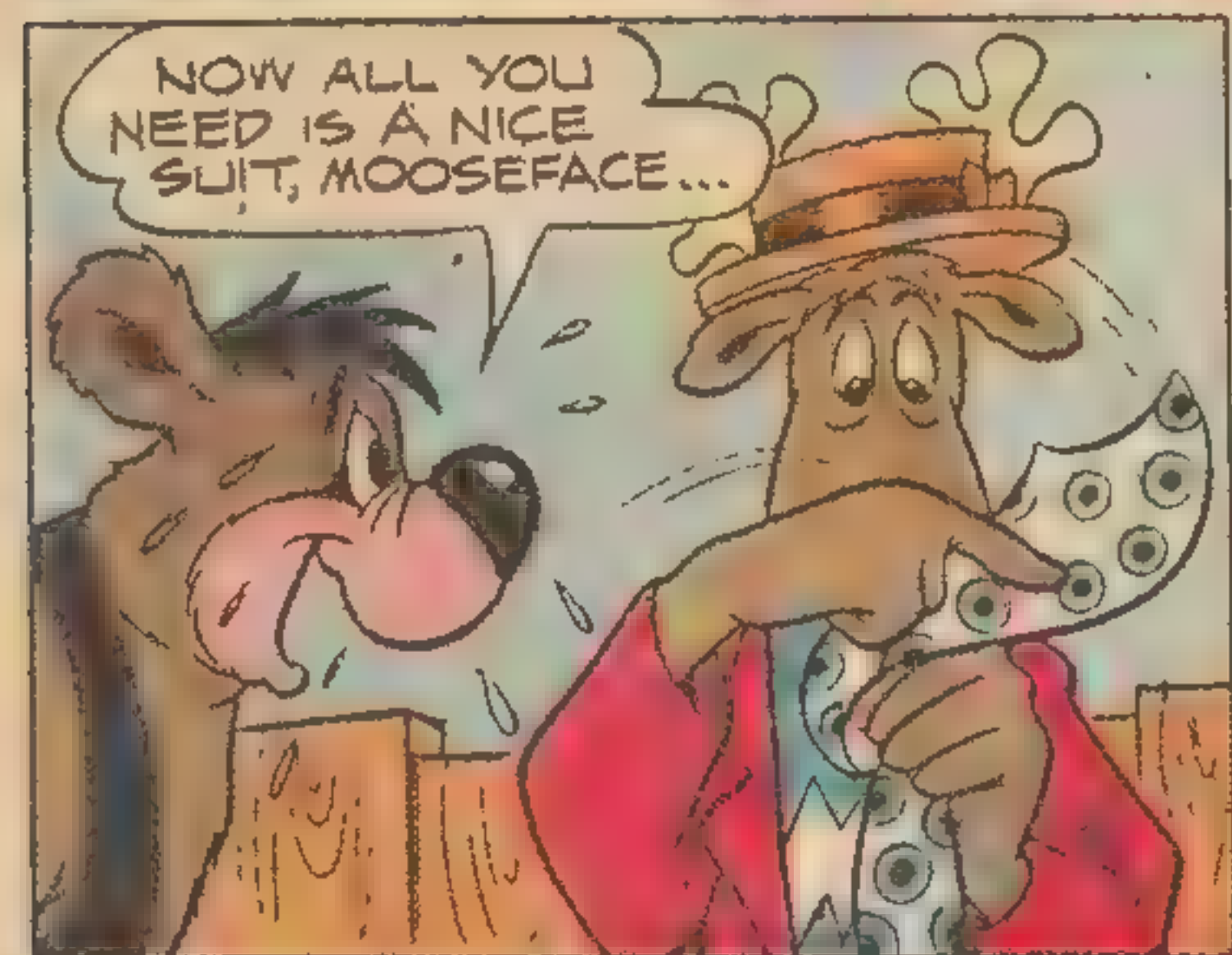
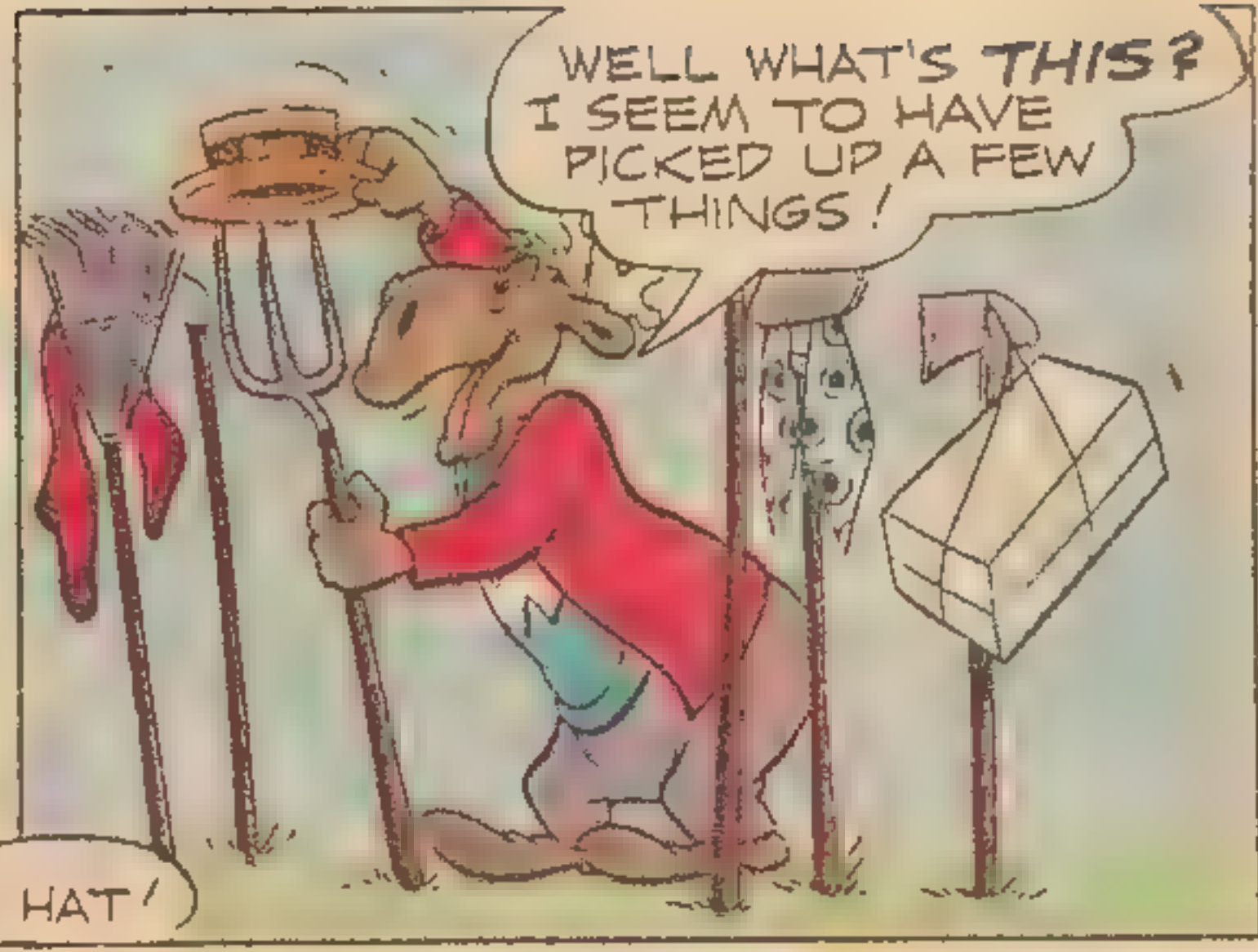
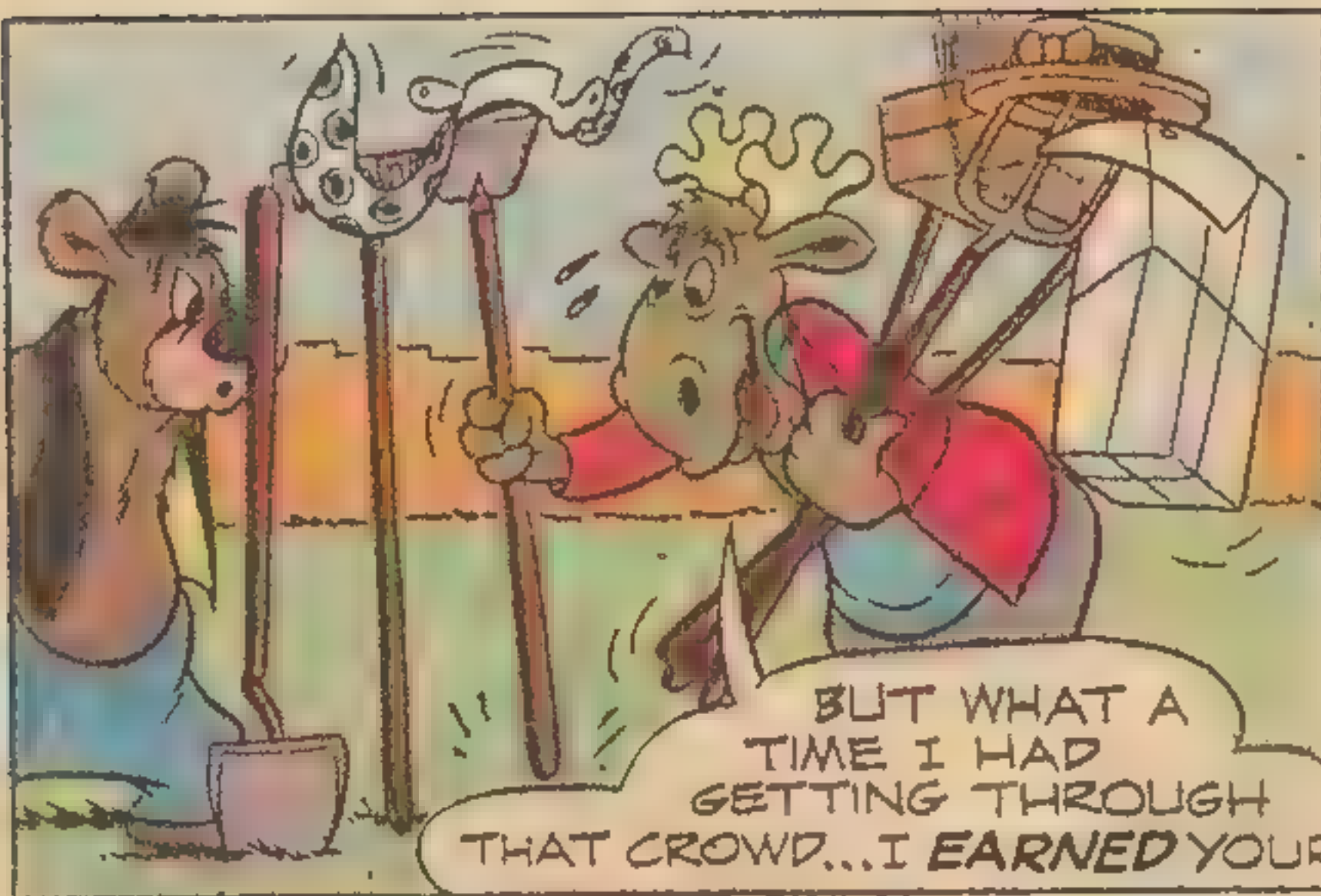








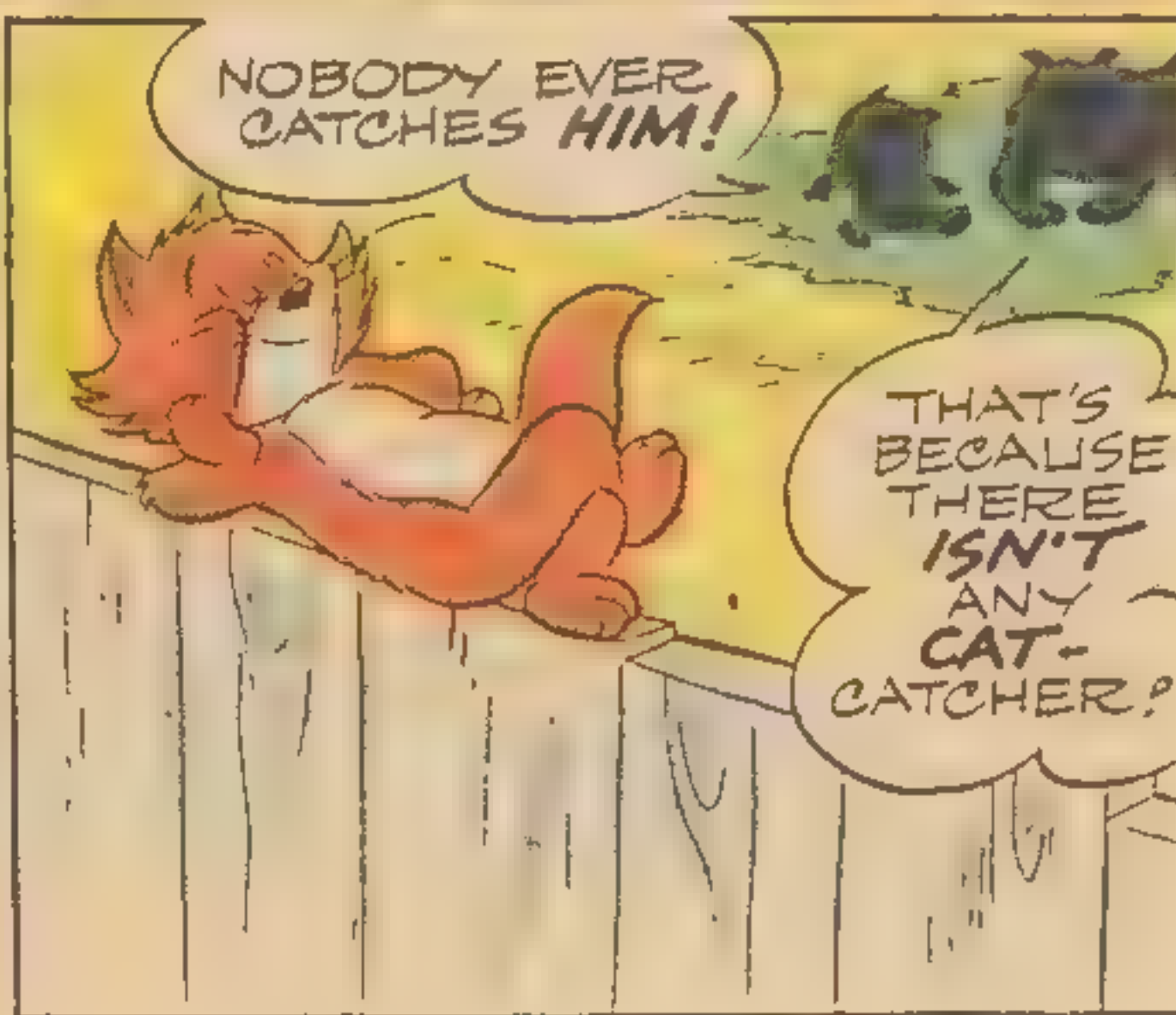
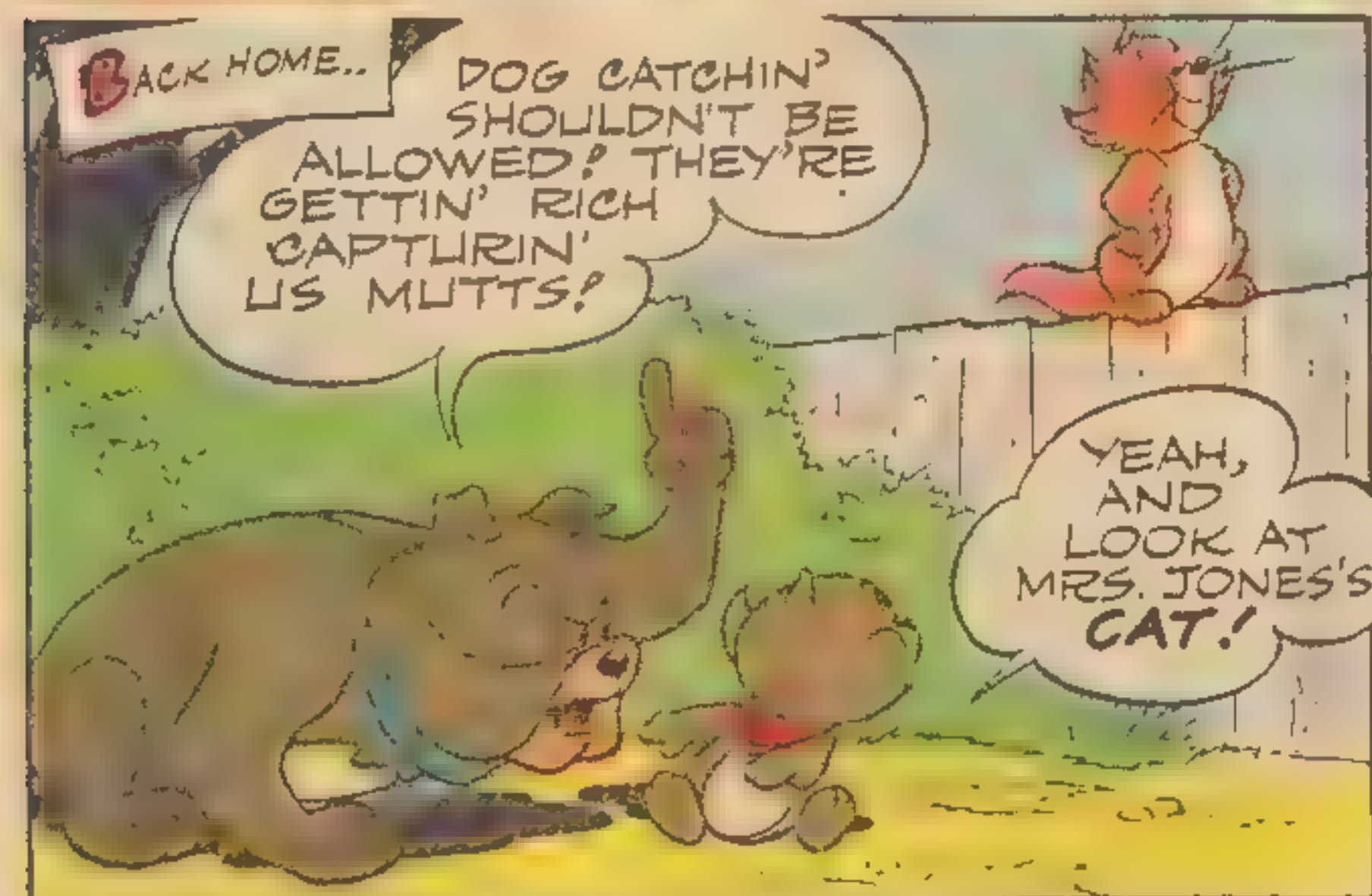
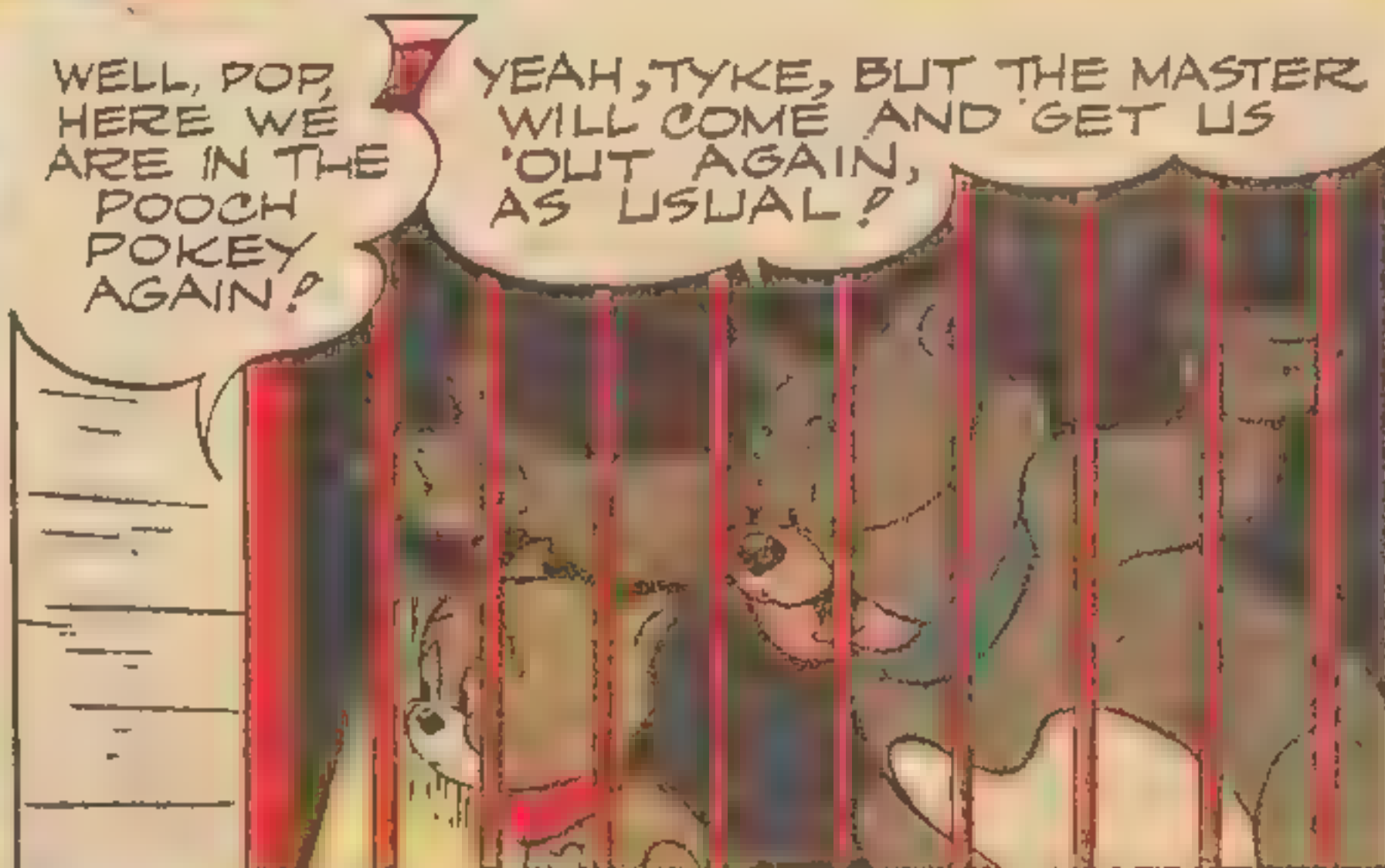
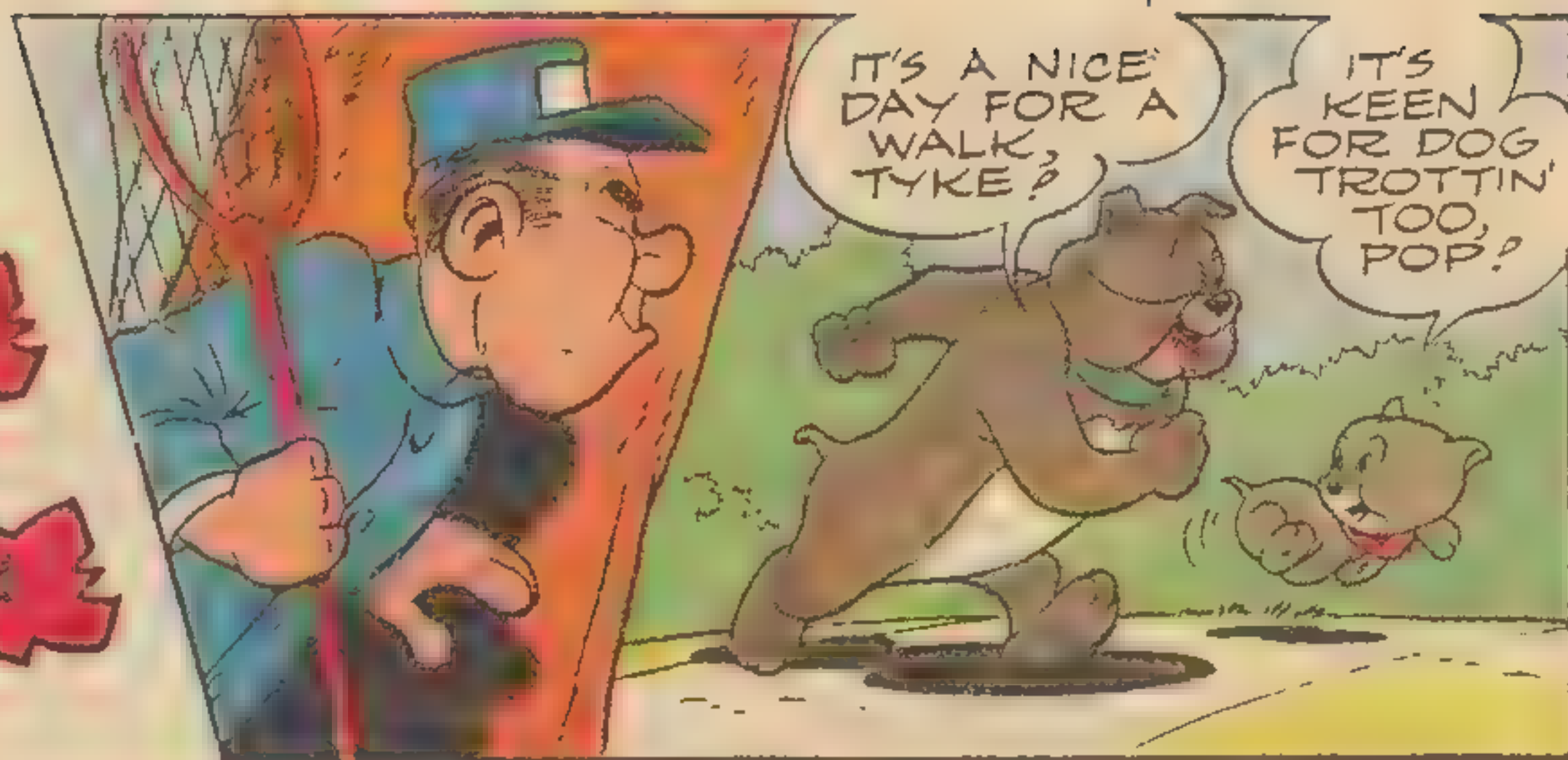




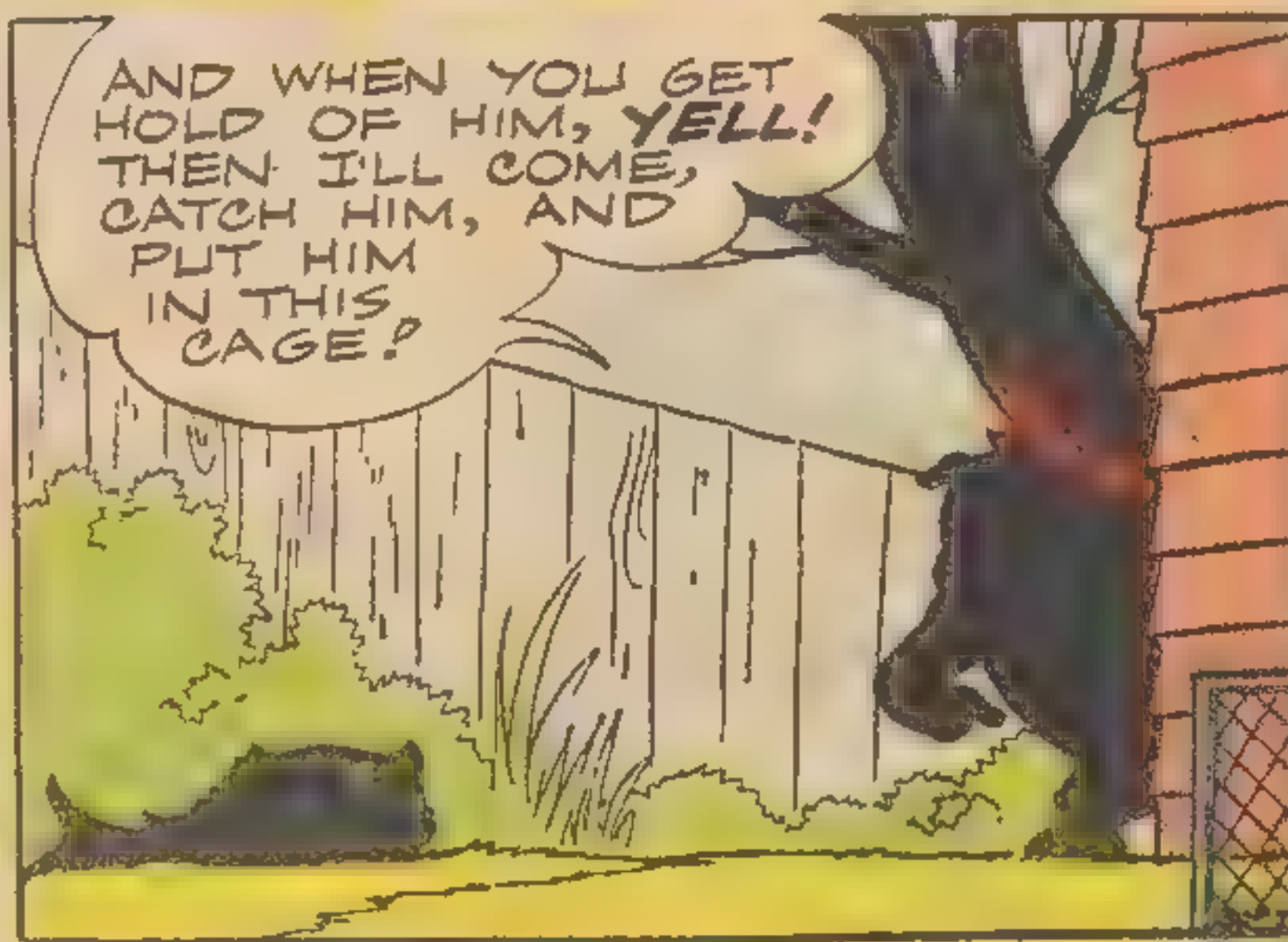
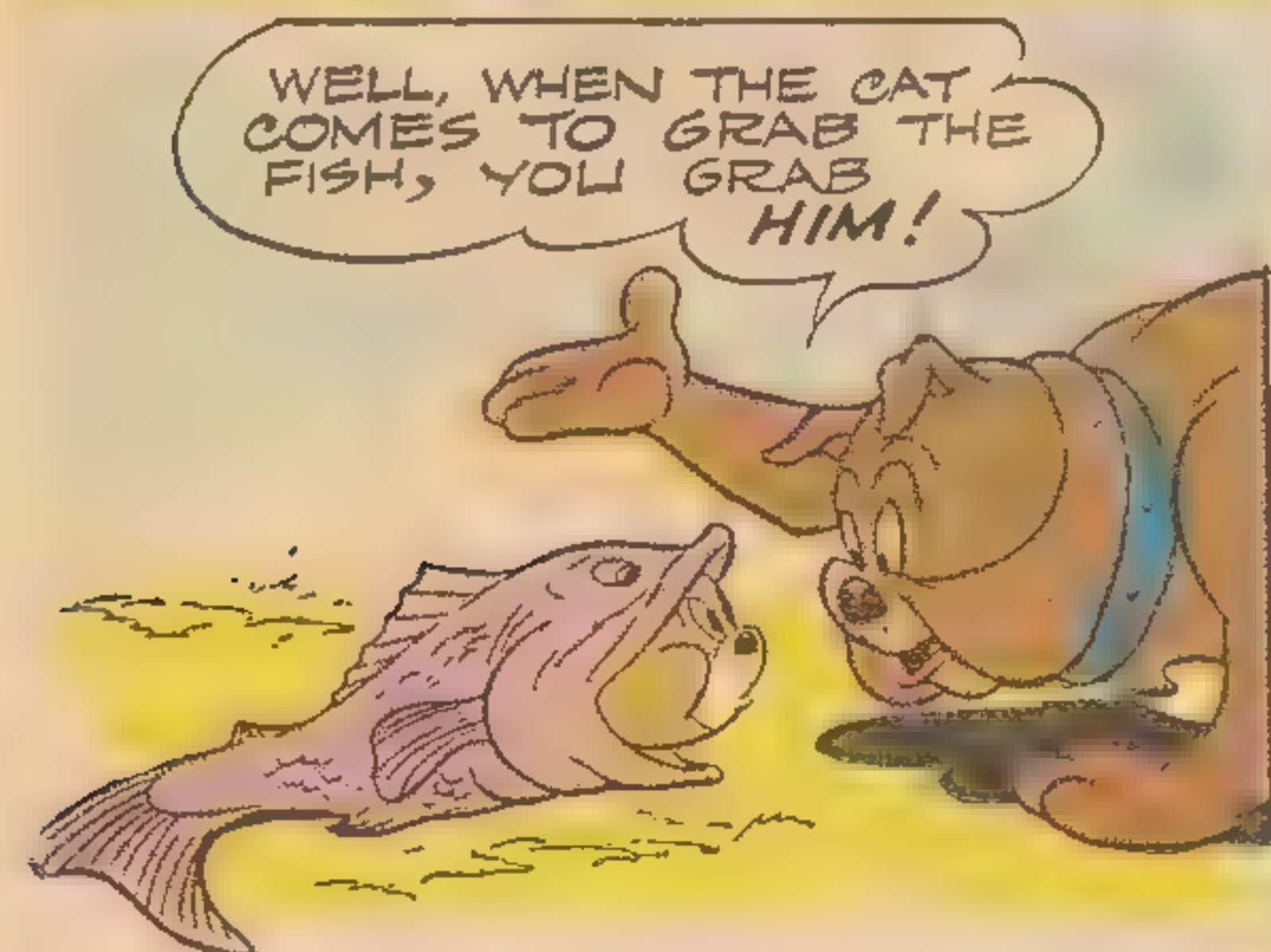
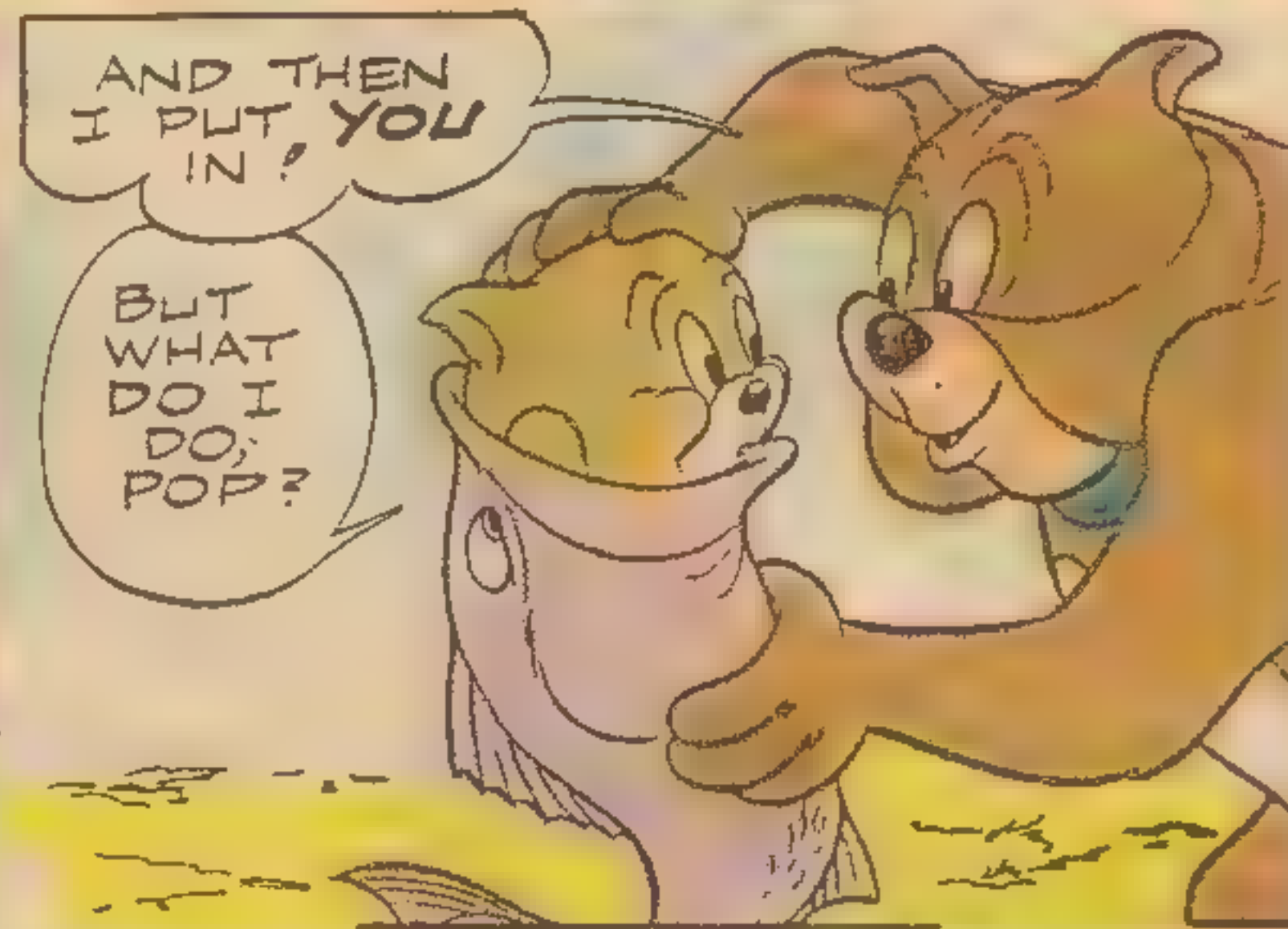
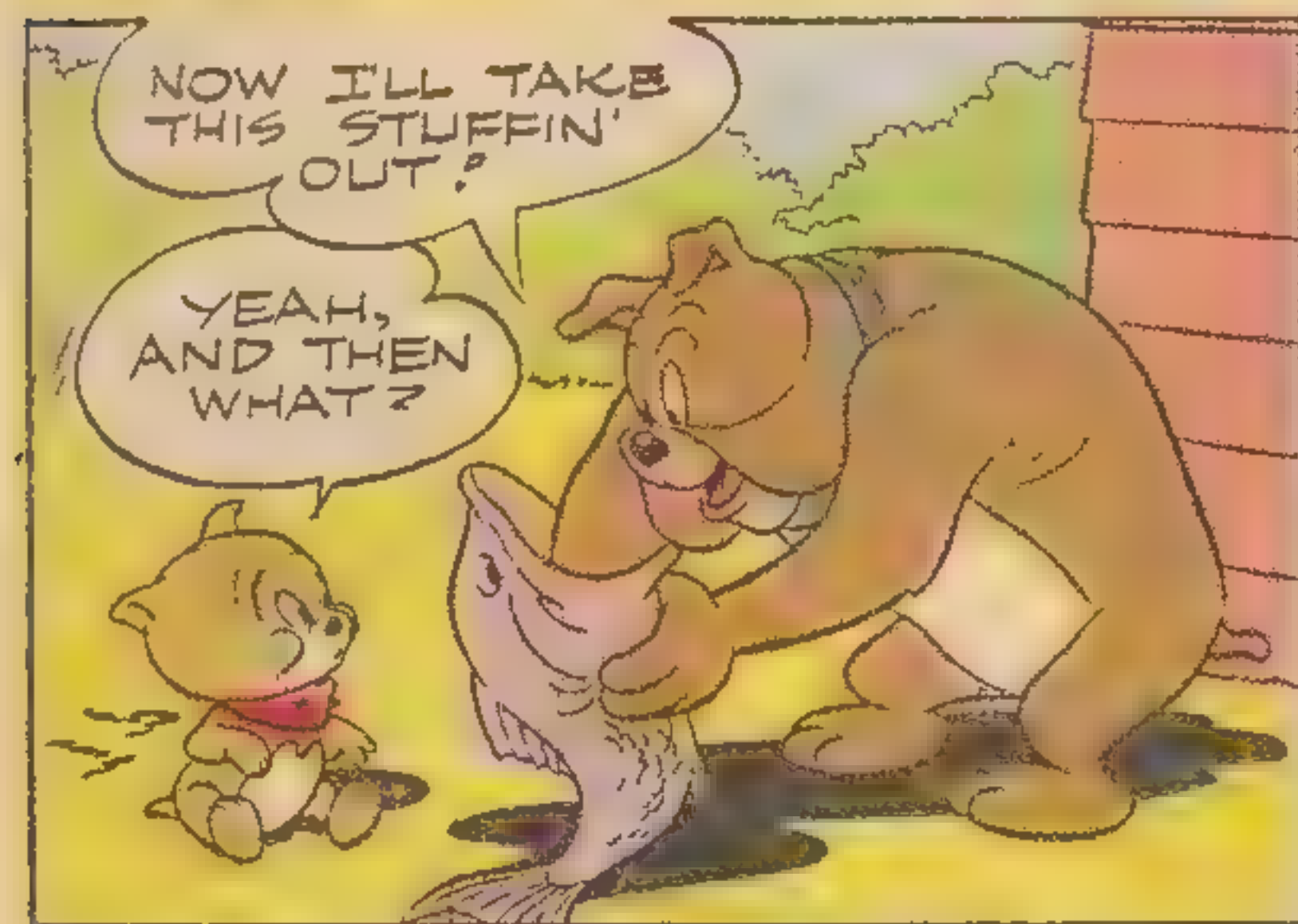
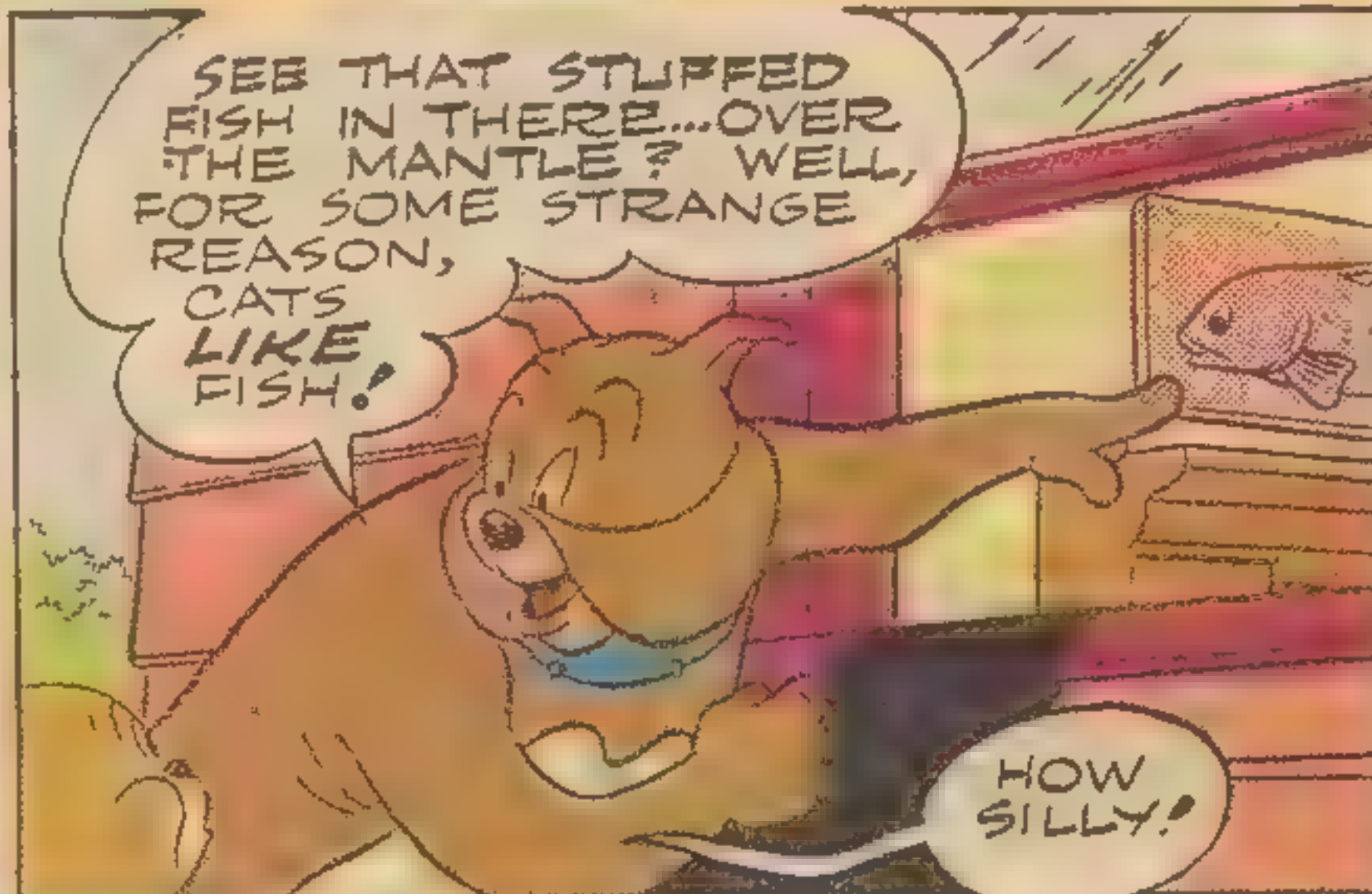
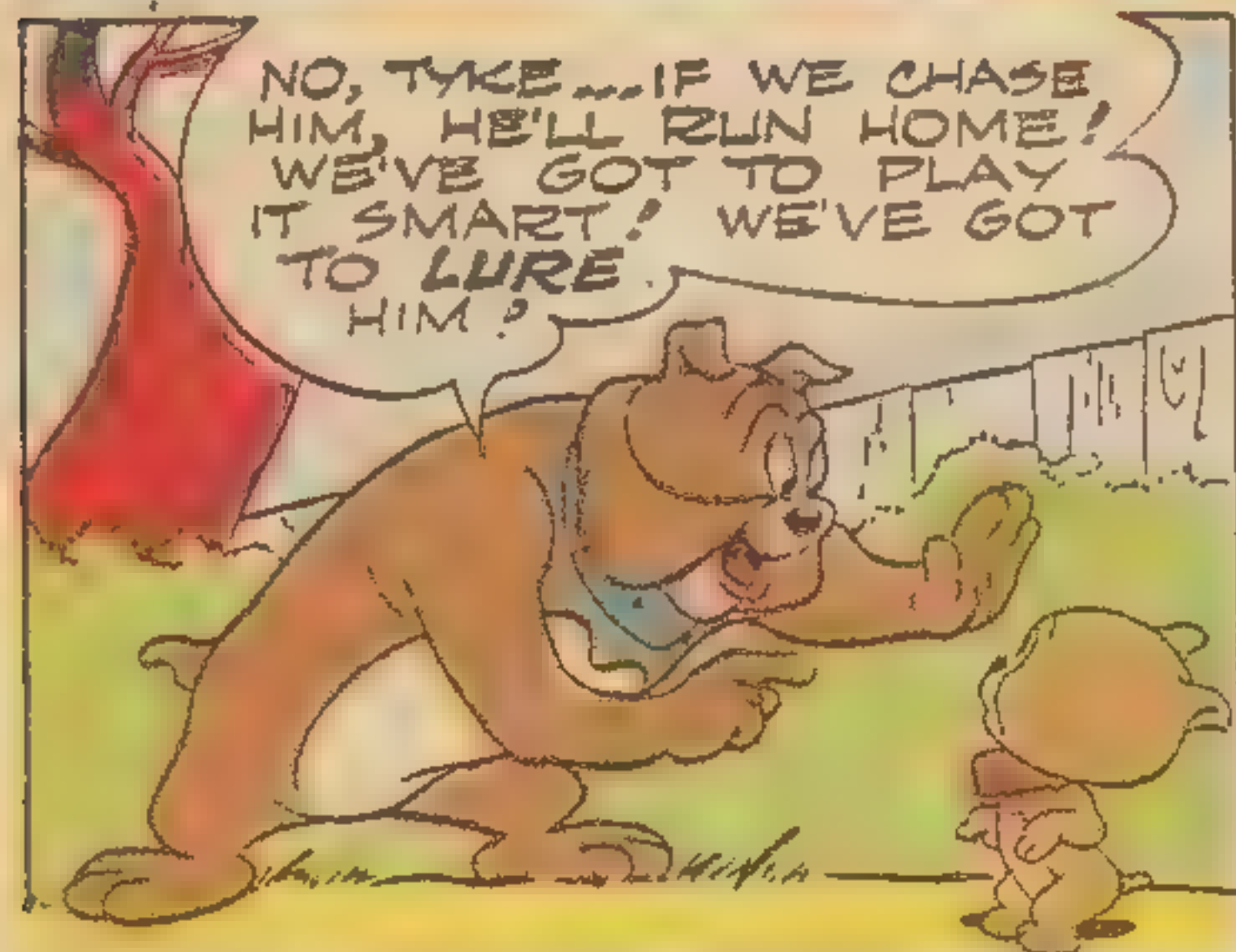
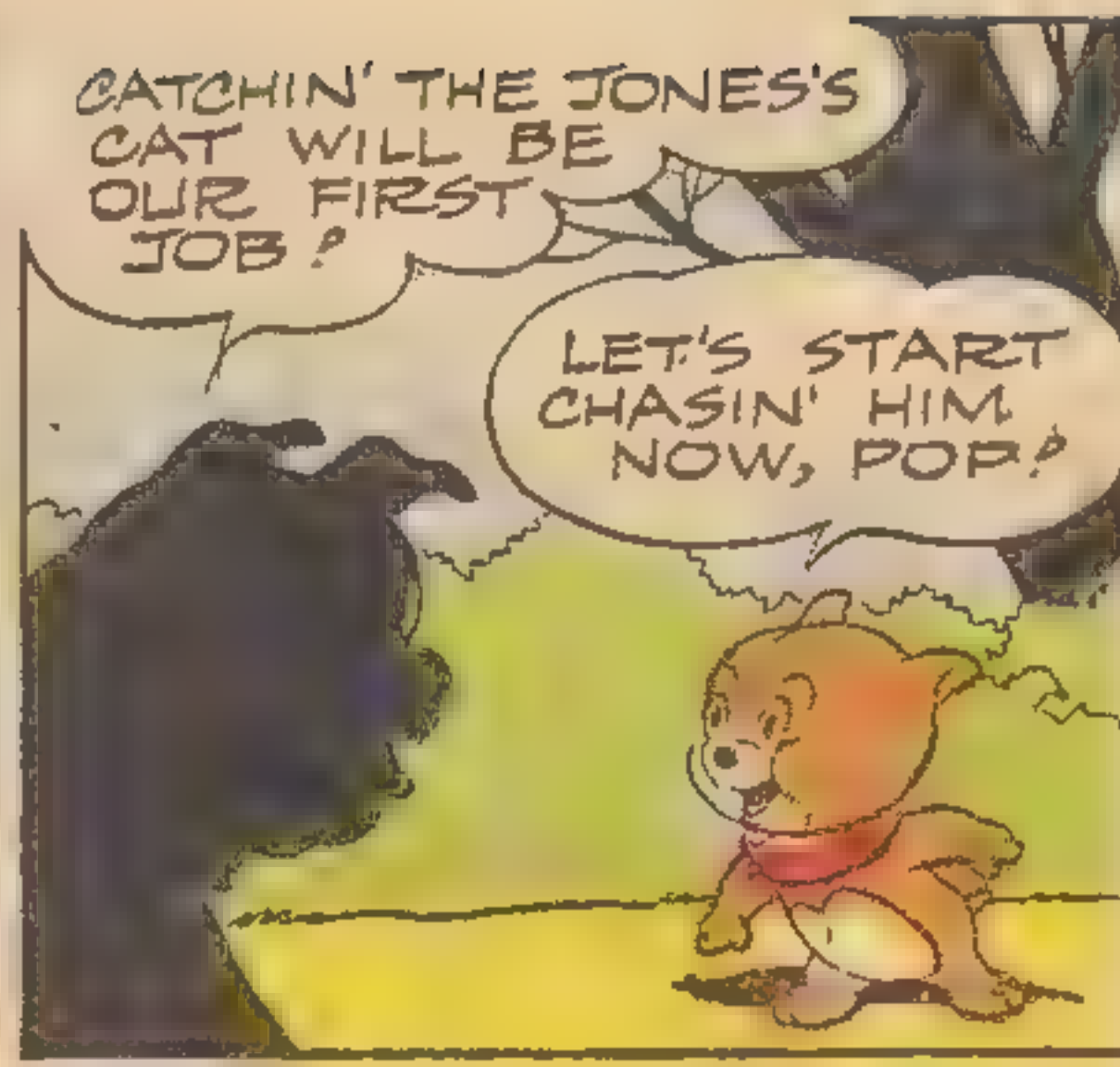
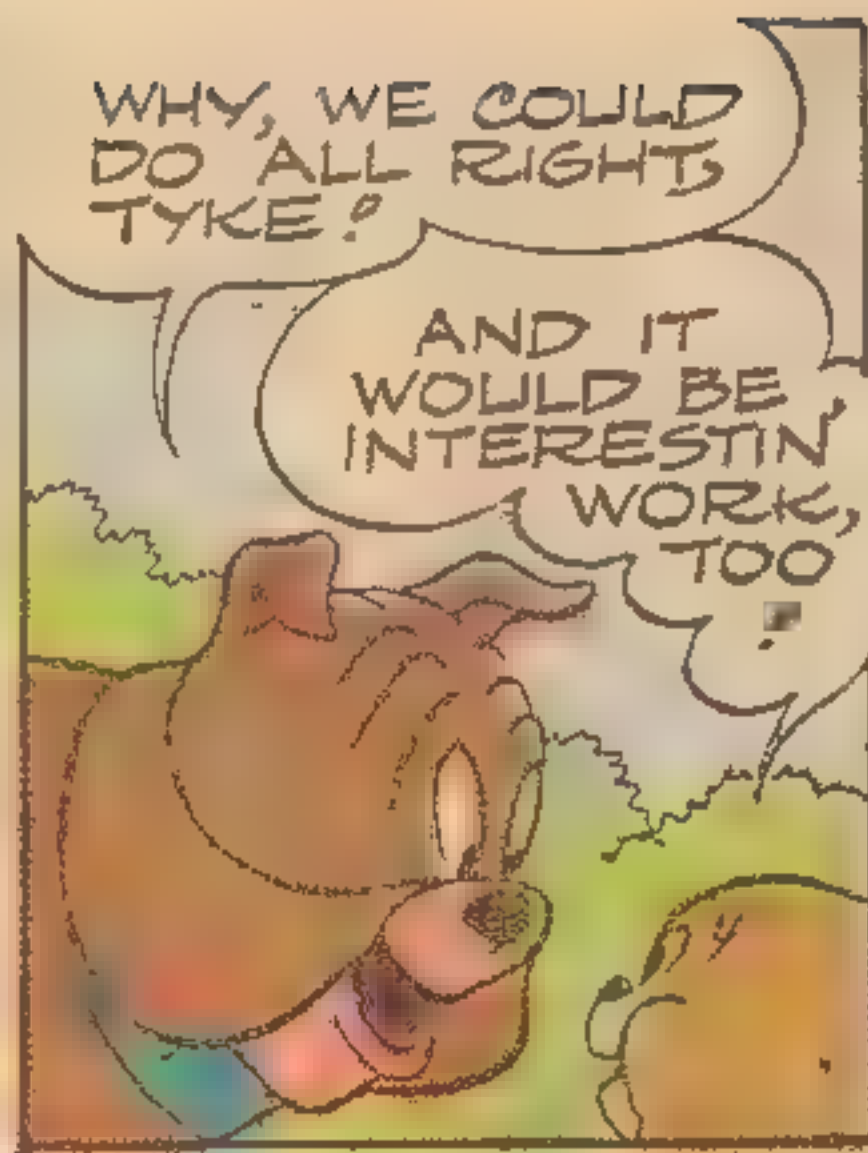
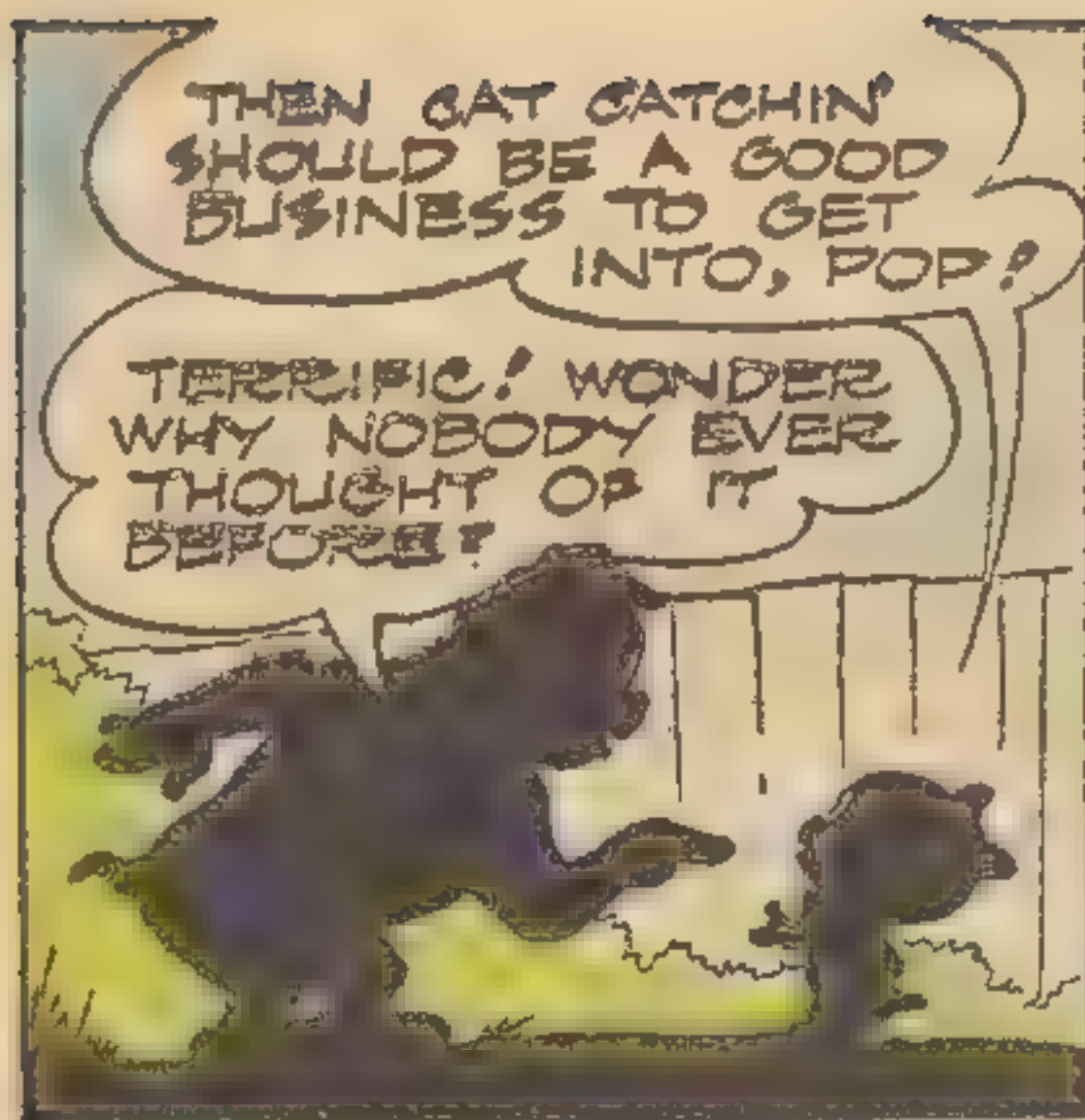


M-G-M-CARTOONS  
PRESENT

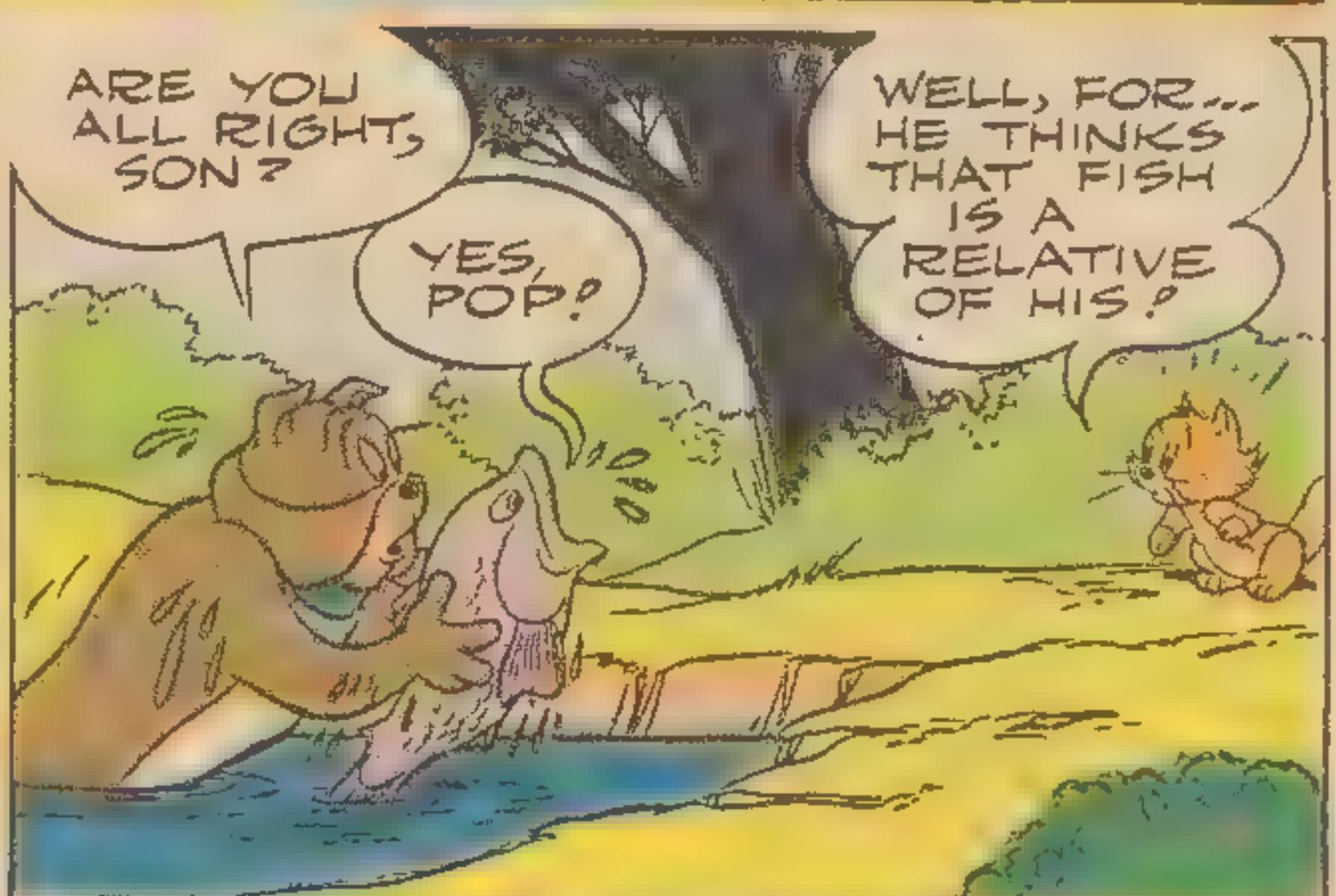
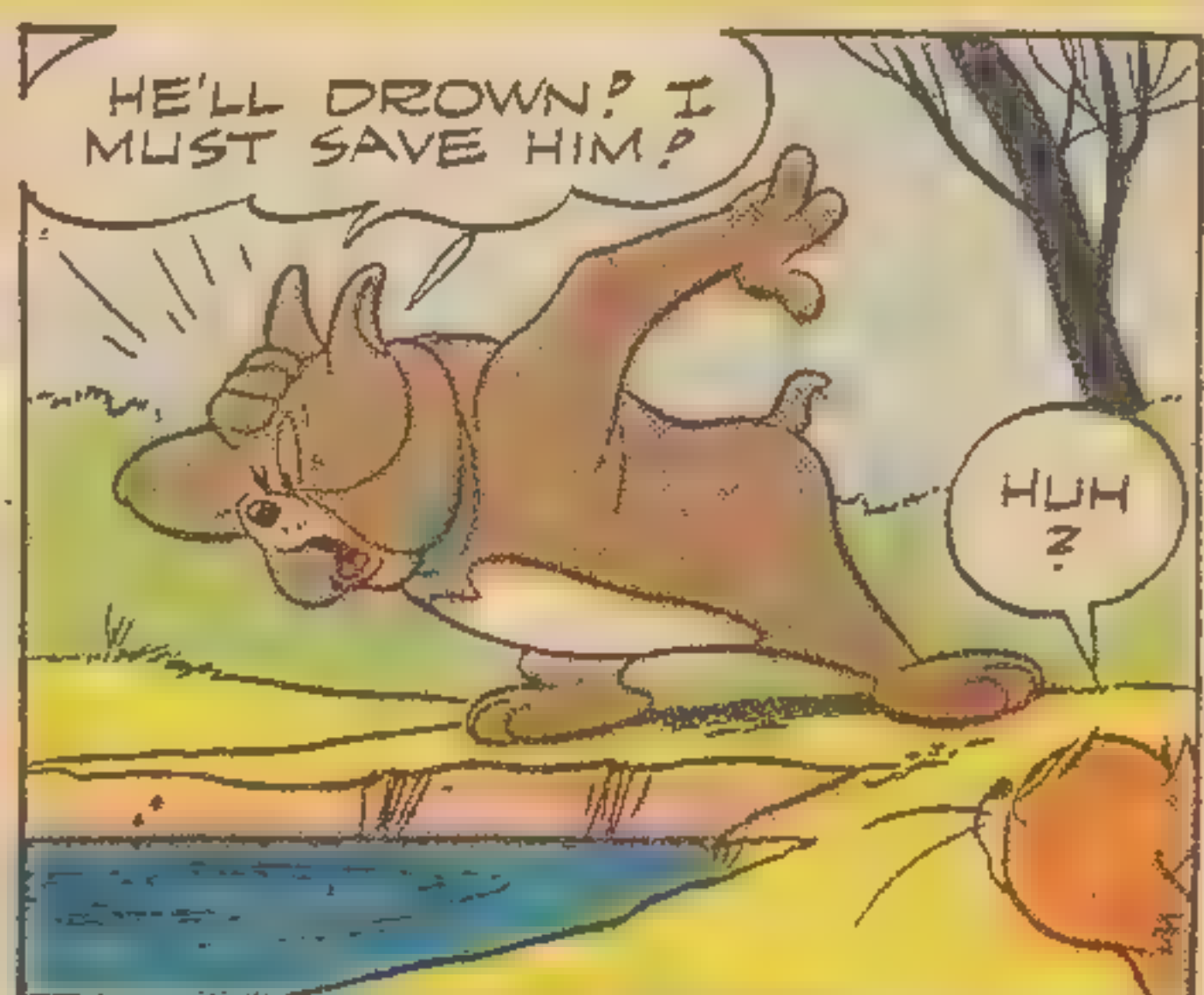
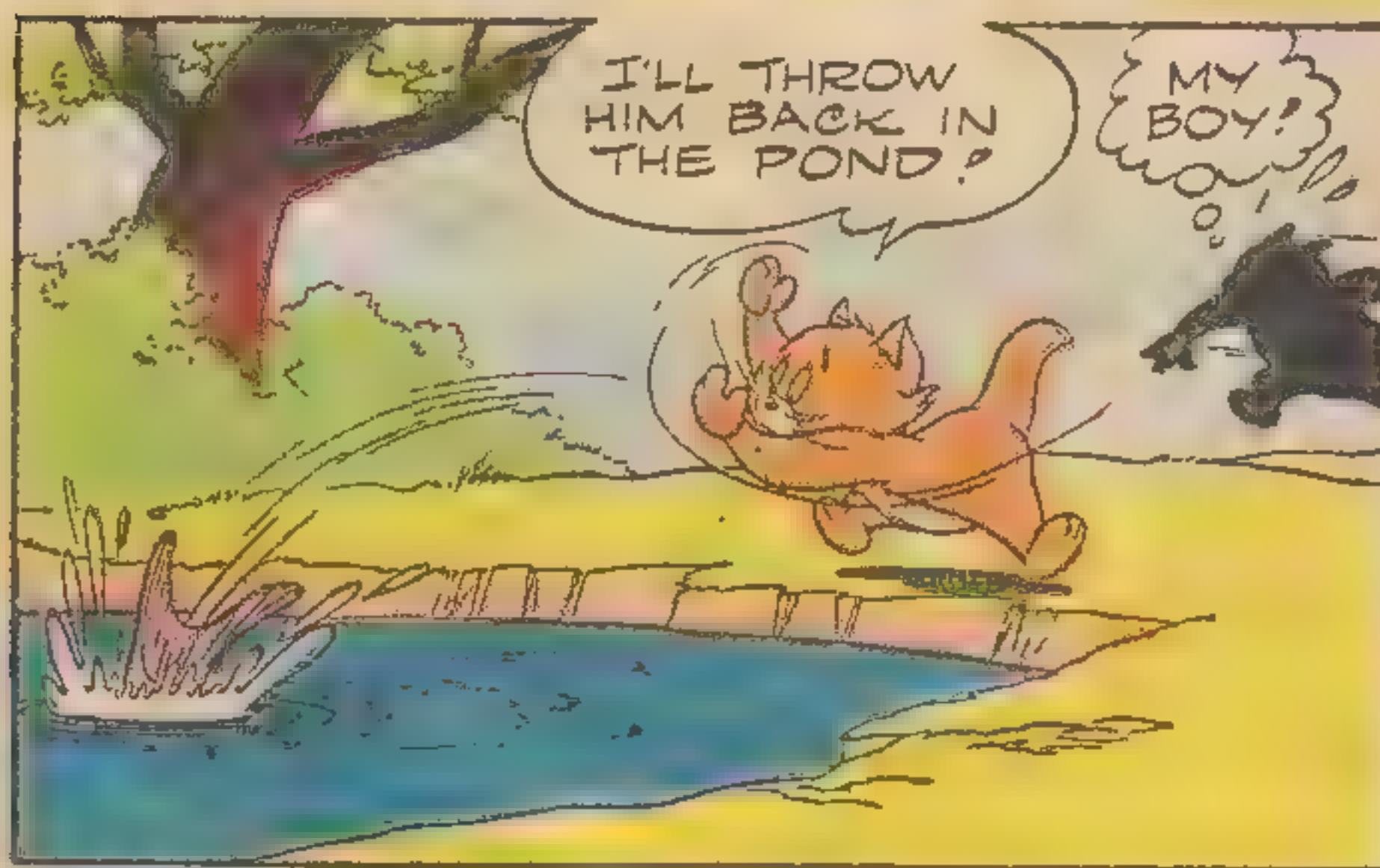
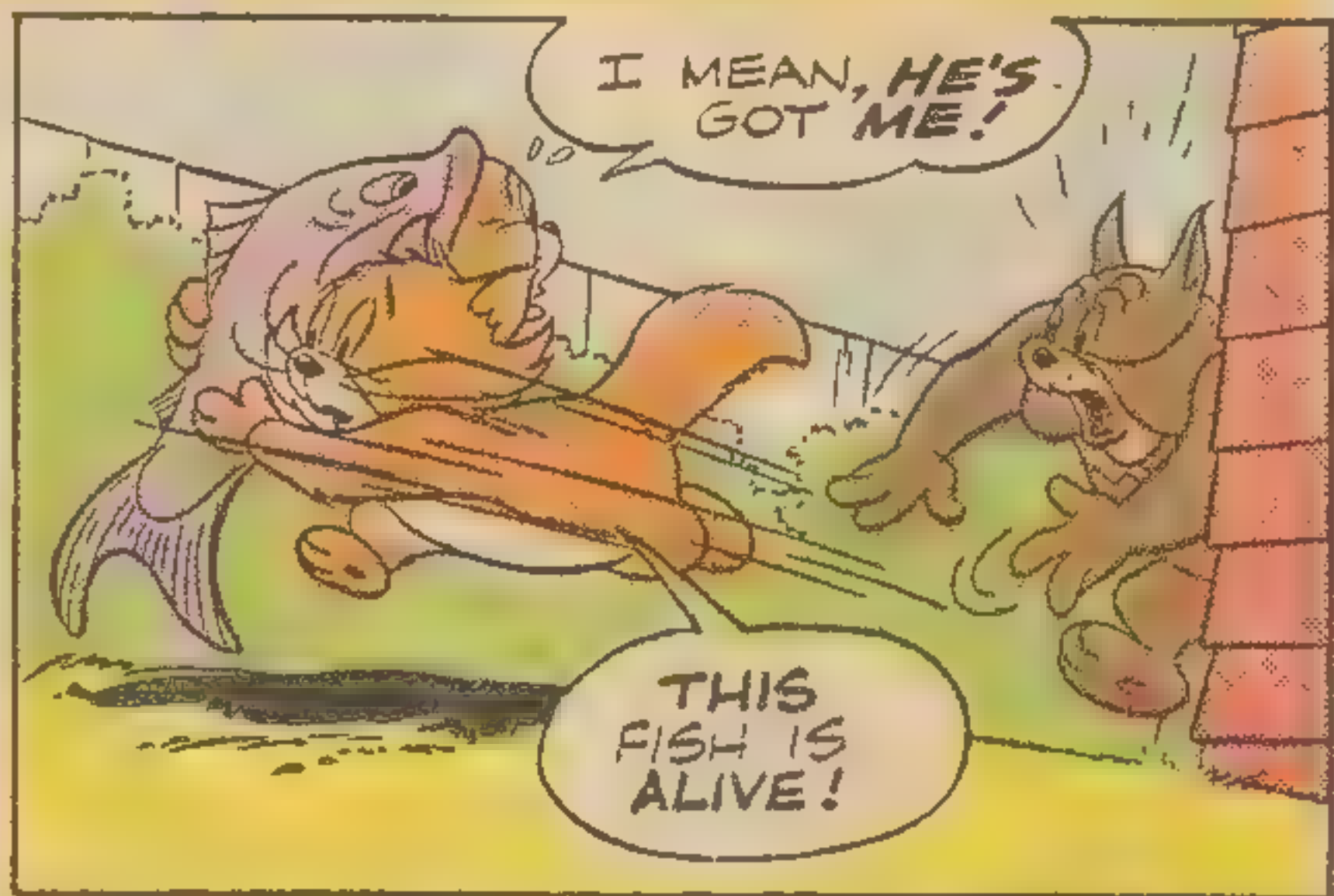
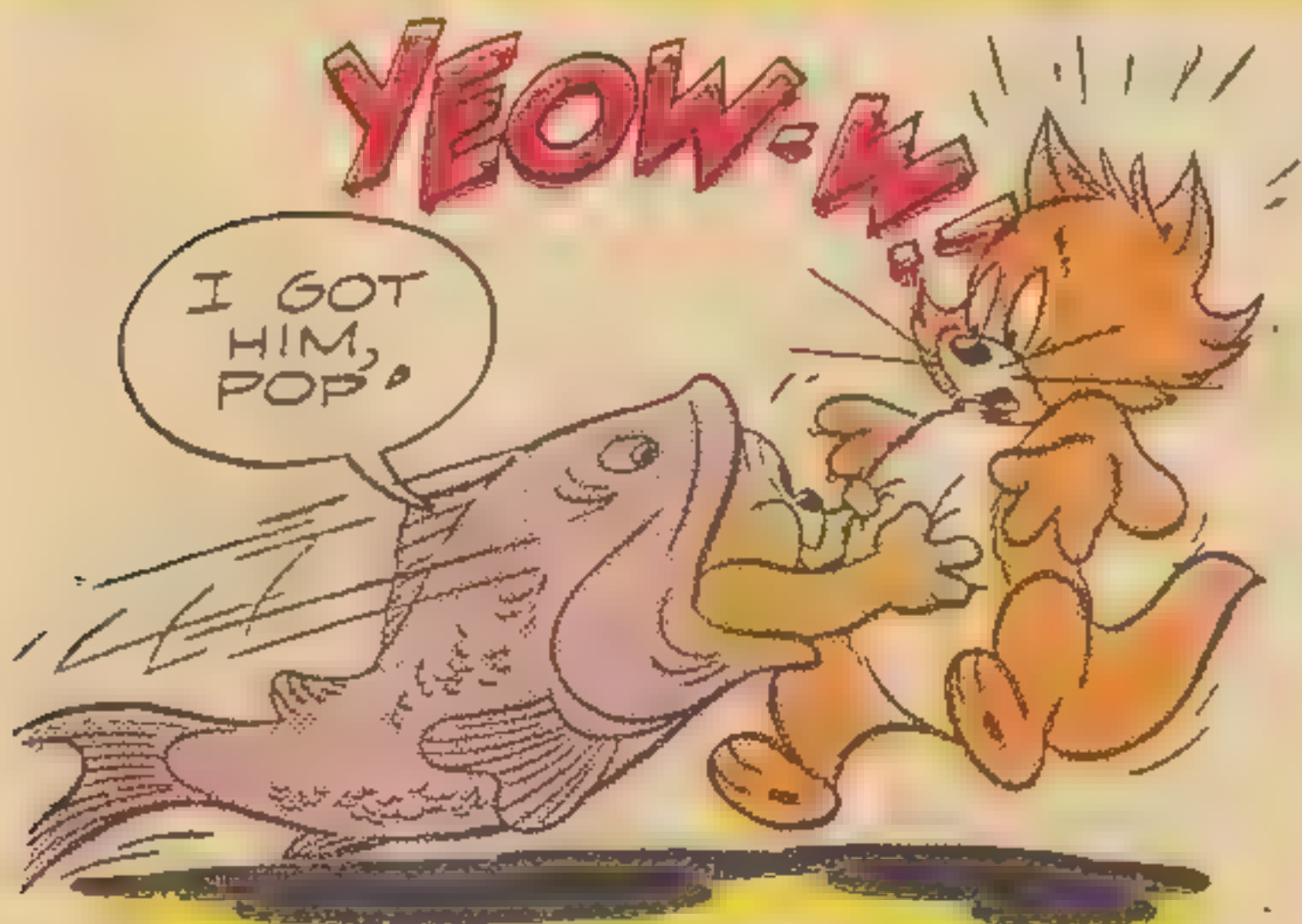
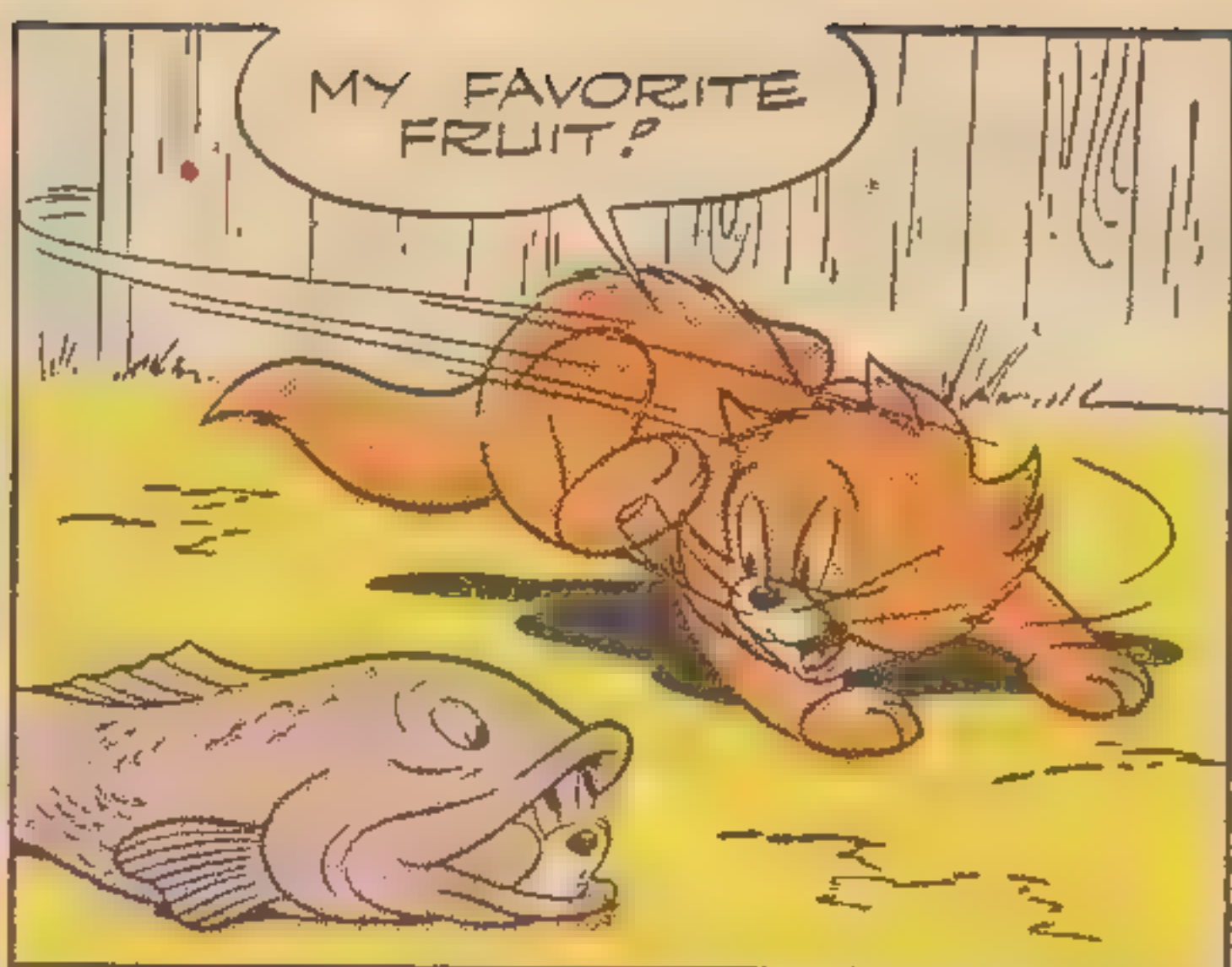
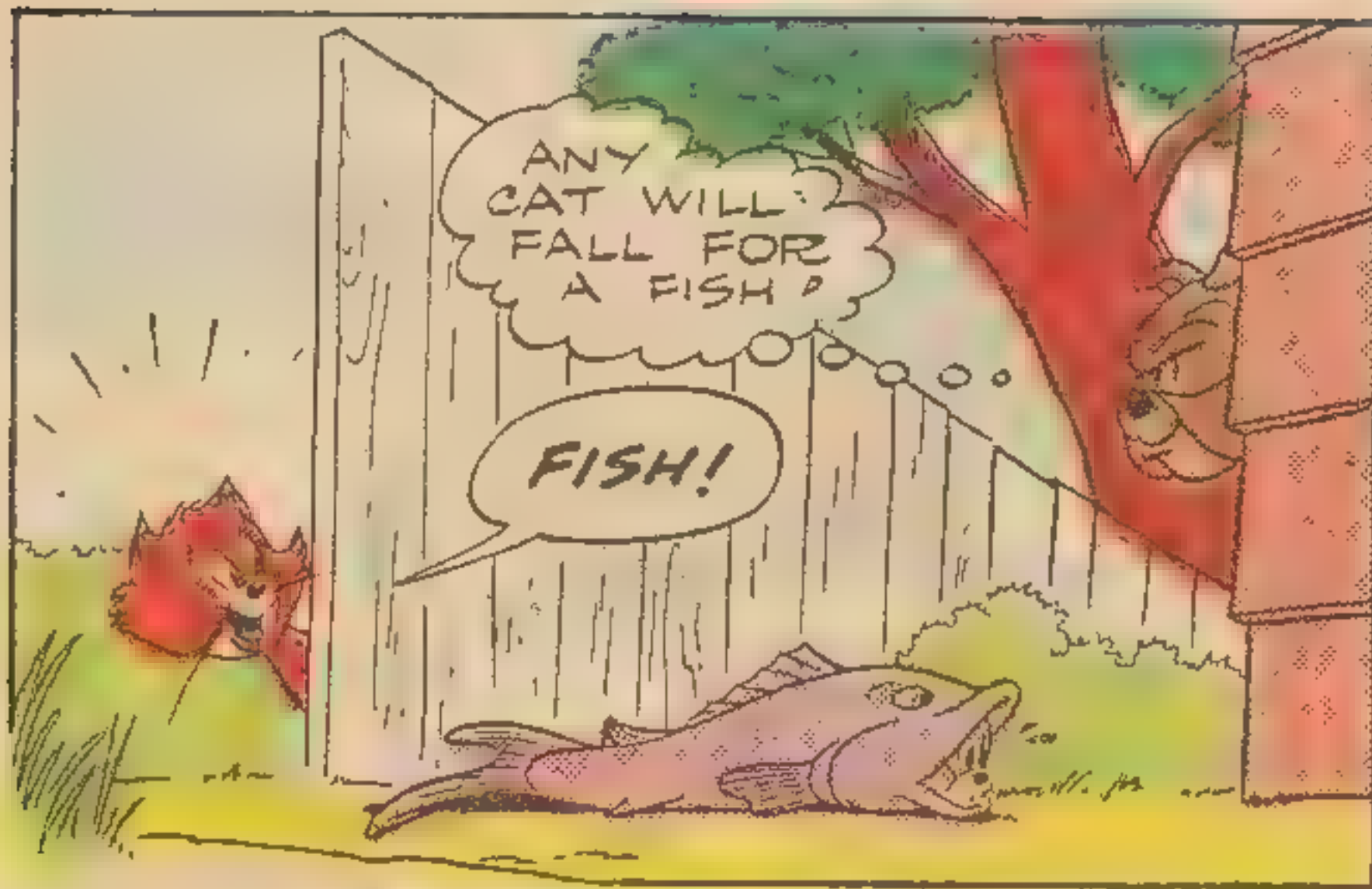
# Big ~~SPINA~~ AND Little ~~TYKE~~



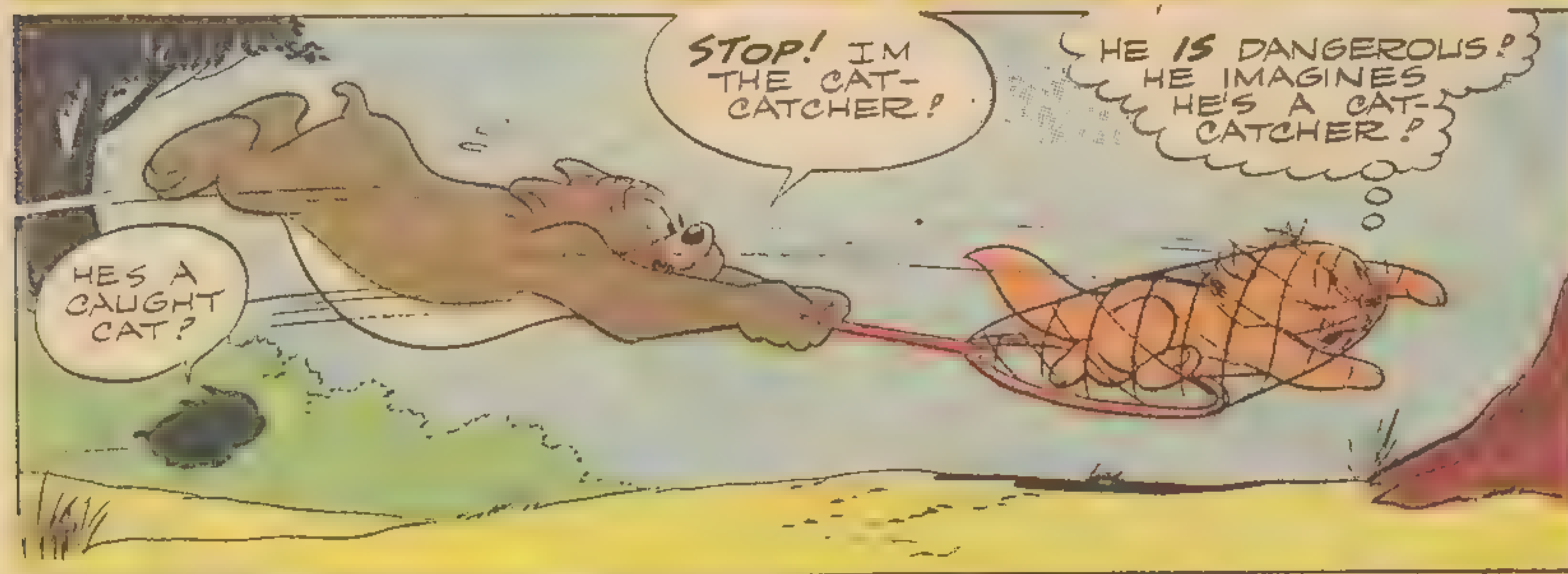
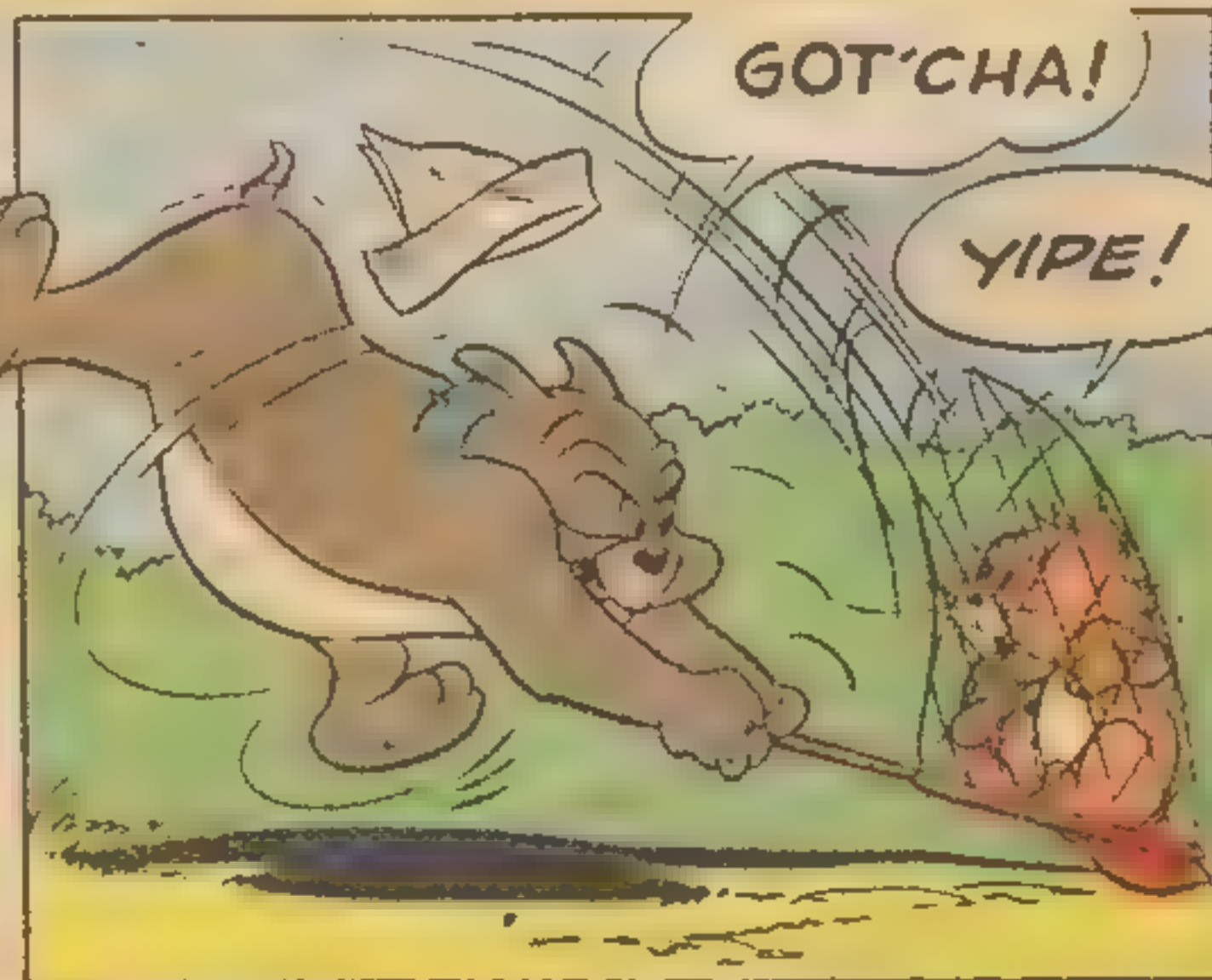
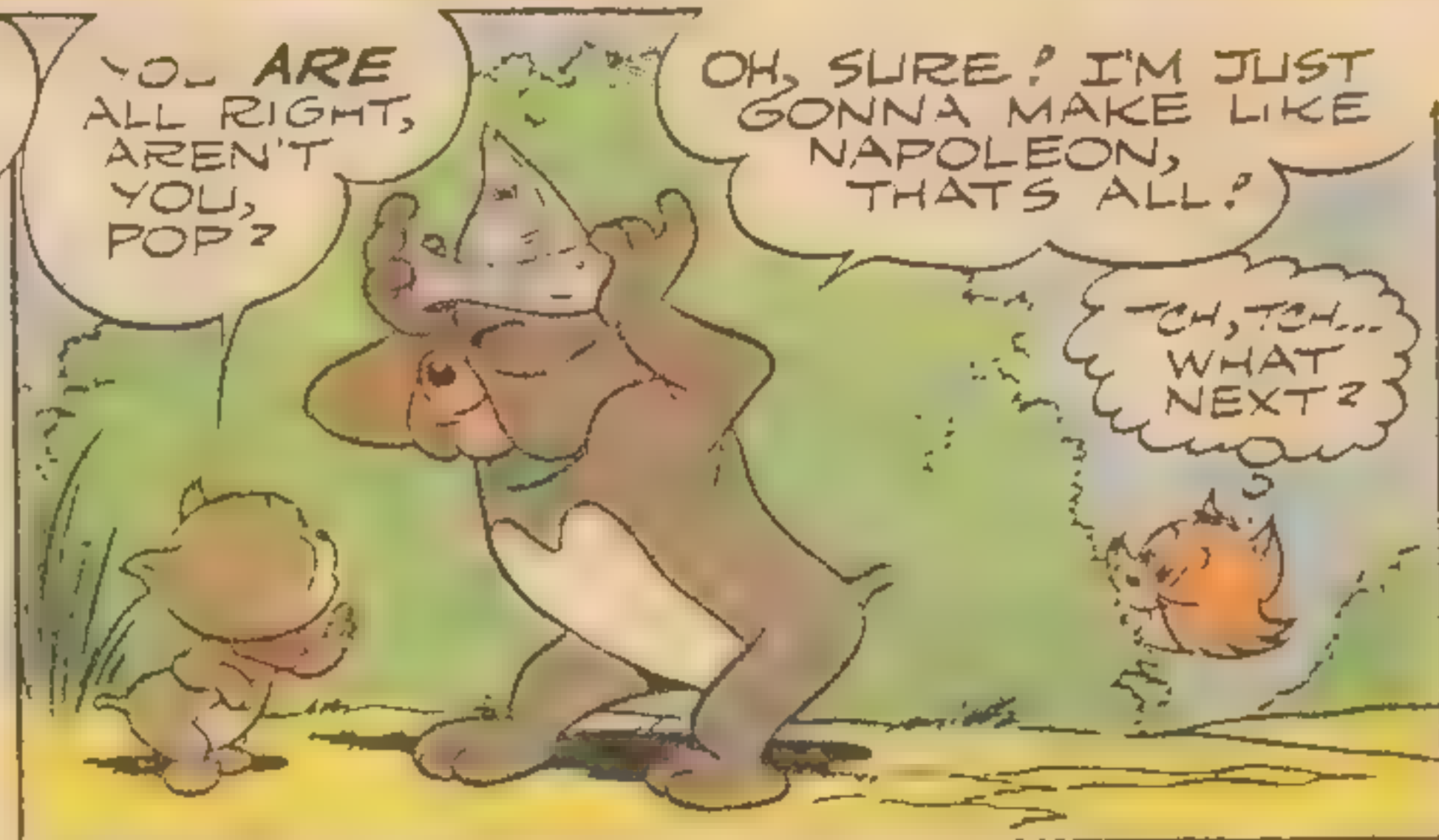
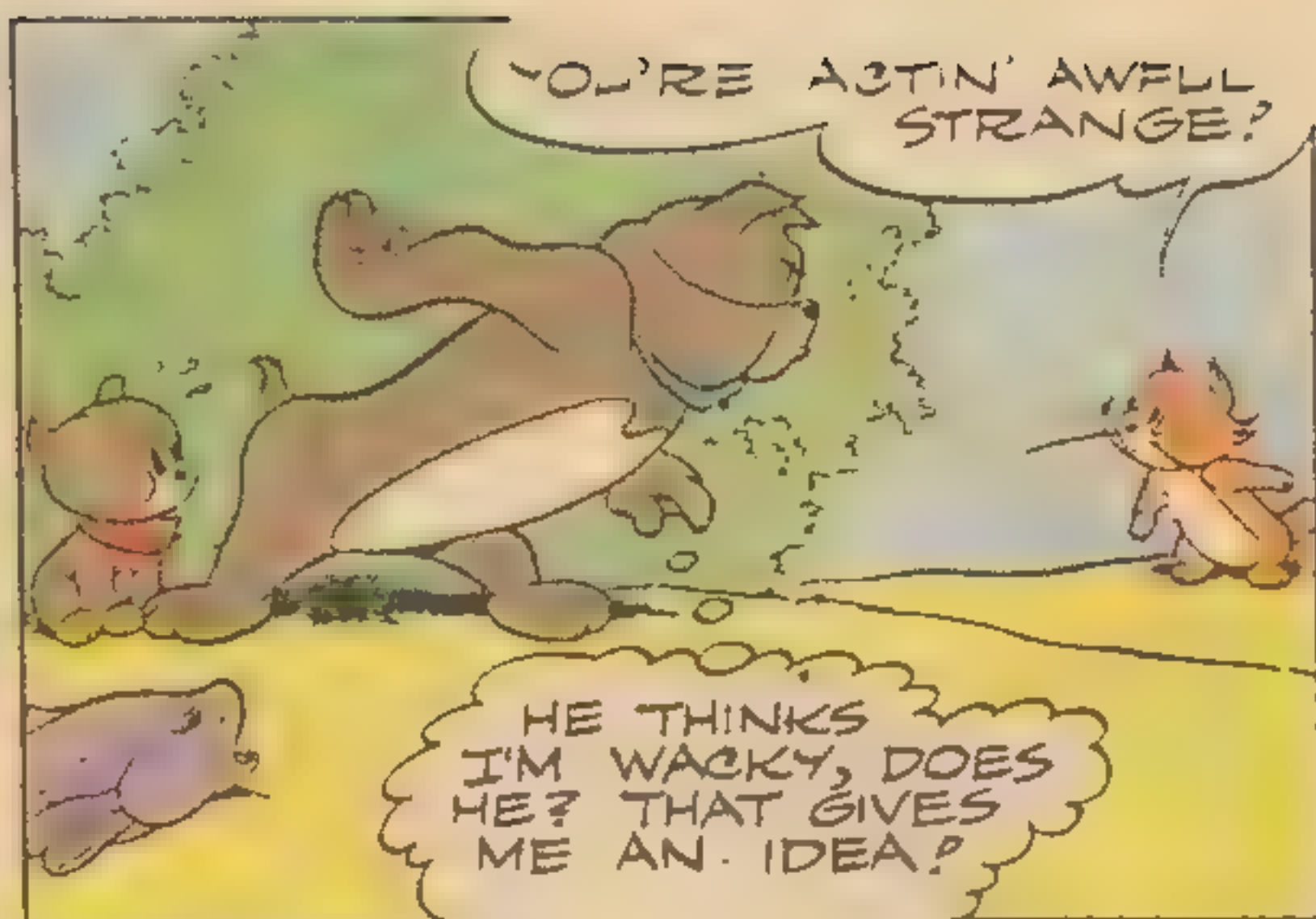
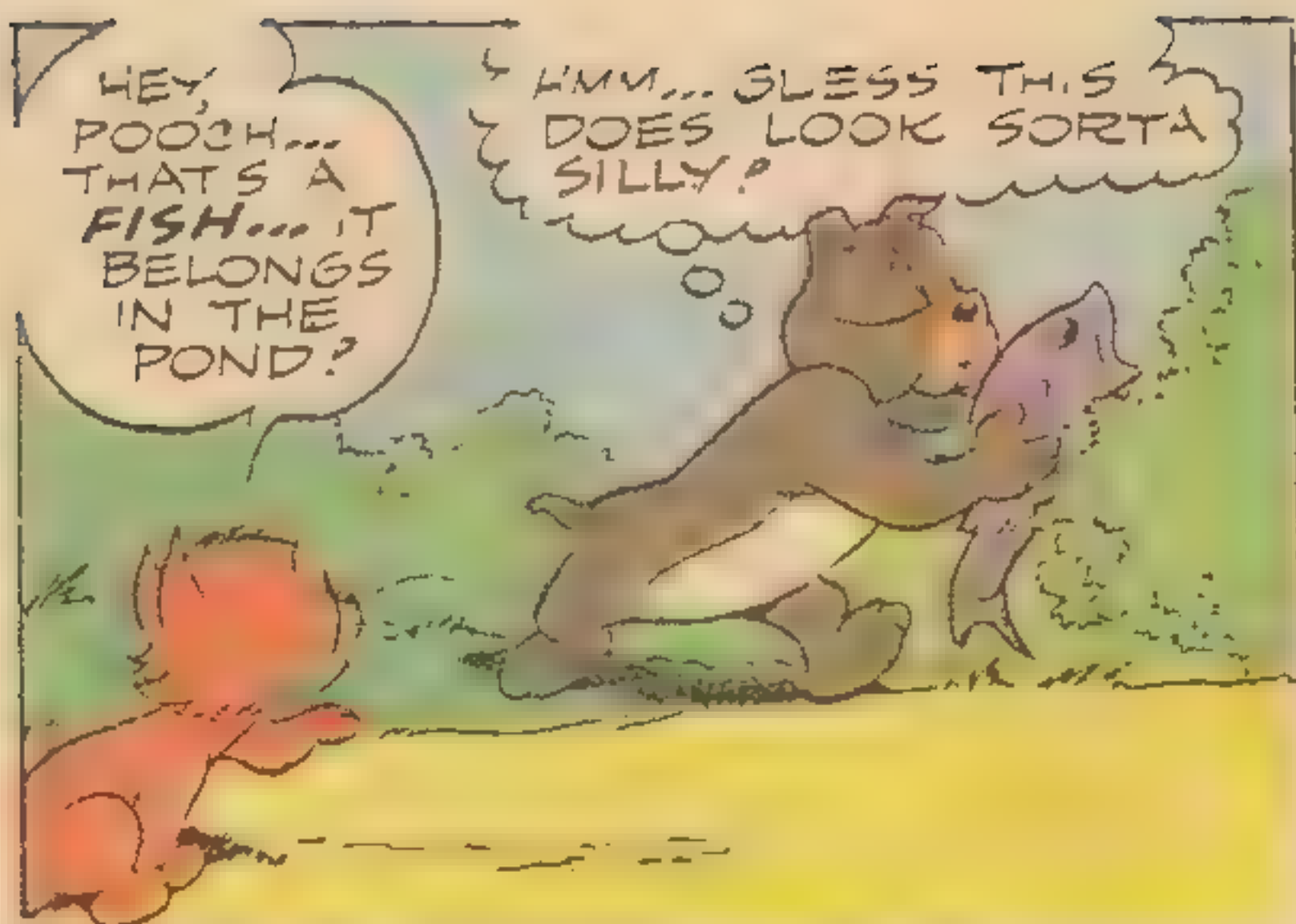




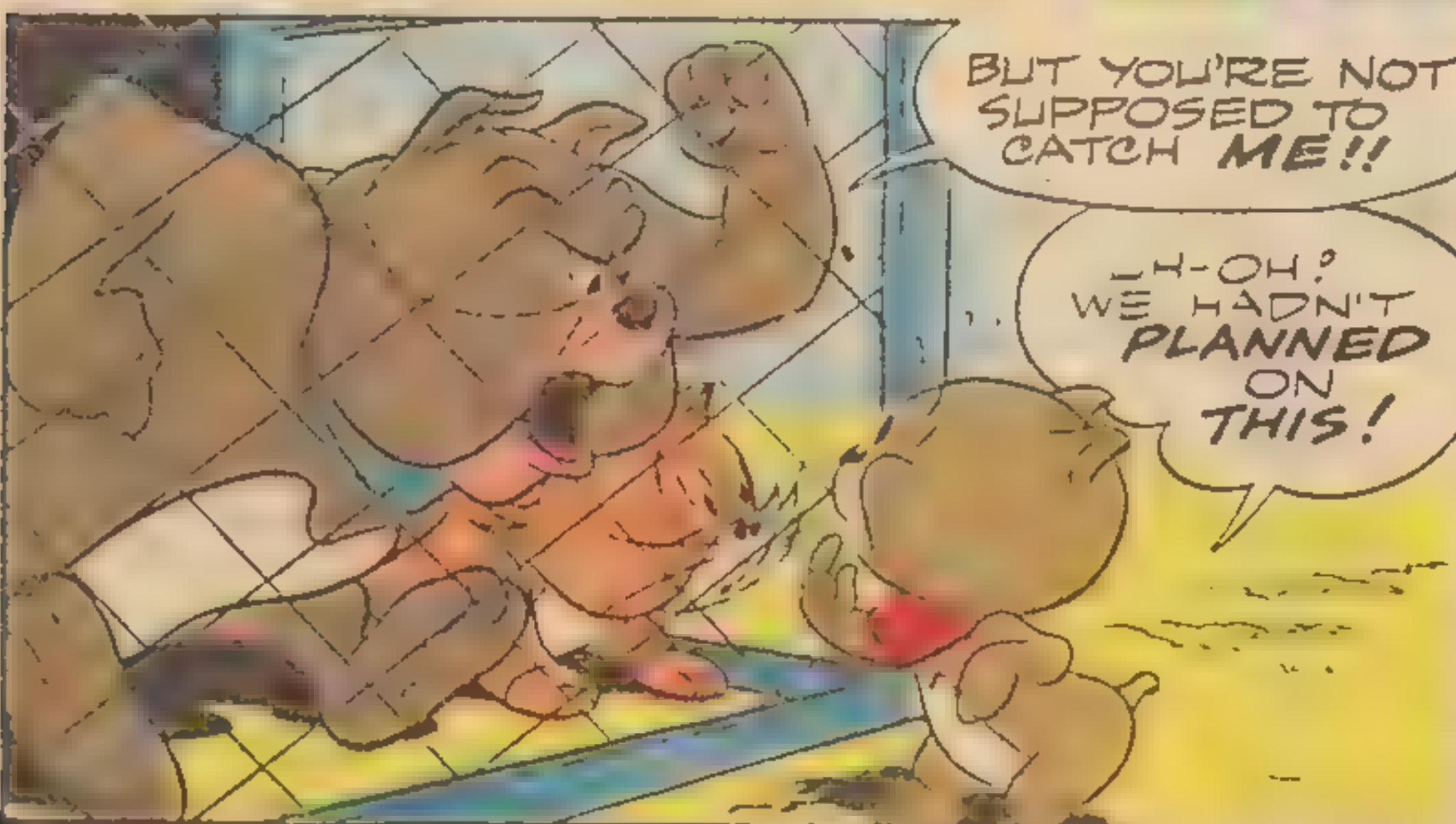
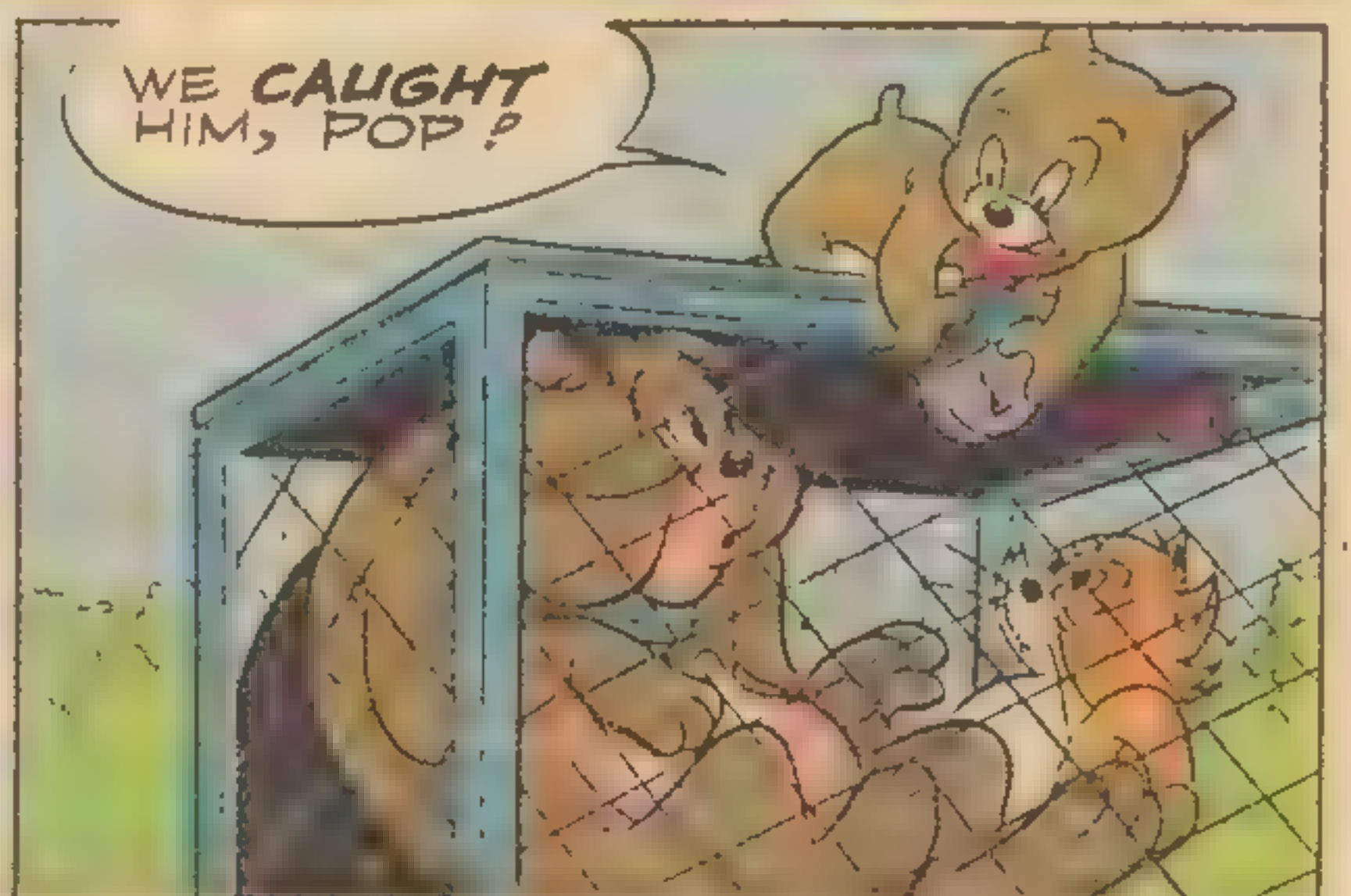
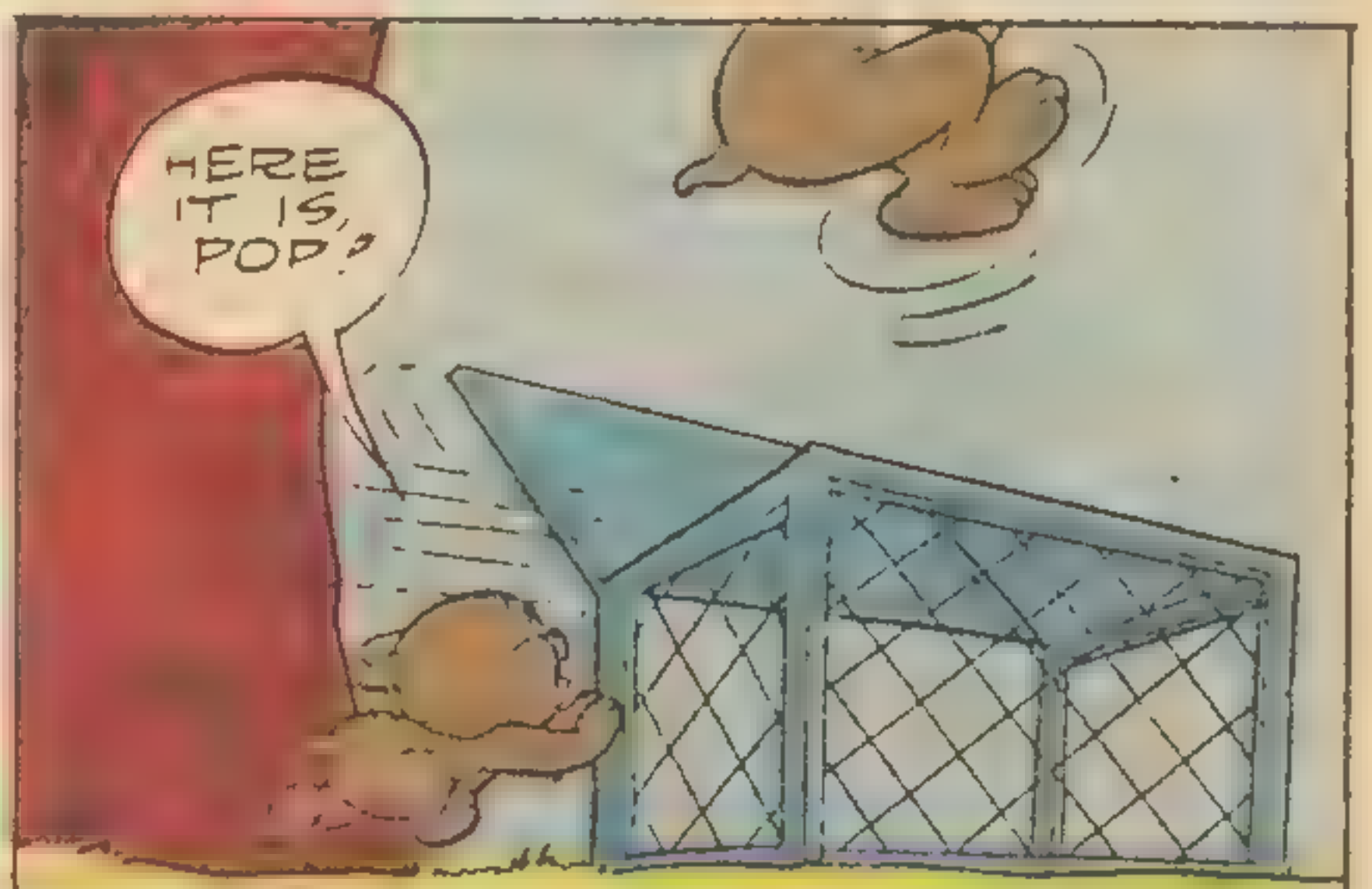
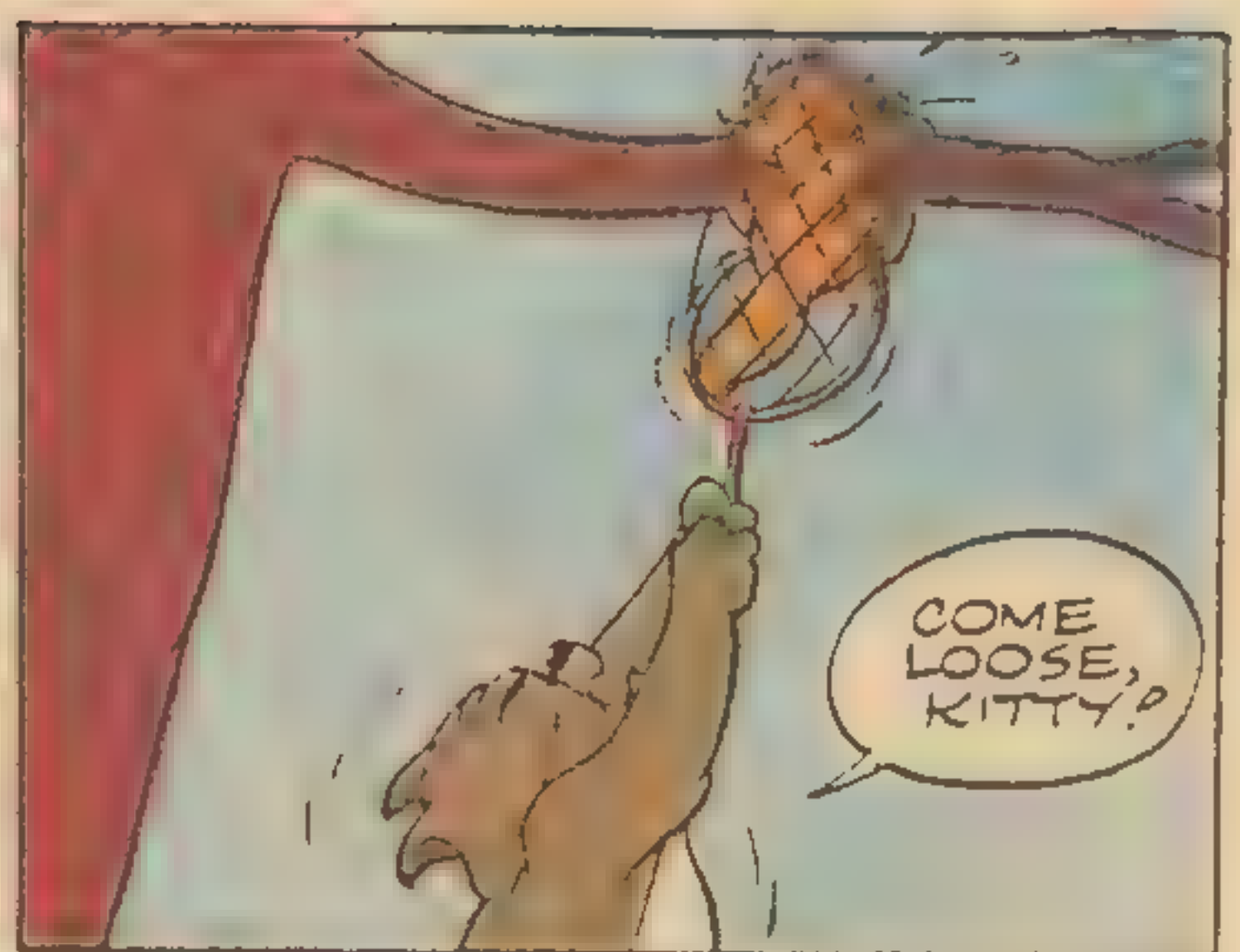




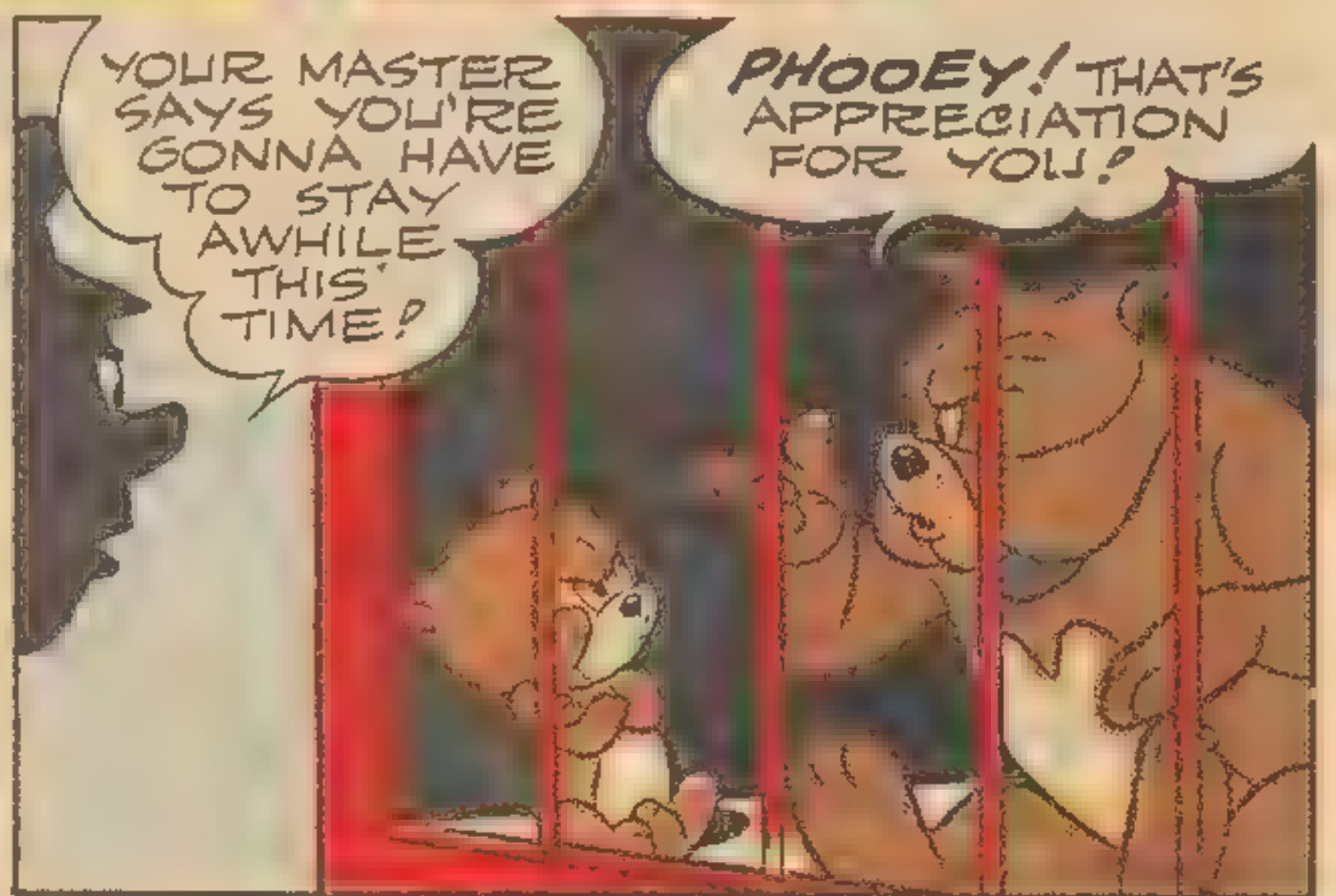
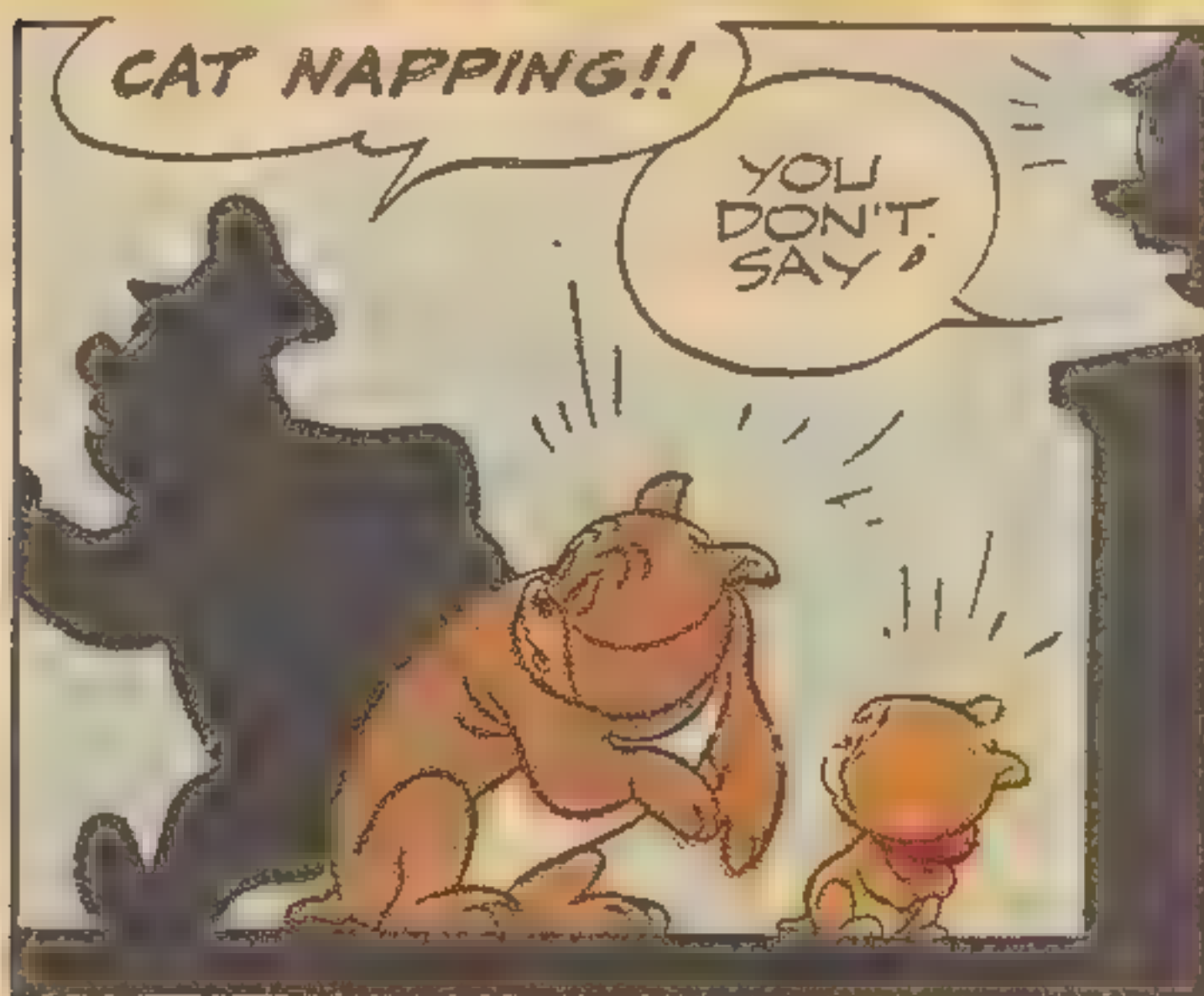
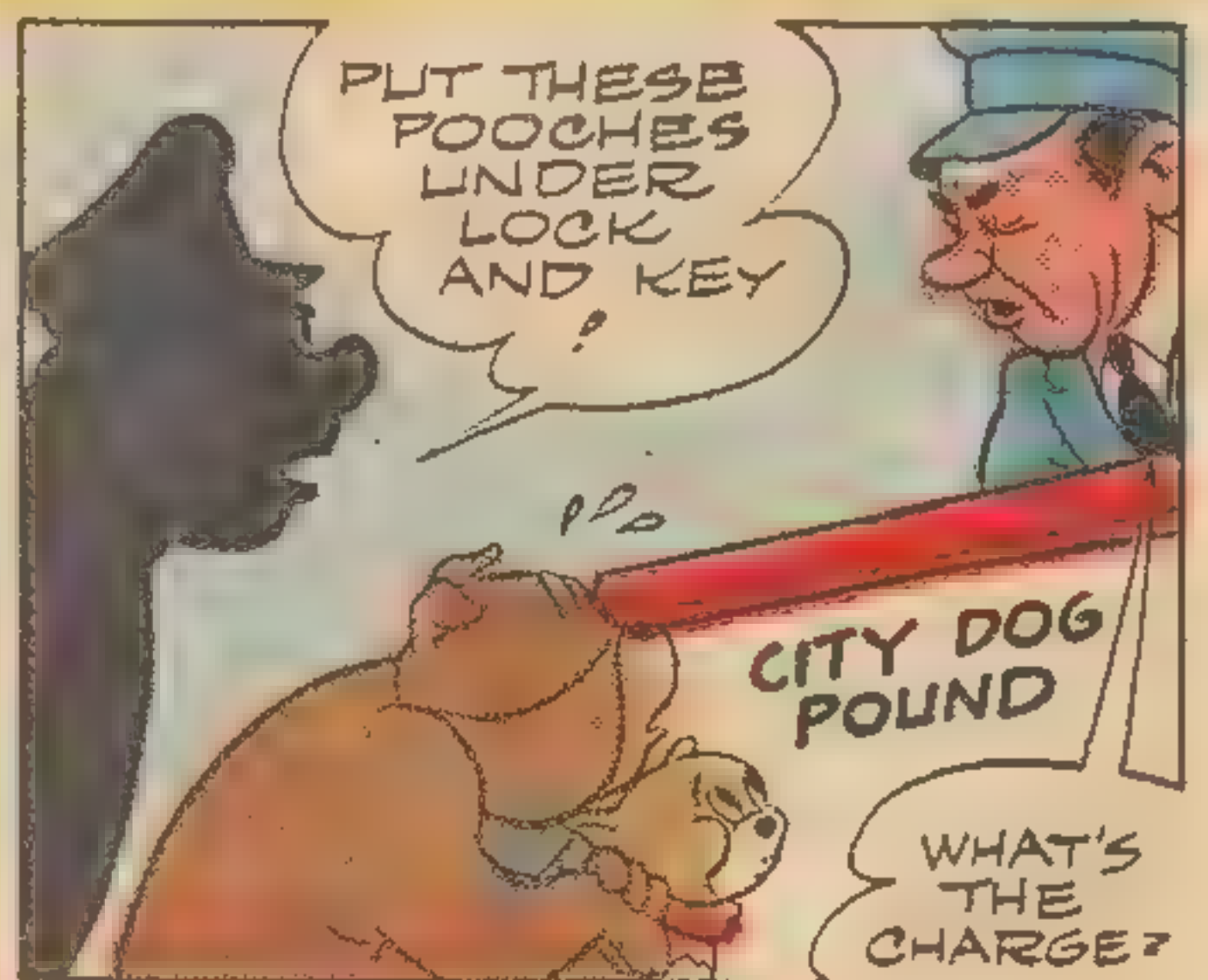
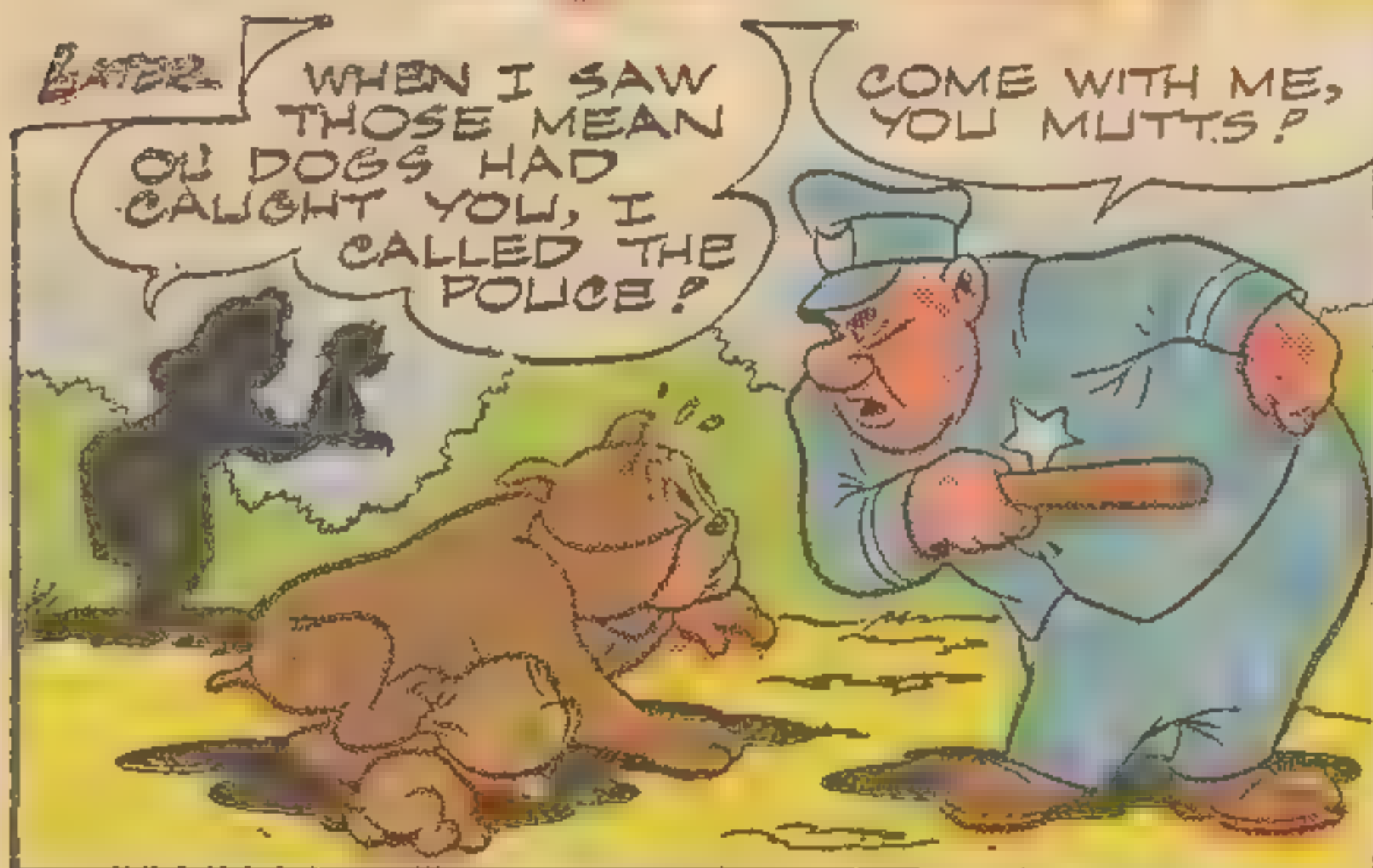
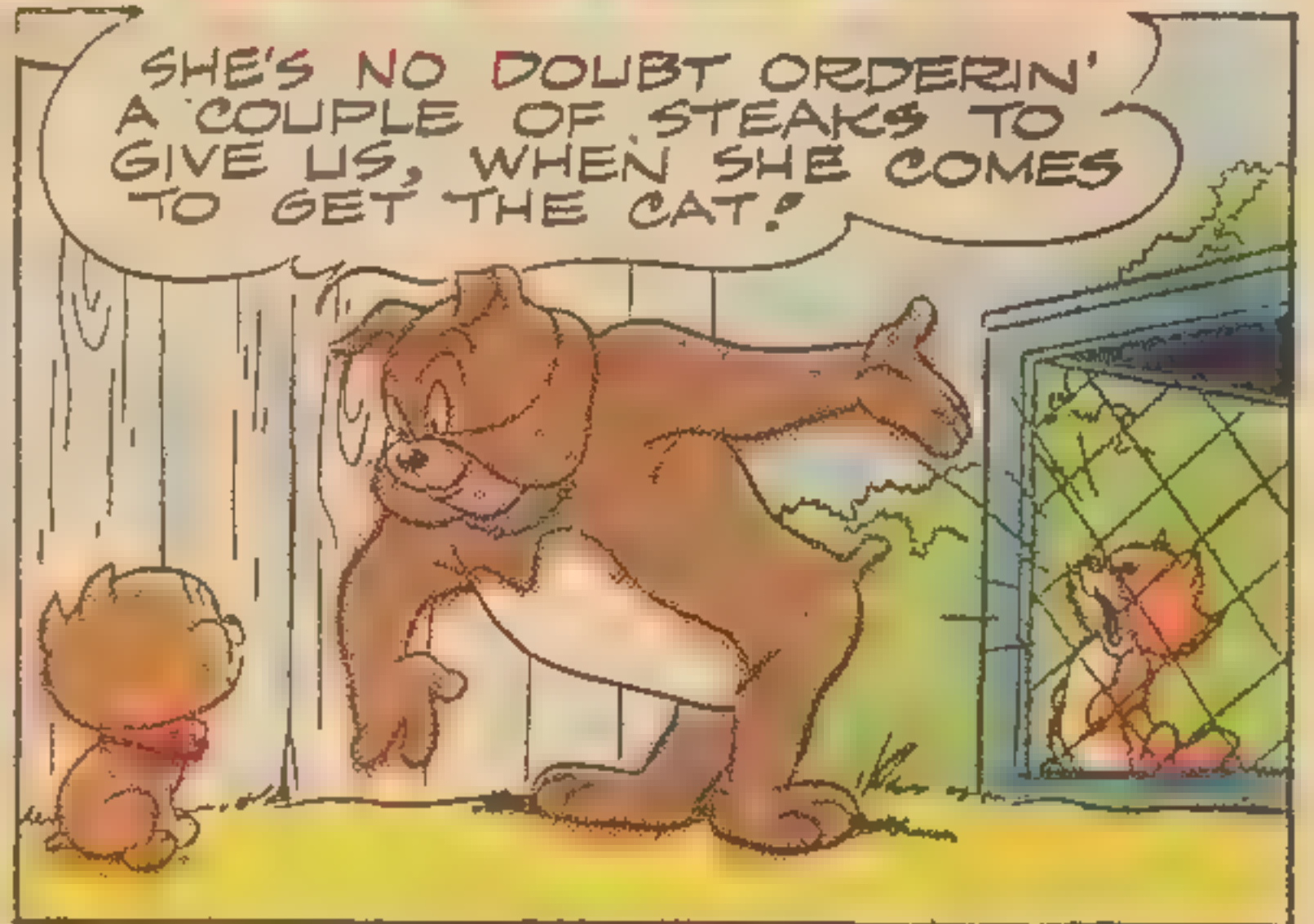
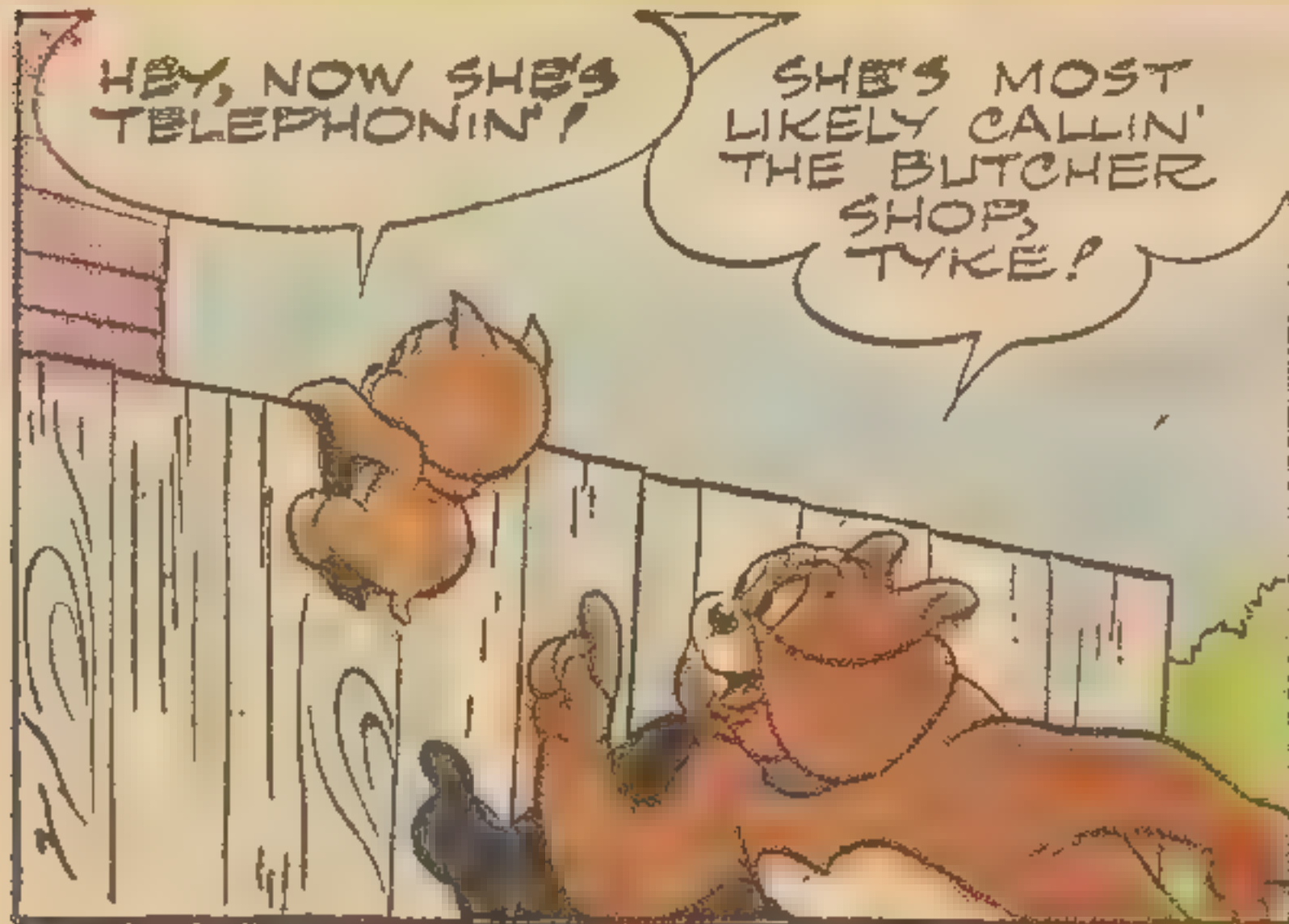
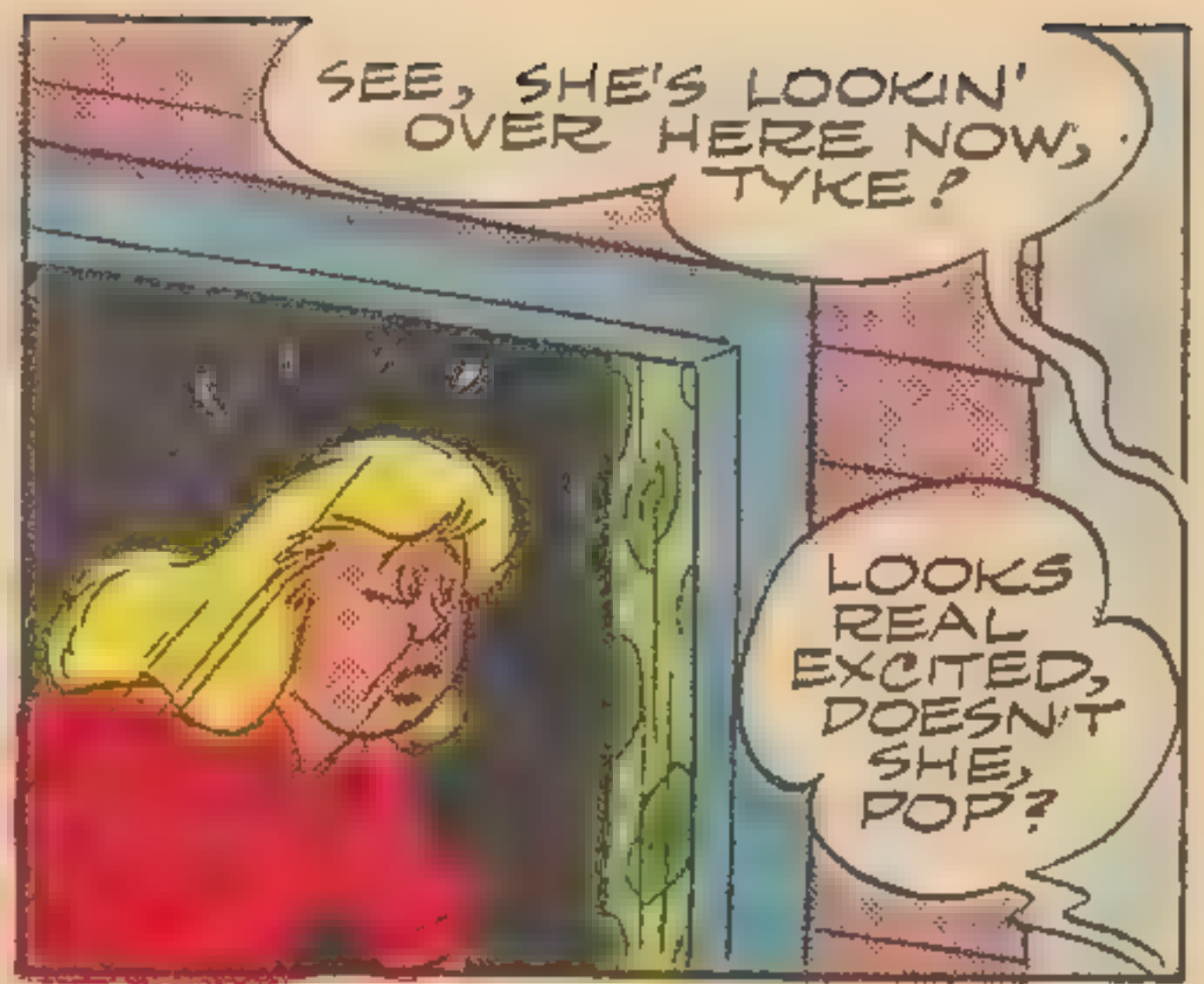
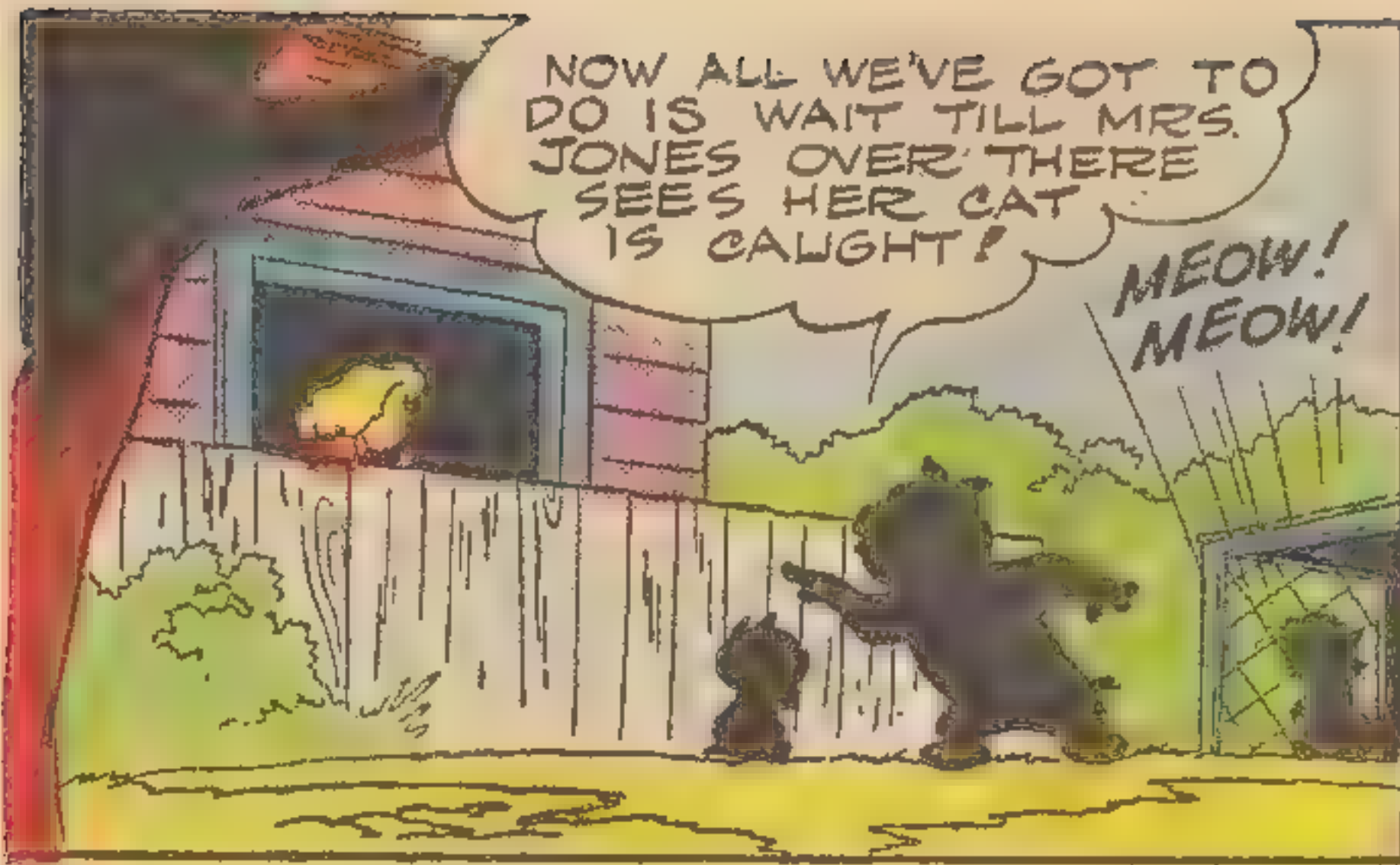




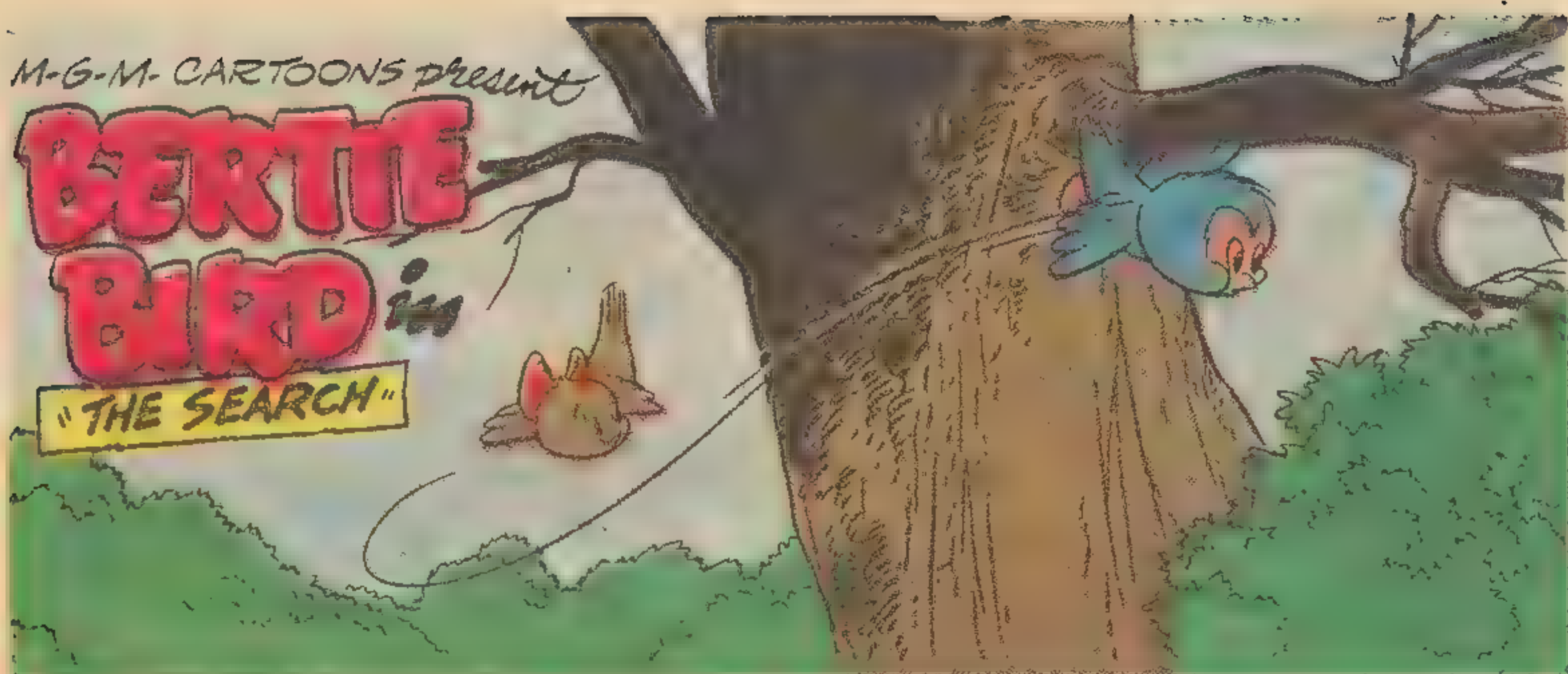












Bertie Bird zoomed past the familiar sights of Apple Tree Lane without even a sidelong glance. HE was taking a trip, but it was going to be a very strange journey, because he had no idea WHERE he was going. North, south, east, or west, it made no difference to him.

"It's what HAPPENS on a trip that counts!" chirped Bertie. "And I hope, lots of exciting, thrilling things happen to me today!"

Suddenly, as he shot past a maple tree, a saucy voice called, "Bertie! Wait for me!"

Startled, Bertie checked his speed and glanced back over his shoulder. "Oh, dear!" he groaned. "It's that pest, Susie Sparrow! I don't want HER tagging along!"

Darting forward without answering, Bertie tried his best to fly away from Susie. He zigzagged, encircled trees, dipped, banked, and zipped right through an open barn. But, to his dismay, Susie followed close behind.

"I've just GOT to get away from her!" he cried. "She'll spoil everything!"

Then, just as Susie flew alongside him, an idea popped into Bertie's head.

Quickly folding his wings, he rocketed beak-first toward the earth. Before Susie could check her flight to follow him, he had opened his wings again and glided into a blackberry bush.

It worked! By the time Susie got herself turned around, Bertie was safely hidden in the thick brambles.

Twittering gleefully to himself, he watched Susie flying around, frantically searching for him. "Bertie!" she called. "Come here! I have something IMPORTANT to tell you!"

Bertie did not move. "Tsk! Tsk!" he scoffed.

"She can't fool ME with that old trick!"

Finally, Susie stopped searching. Instead, she flew to a tree beside the blackberry bush and perched on a branch above Bertie.

"Oh, chee!" he moaned. "I might as well see what she wants! She'll keep me here all day, if I don't!"

He hopped out of the blackberry bush and flew up to the branch beside Susie.

"All right!" he snapped crossly. "What's your important news? And it better be GOOD, or you'll be sorry!"

"Well, it isn't good!" answered Susie, too worried to be surprised at his sudden appearance. "It's TRAGIC!"

"Tragic!" cried Bertie, alarmed, "What's happened?"

"Cathy Canary's GONE!" Susie told him. "Her owners took her away this morning!"

"I don't believe it!" Bertie stated very emphatically.

"Honestly, Bertie, it's TRUE! I saw them leave. They carried a lot of things out of the cottage and packed them in their car. And on top of everything else, was Cathy's cage with CATHY inside it! Then they shut up the house and drove away."

Bertie was stunned. "You mean we're NEVER going to see Cathy again?" he wailed.

"I guess not," answered Susie. "We might have found out where they were going. But it's too late now!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," chirped Bertie. "I'm going to find her!"

"I'll help you!" cried Susie. "Come on! Let's search the town first! They headed that way!"



Filled with confidence, Susie and Bertie started out to find the pale green car carrying a man, a woman AND a little canary in a cage.

A few minutes later, the little birds landed on a telephone wire right in the heart of the town.

"Oh, my goodness!" gasped Susie. "Just LOOK!"

Bertie leaned over as far as he could and peered below. He was so astonished at what he saw, he almost fell off the wire. "Why," he cried, "the town's full of pale green cars!"

"How can we ever find the right one?" exclaimed Susie, almost as bewildered as Bertie.

"I don't know — exactly," Bertie confessed. "But, let's try, anyway."

Intent upon finding their little friend as quickly as possible, Susie and Bertie swooped down into the midst of the swiftly moving traffic.

"Bertie! Help!" Susie screamed suddenly, struggling desperately to free herself from the radio antenna on a car. "I can't get loose!"

But before Bertie could reach her, the car had whizzed around a corner and disappeared.

"Oh, dear," groaned Bertie. "NOW, I've got to find BOTH of them!"

Flying up and down the streets, he called frantically, "Susie! Susie! Where are you?"

Finally, as he approached the open door of a garage, out popped Susie.

"Oh, Bertie!" she cried brokenly. "We don't need to look for Cathy any longer!"

"Why?" he asked. "Have you found her?"

"No," Susie answered. "But the car I got tangled up on, drove into this garage. And when I got untangled, the first thing I saw was the pale green car. The man and woman were in it, but not Cathy."

"Then, she's REALLY gone!" said Bertie sadly.

"Yes," sobbed Susie. "We can NEVER find her now! Let's go home!"

Slowly, they winged their way back over fields, meadows, and orchards toward Apple Tree Lane. But just as they approached the Birdman's house, a sweet, musical voice called, "Susie! Bertie!"

Startled, they glanced down. And THERE was Cathy Canary in her cage on the back porch.

"Cathy!" cried Susie happily, as she and Bertie quickly alighted on the porch railing. "We've been looking everywhere for you!"

"You have?" asked Cathy, puzzled. "Why, I've been right HERE all day. I'm visiting the Birdman while my Mistress and Master go on a trip."

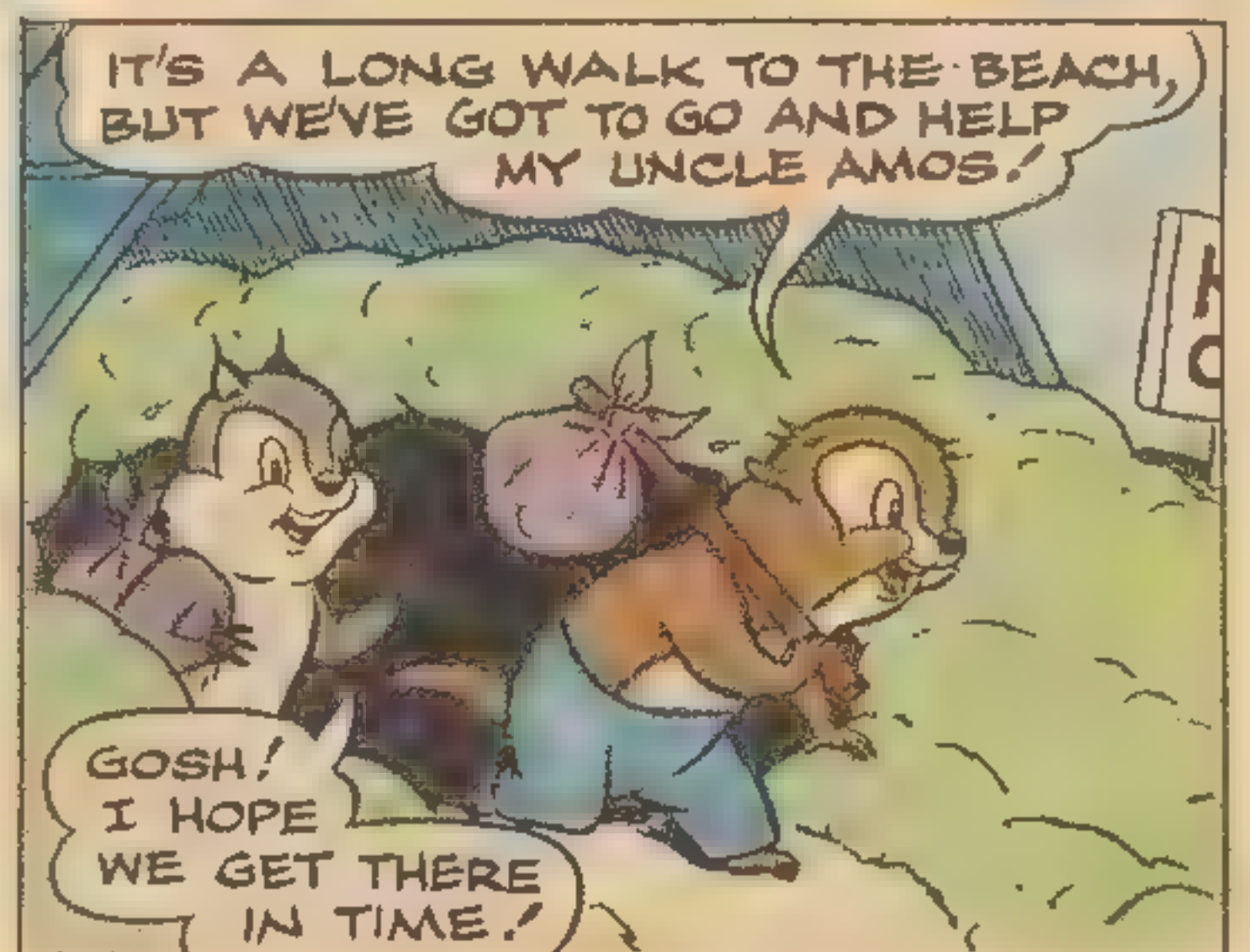
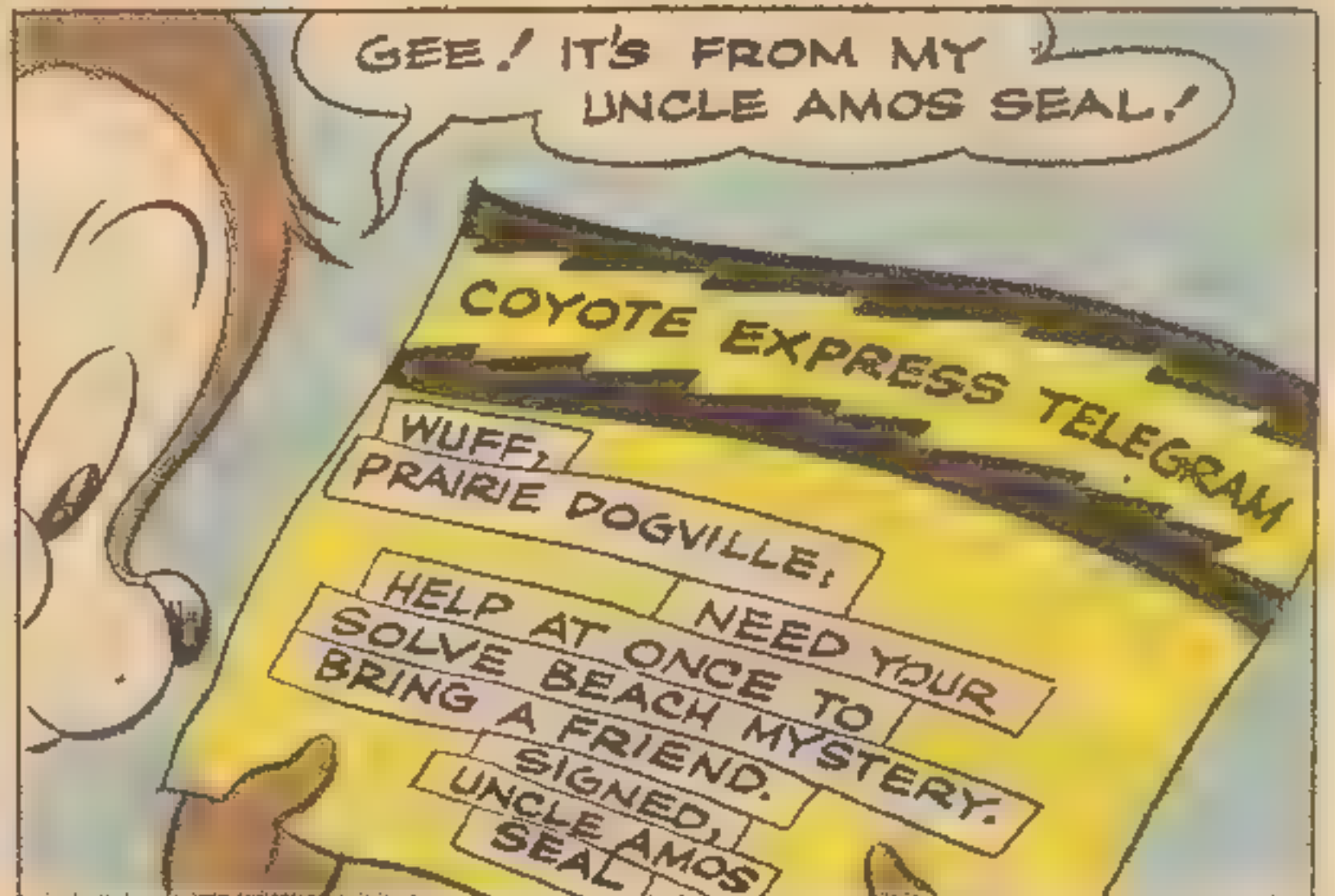
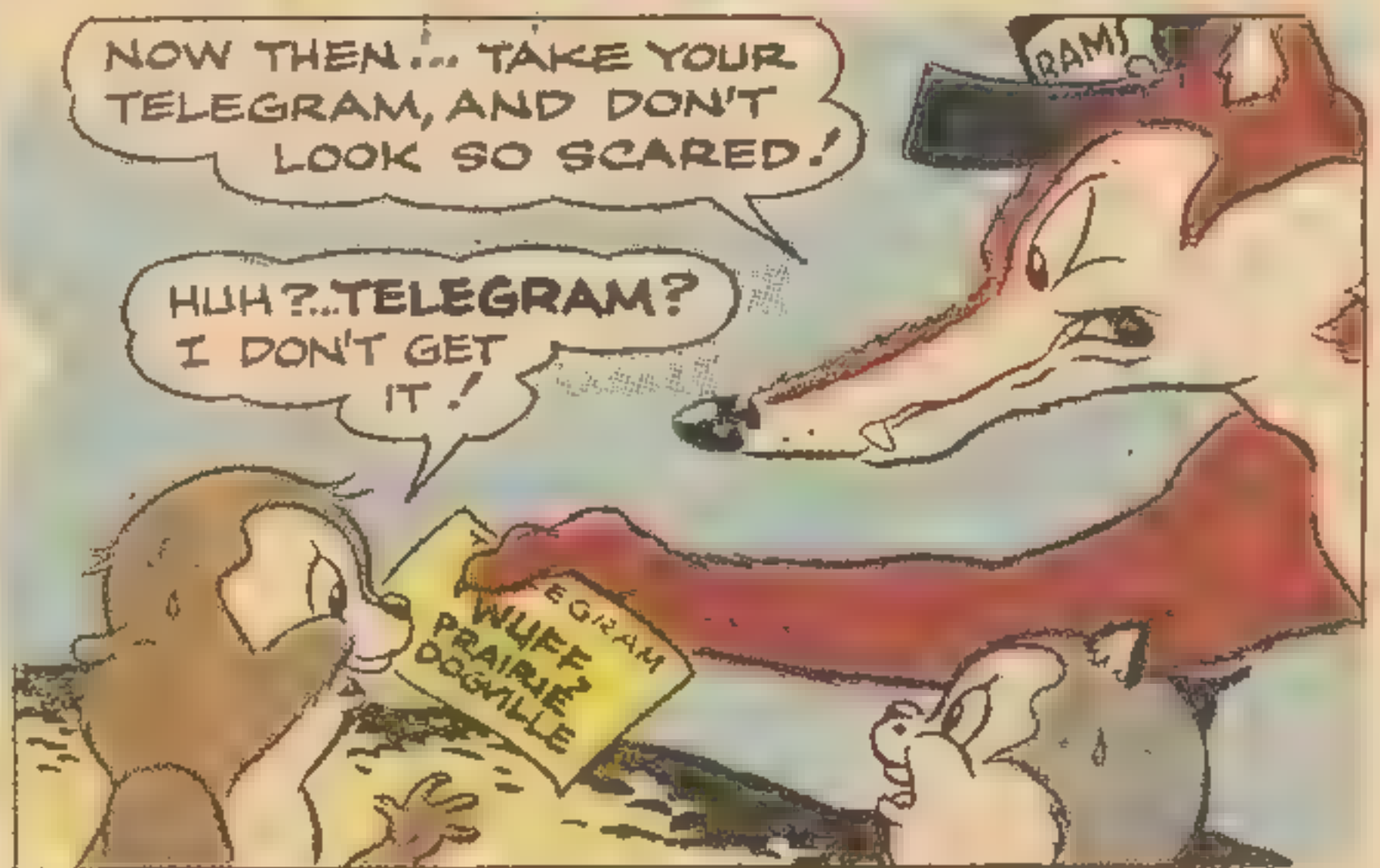
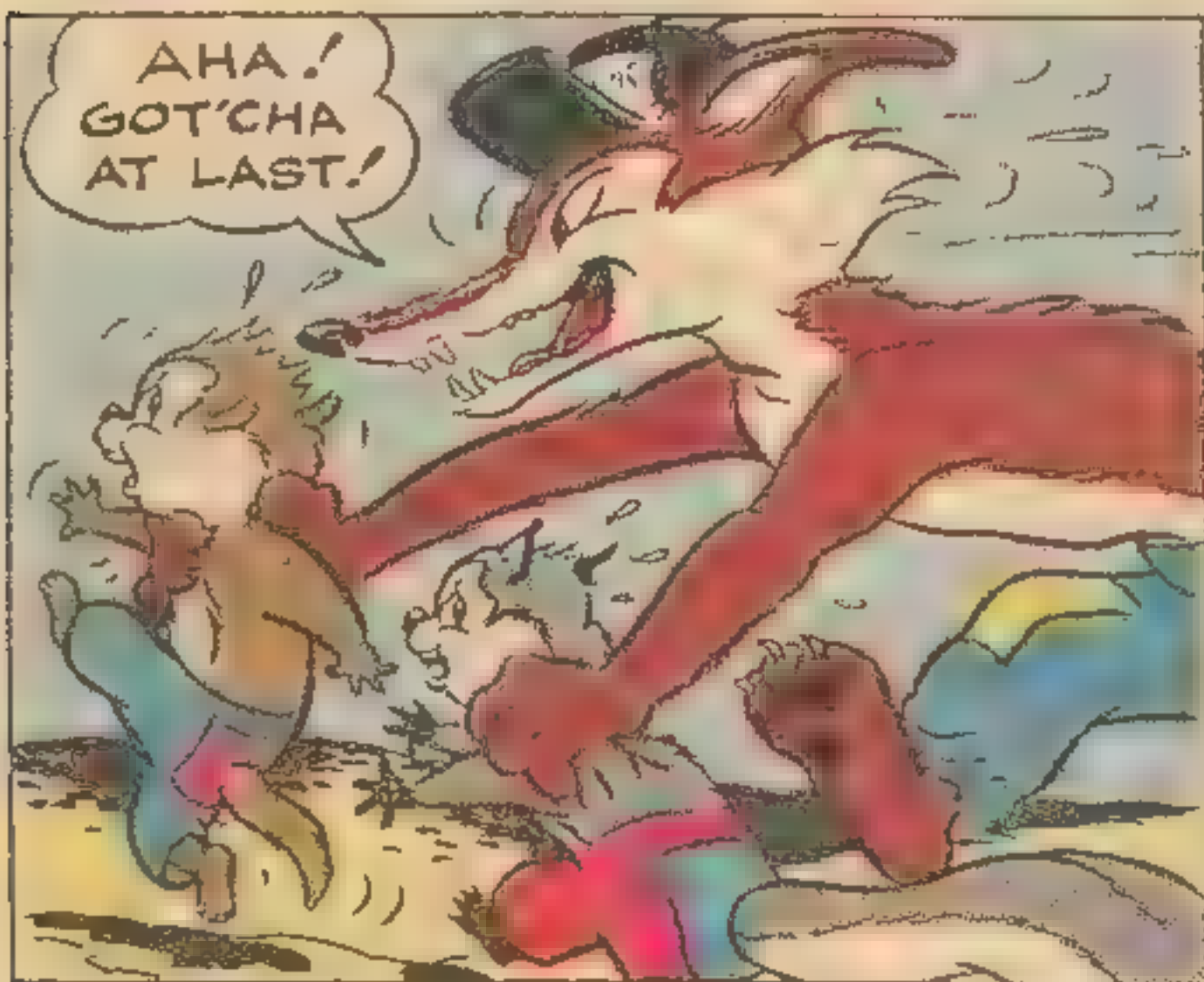
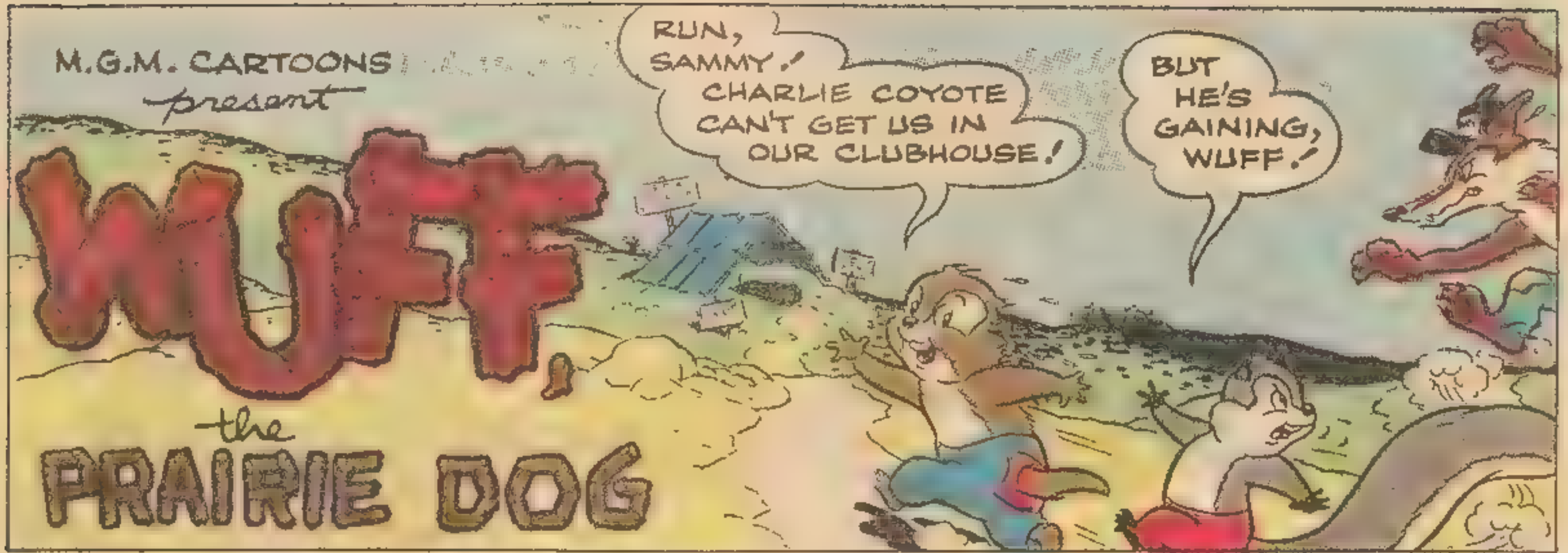
"That's WONDERFUL, Cathy!" said Bertie, breathing a sigh of relief at the sight of his little friend. Then he told her all about his and Susie's wild, exciting search for her. "And, believe ME!" he concluded, "I'm GLAD we found you. Even though you weren't really lost."

"So am I," answered Cathy.

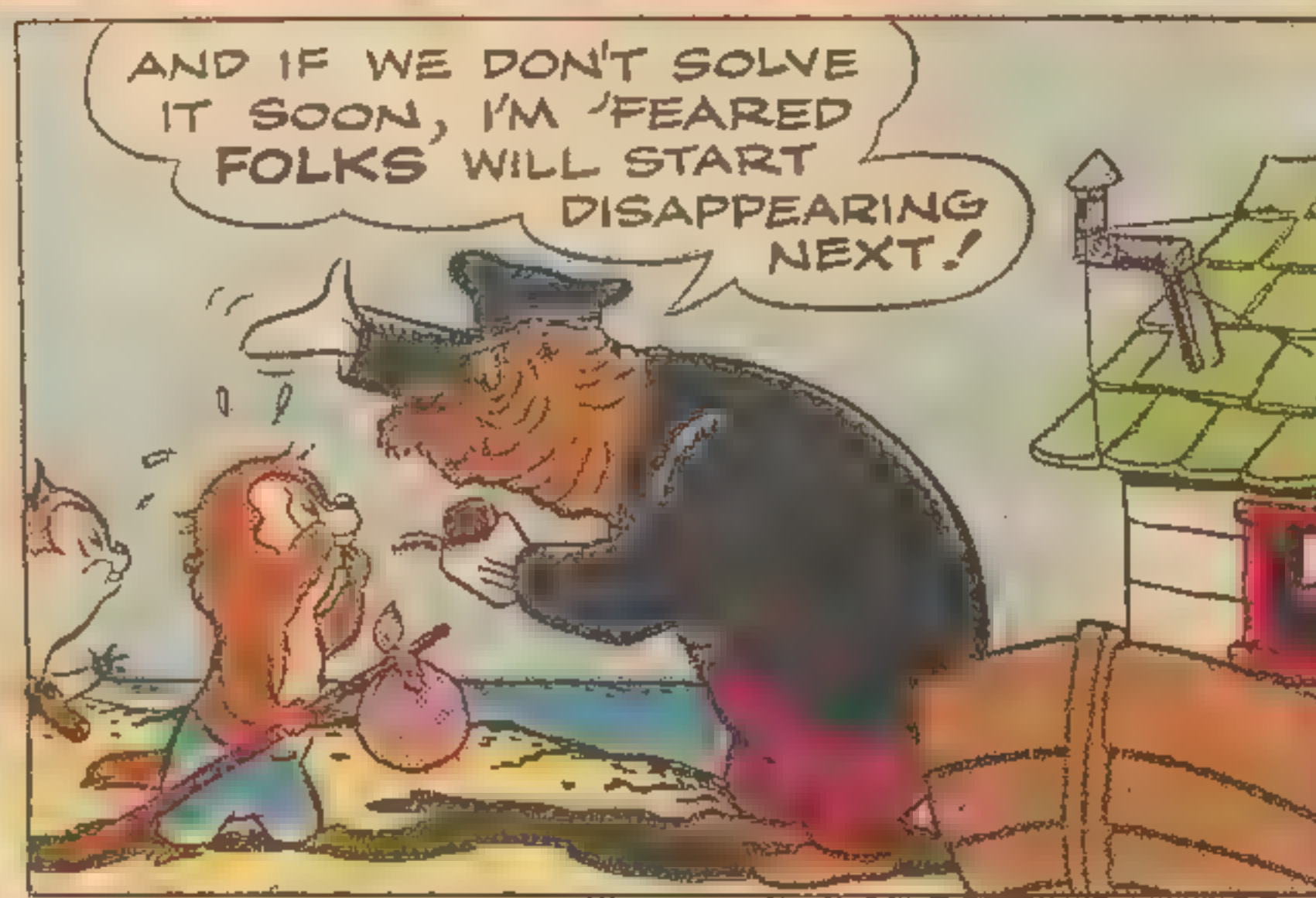
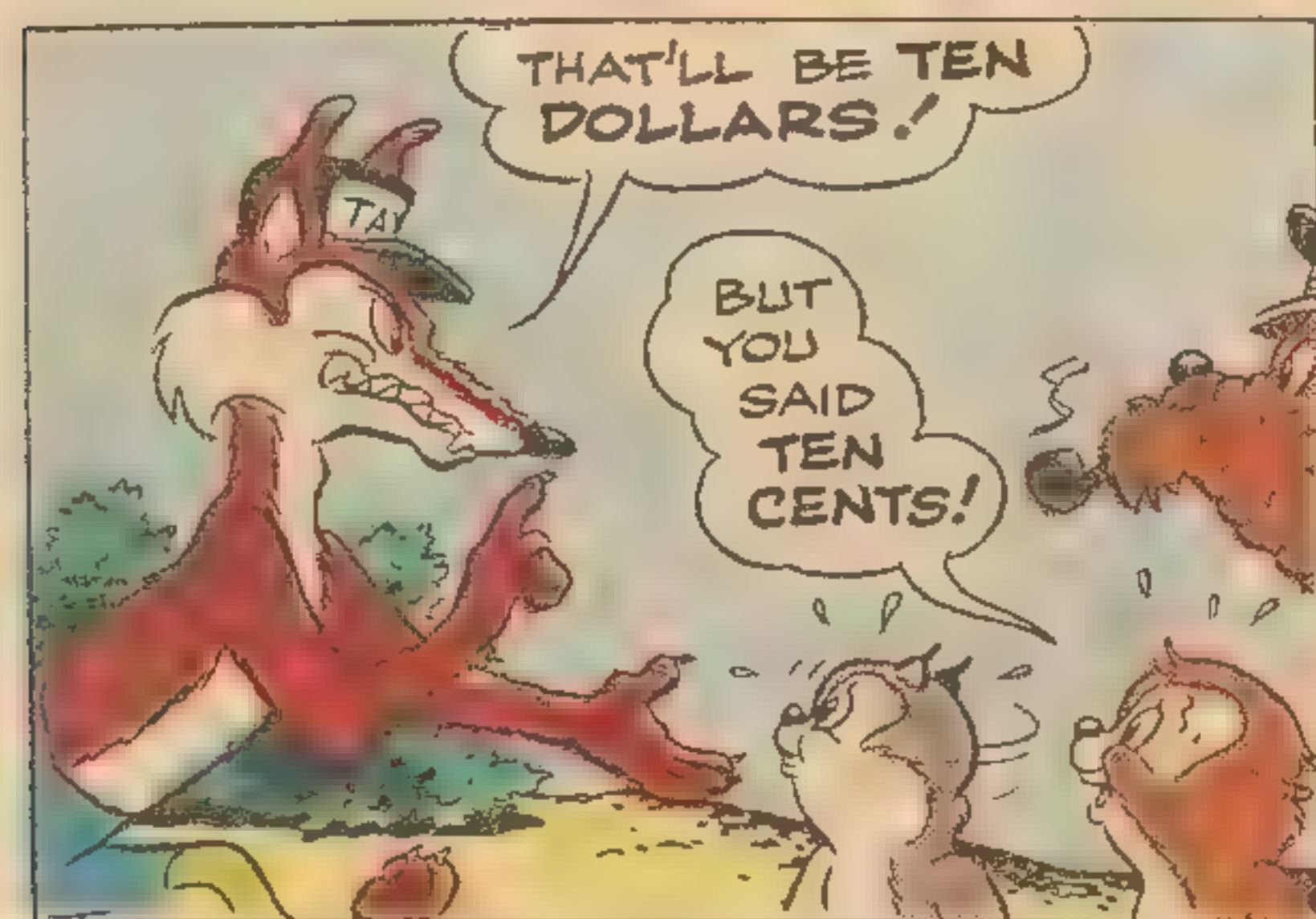
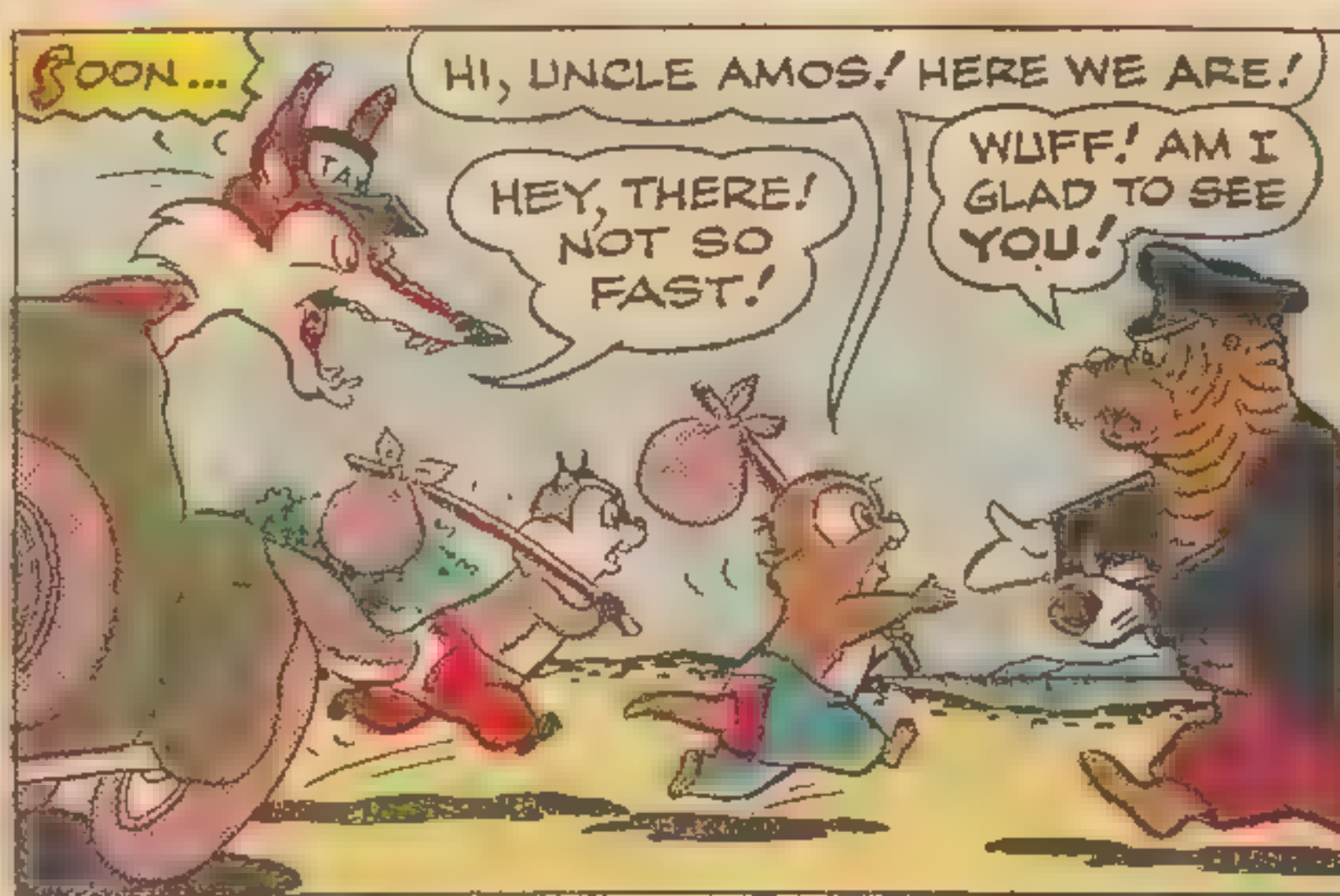
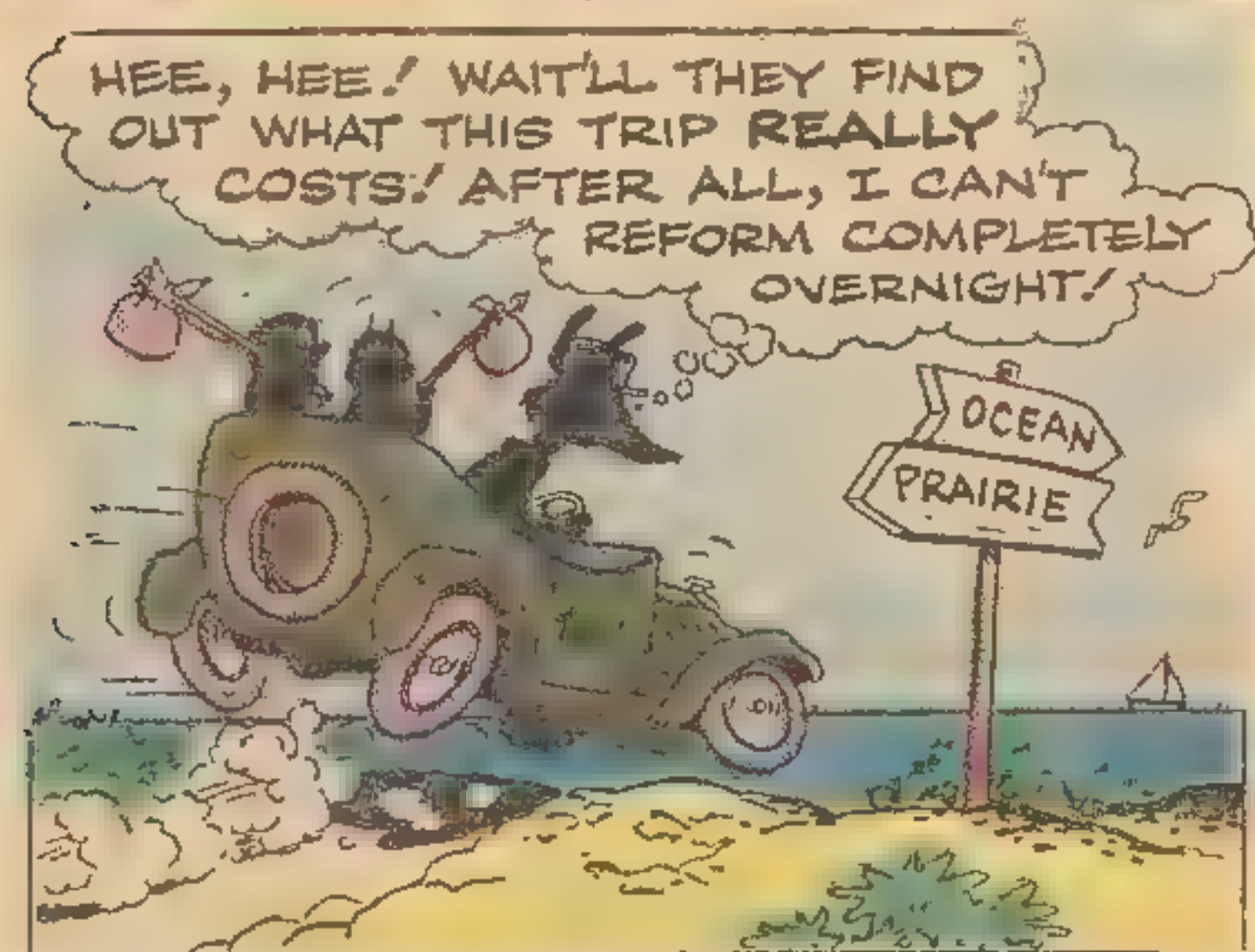
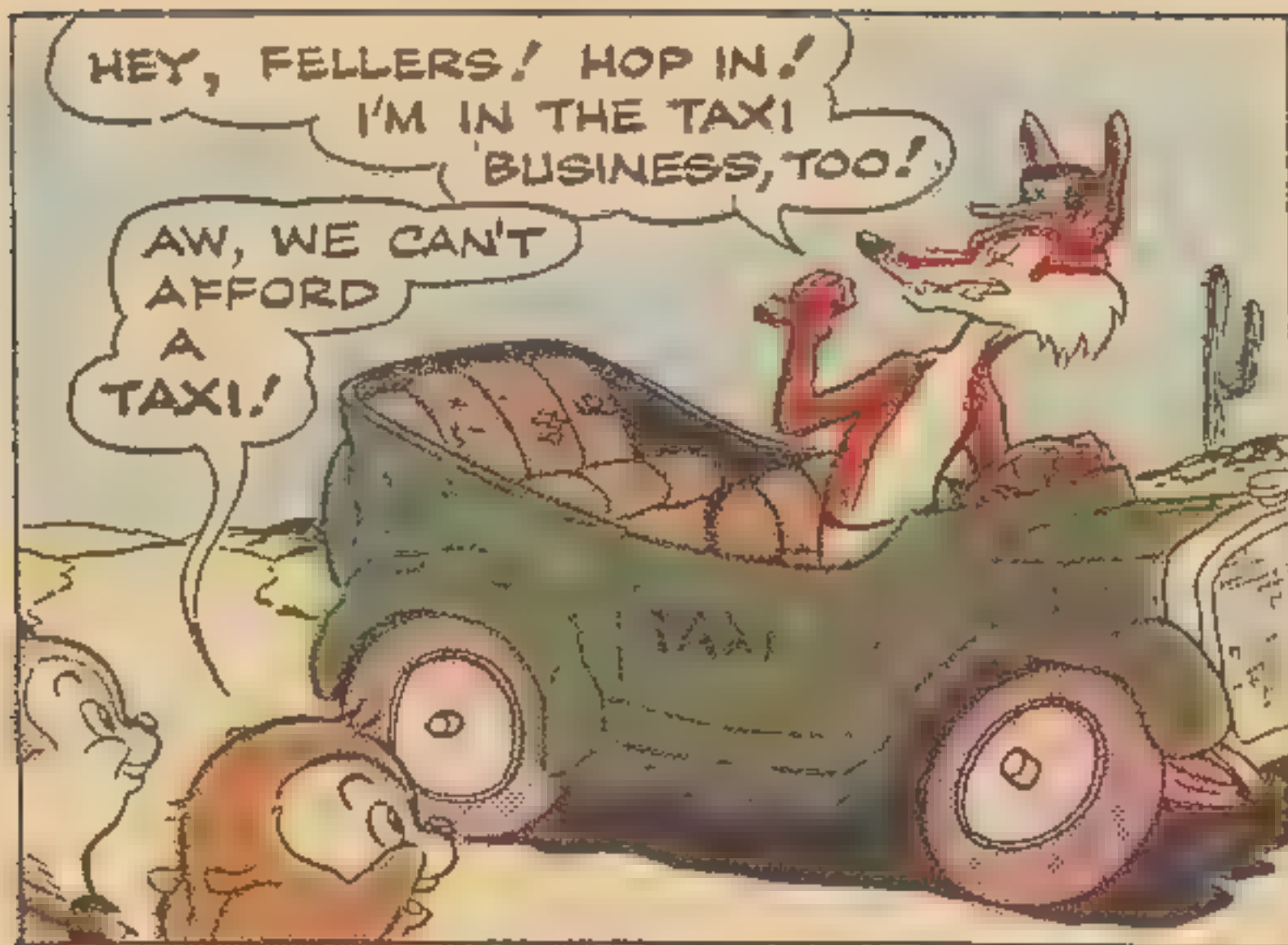
"Me, too!" twittered Susie.



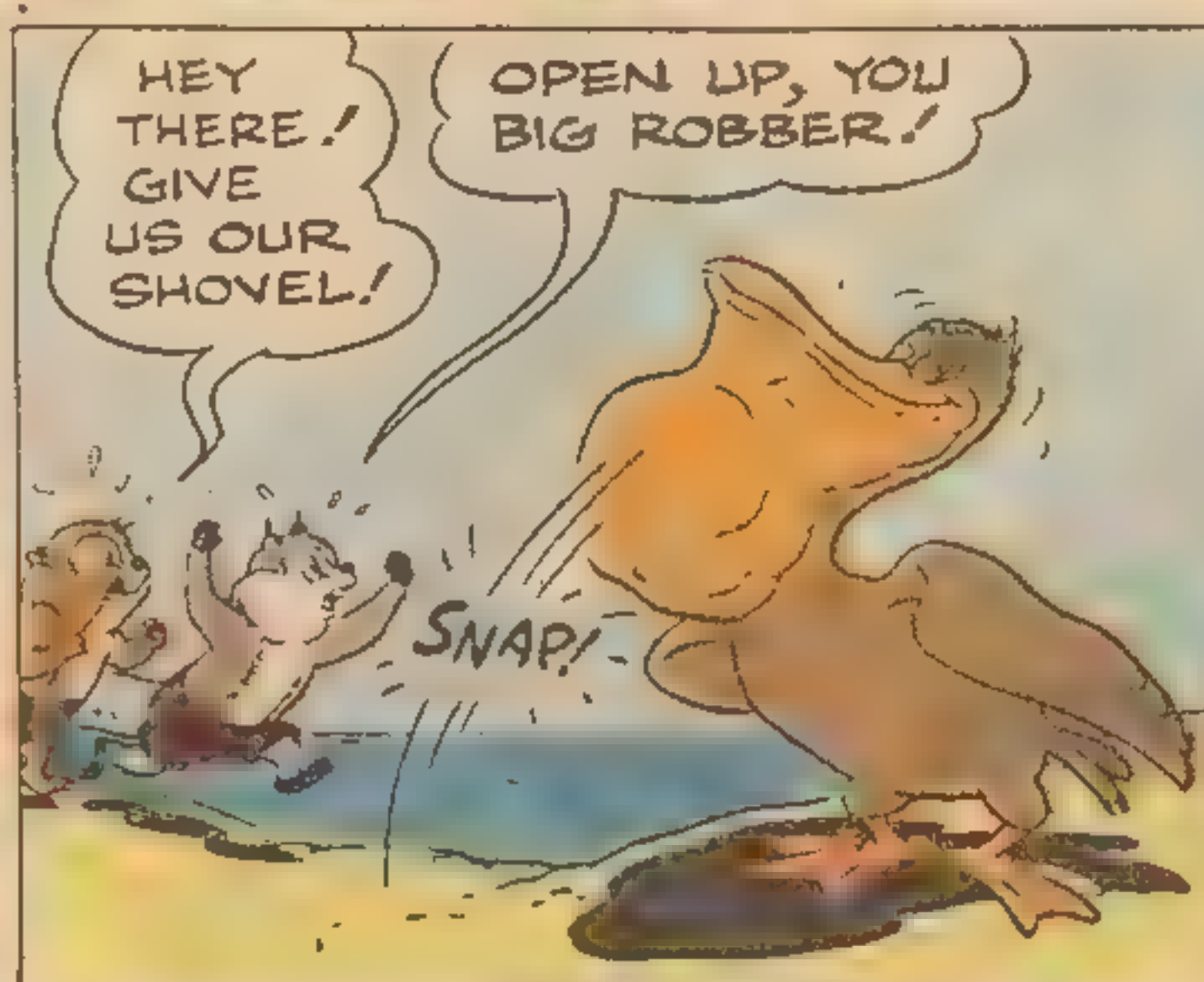
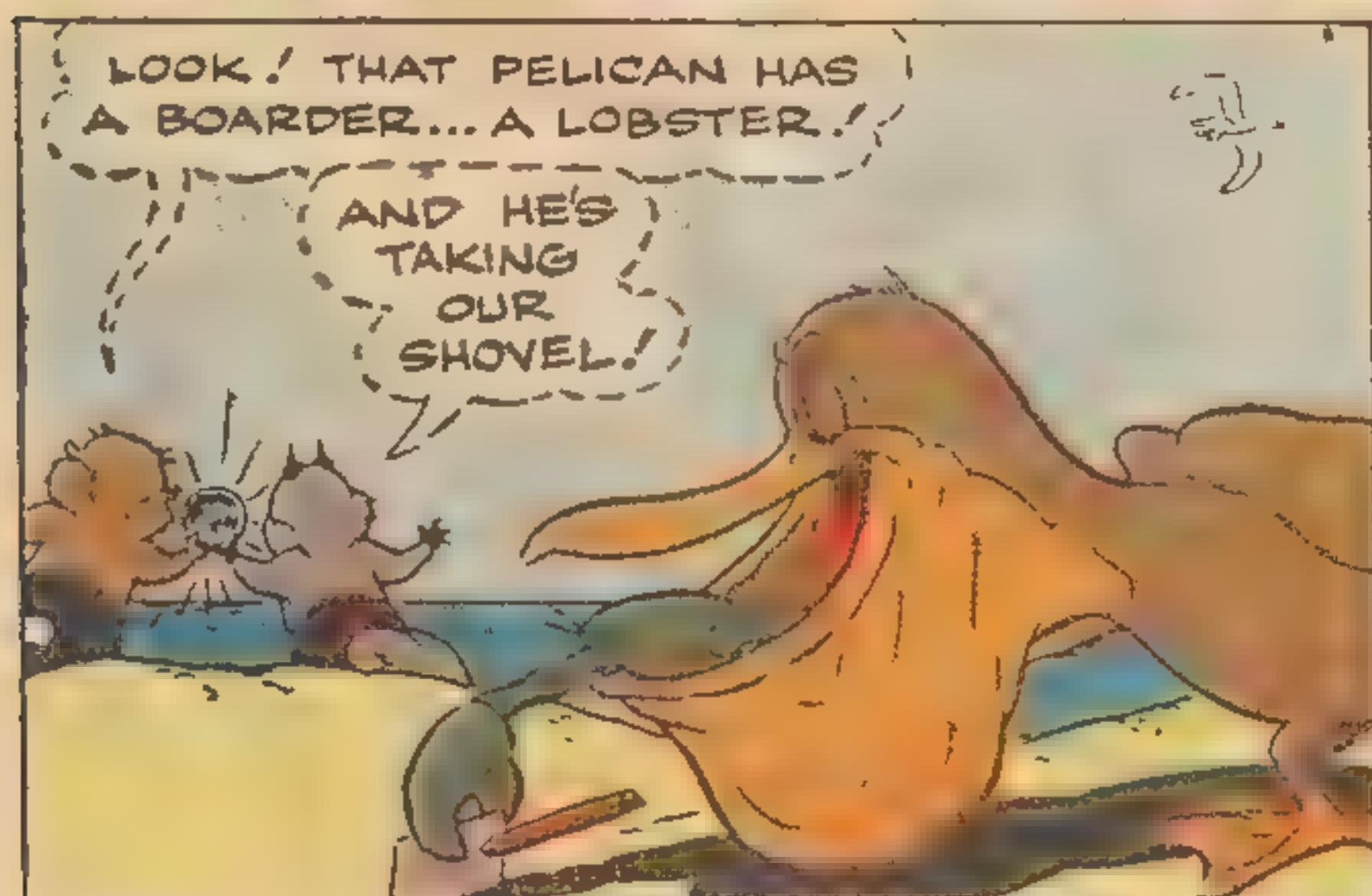
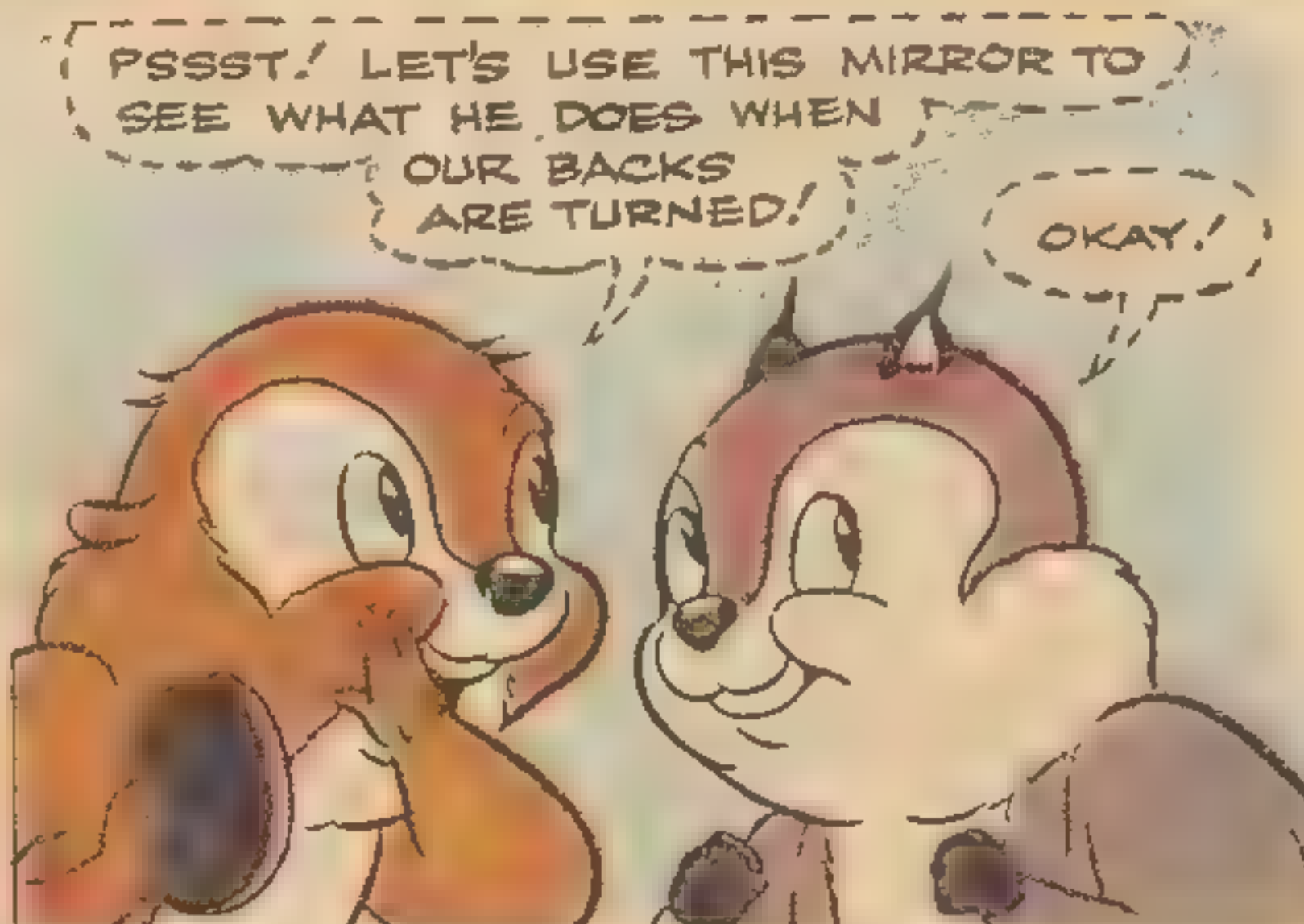
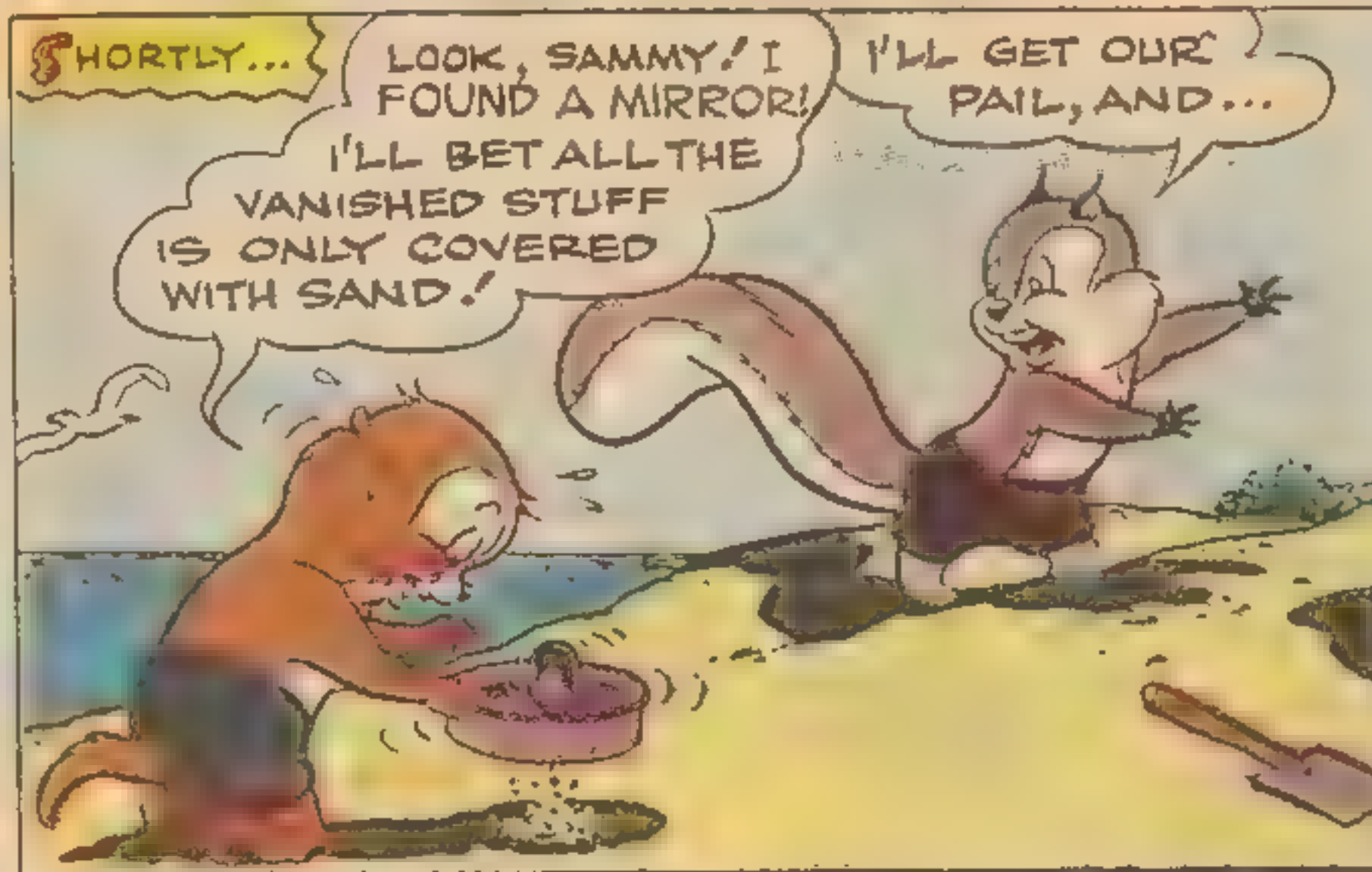
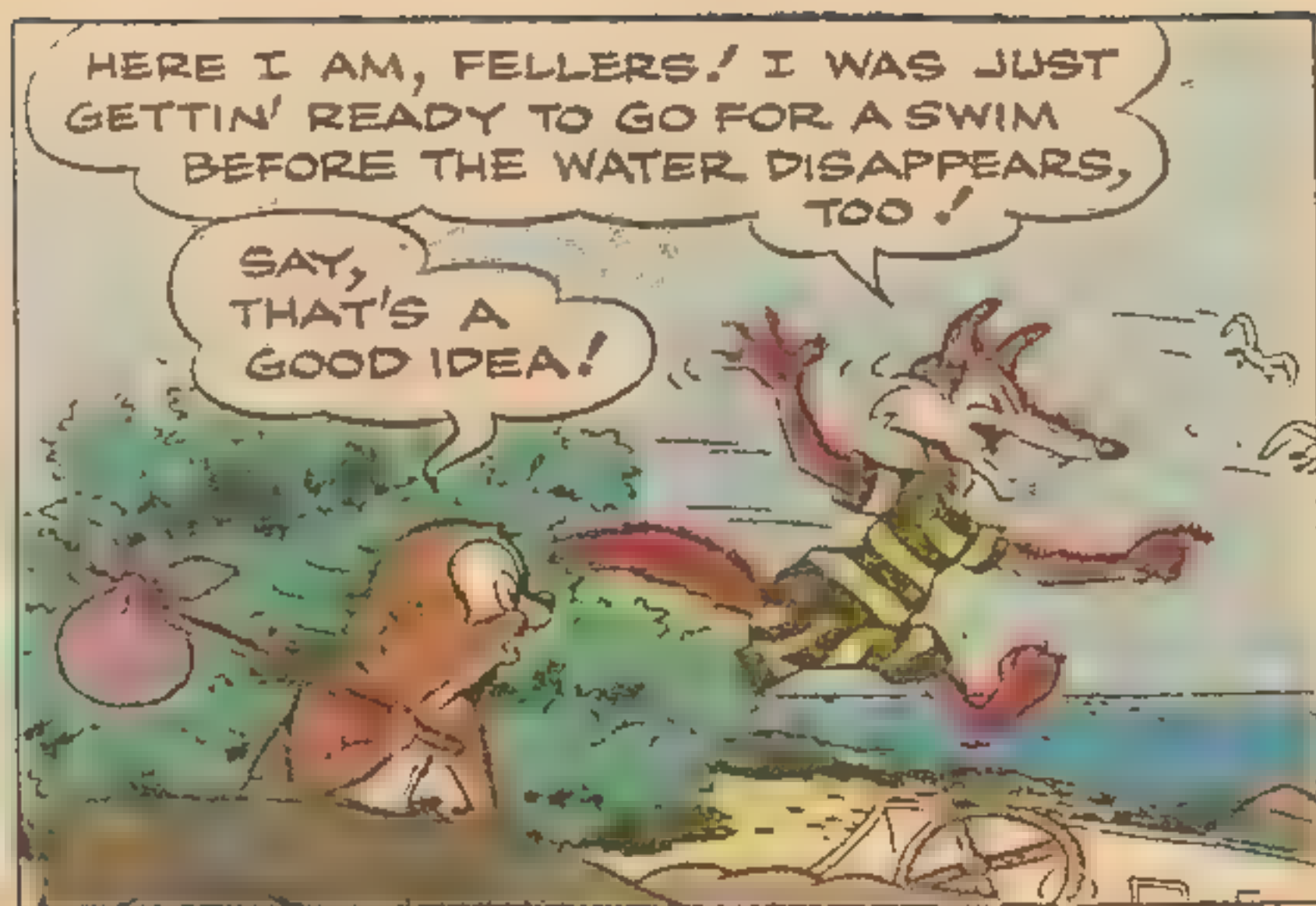
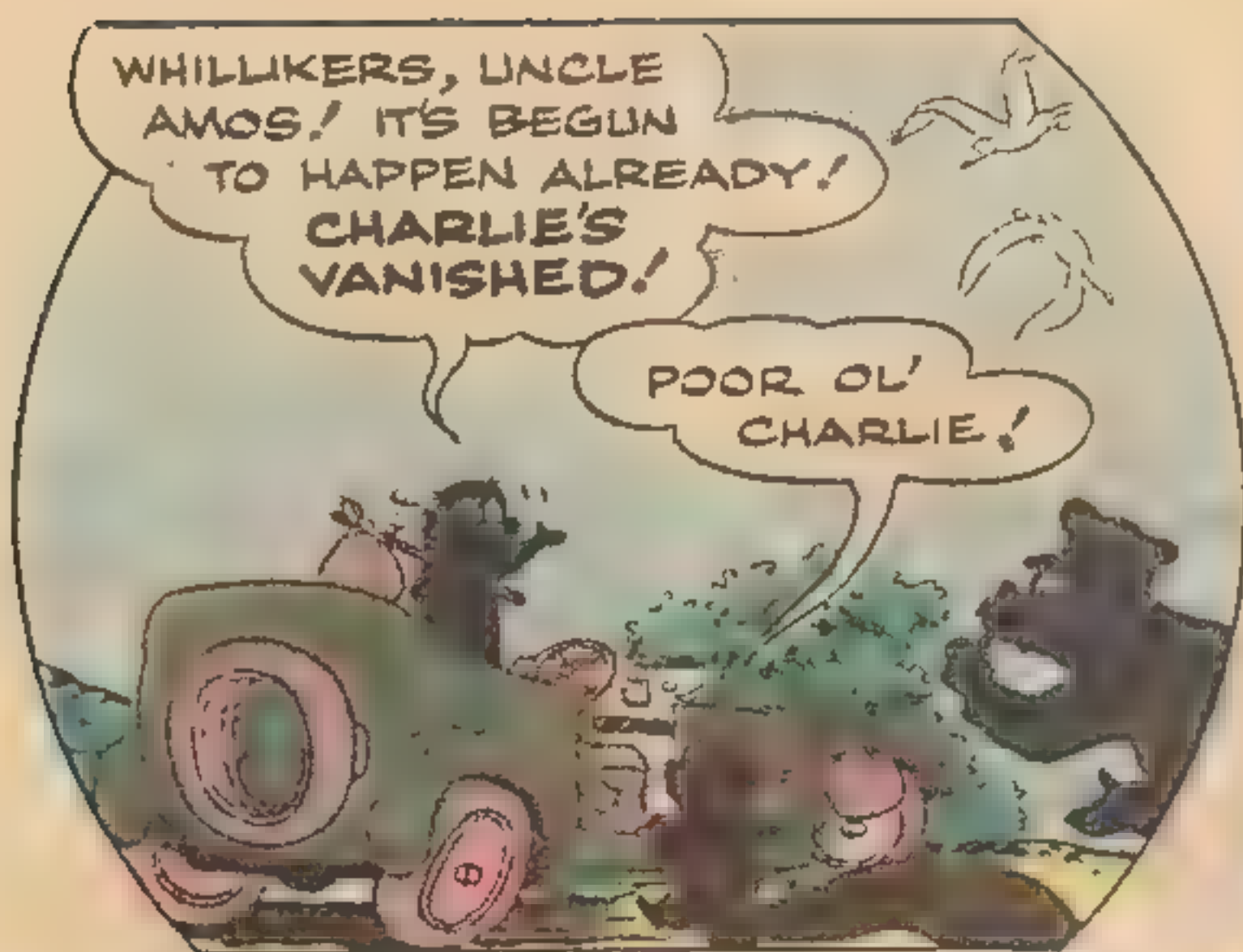




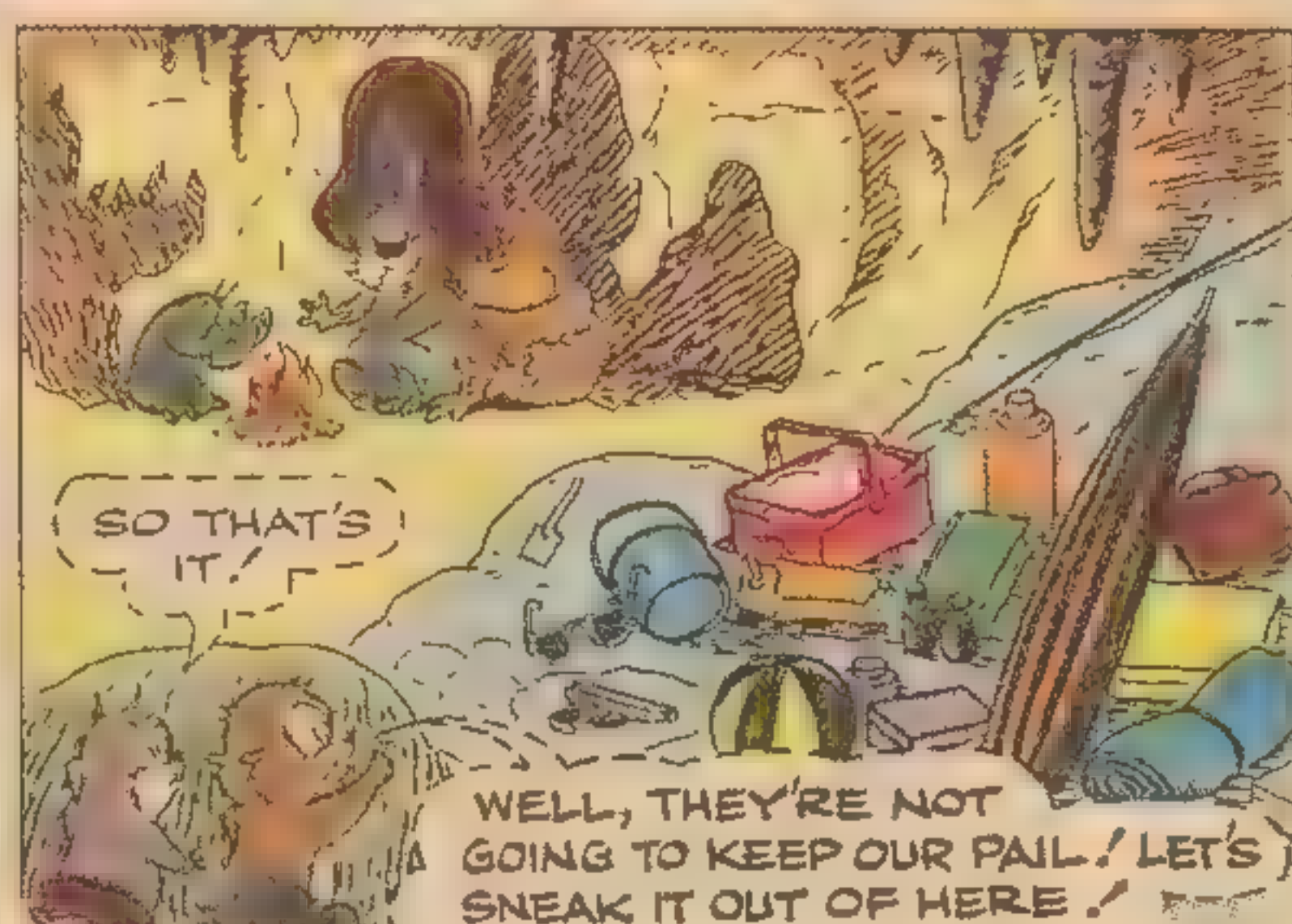
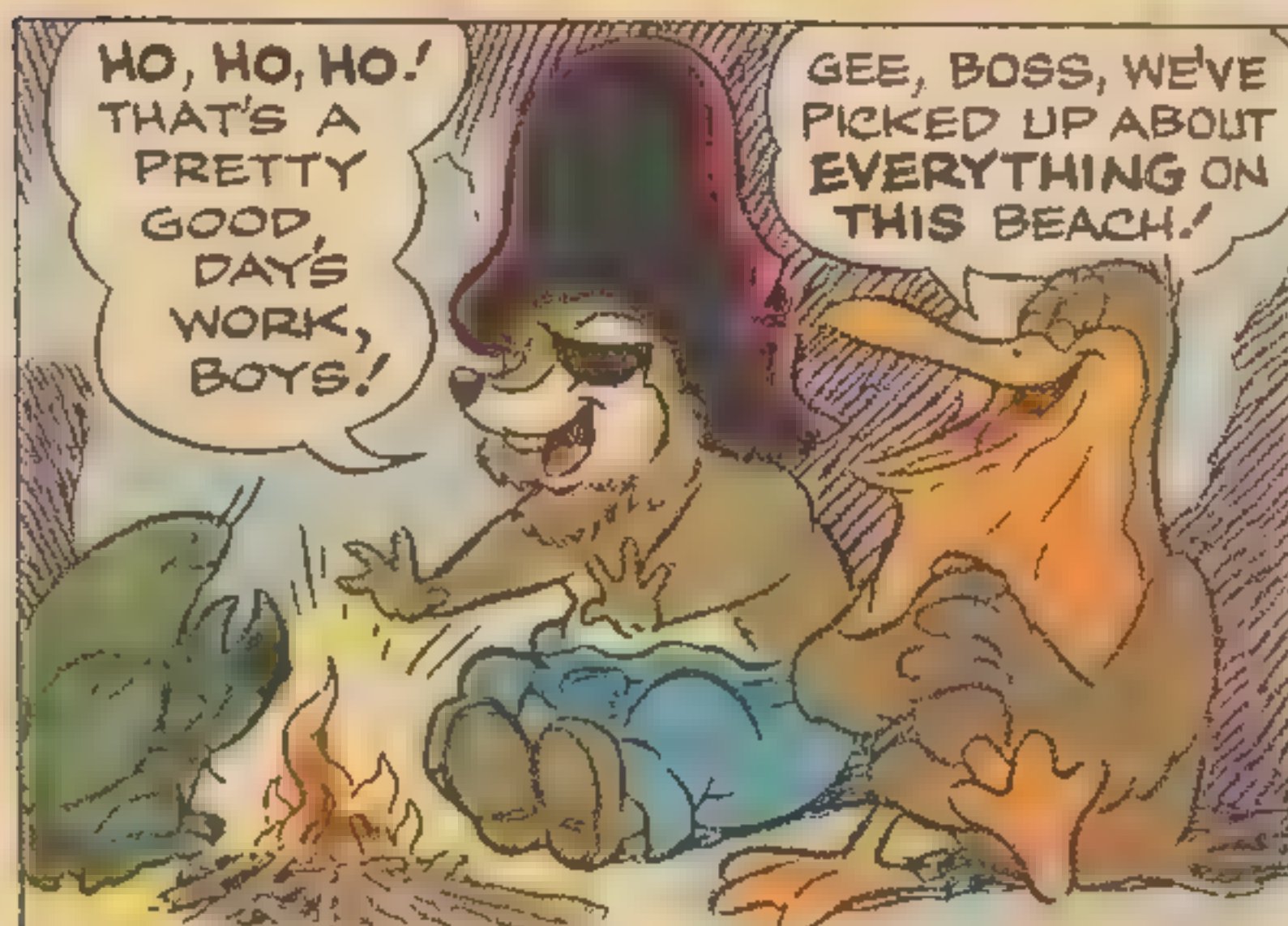
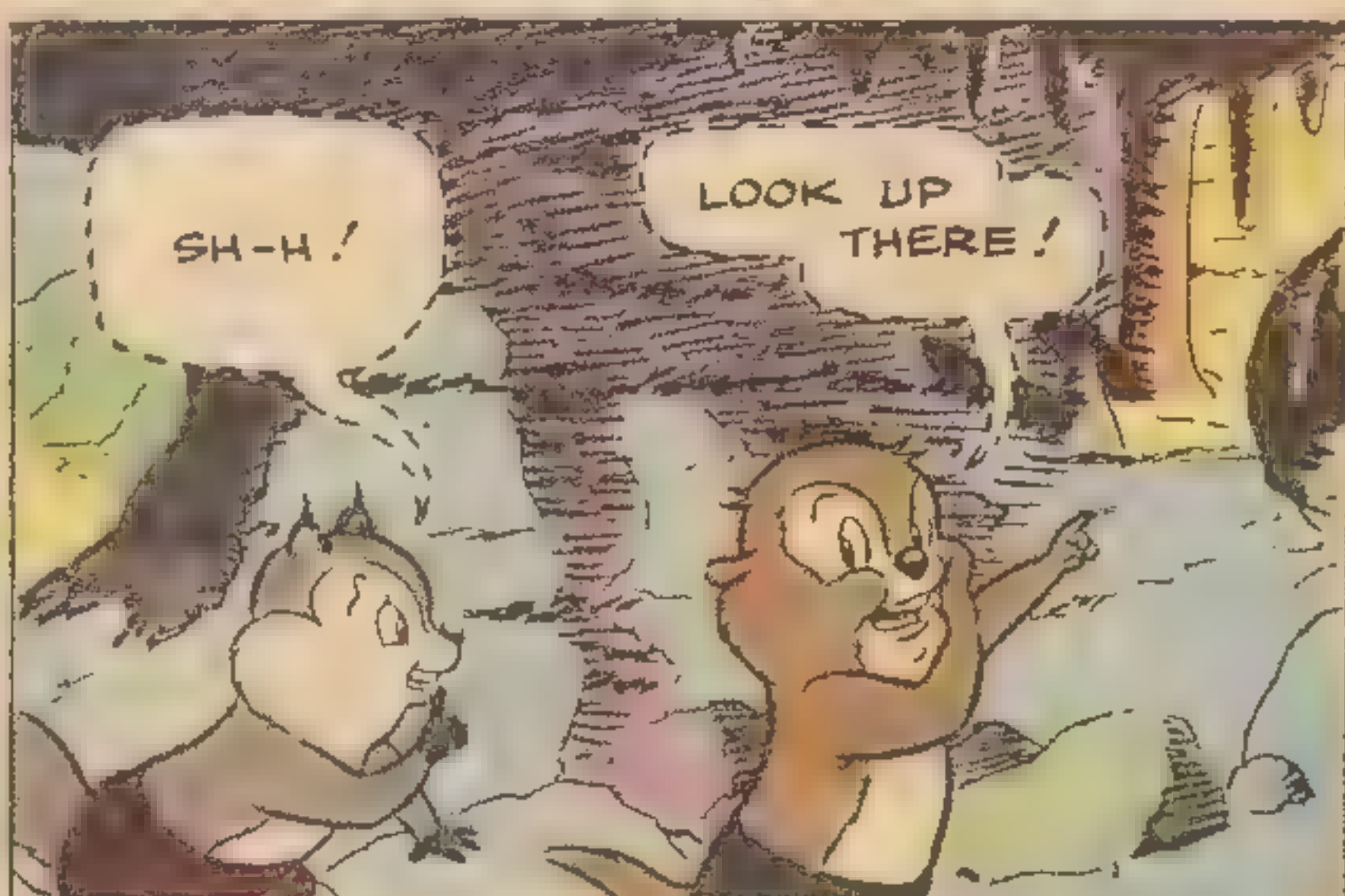
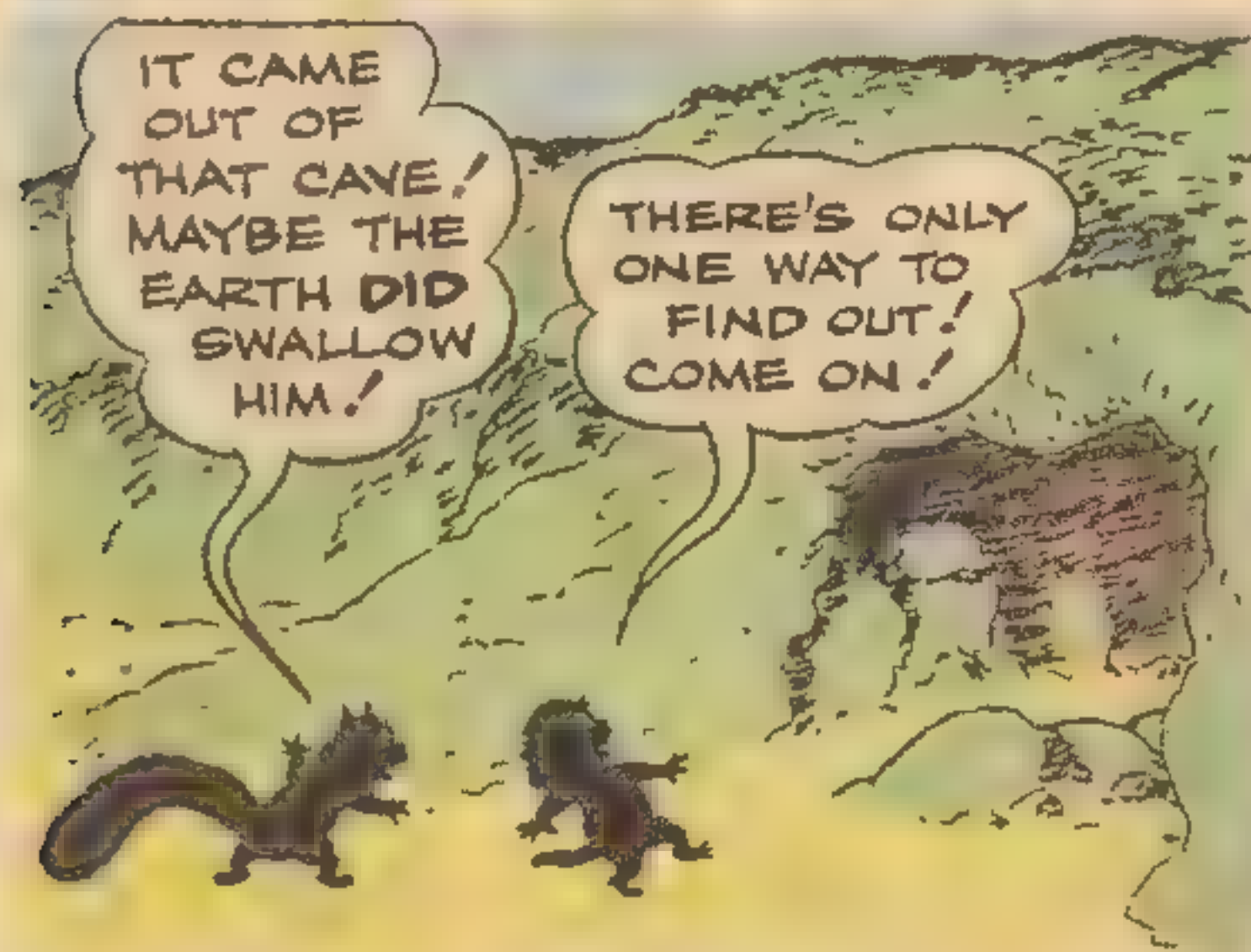
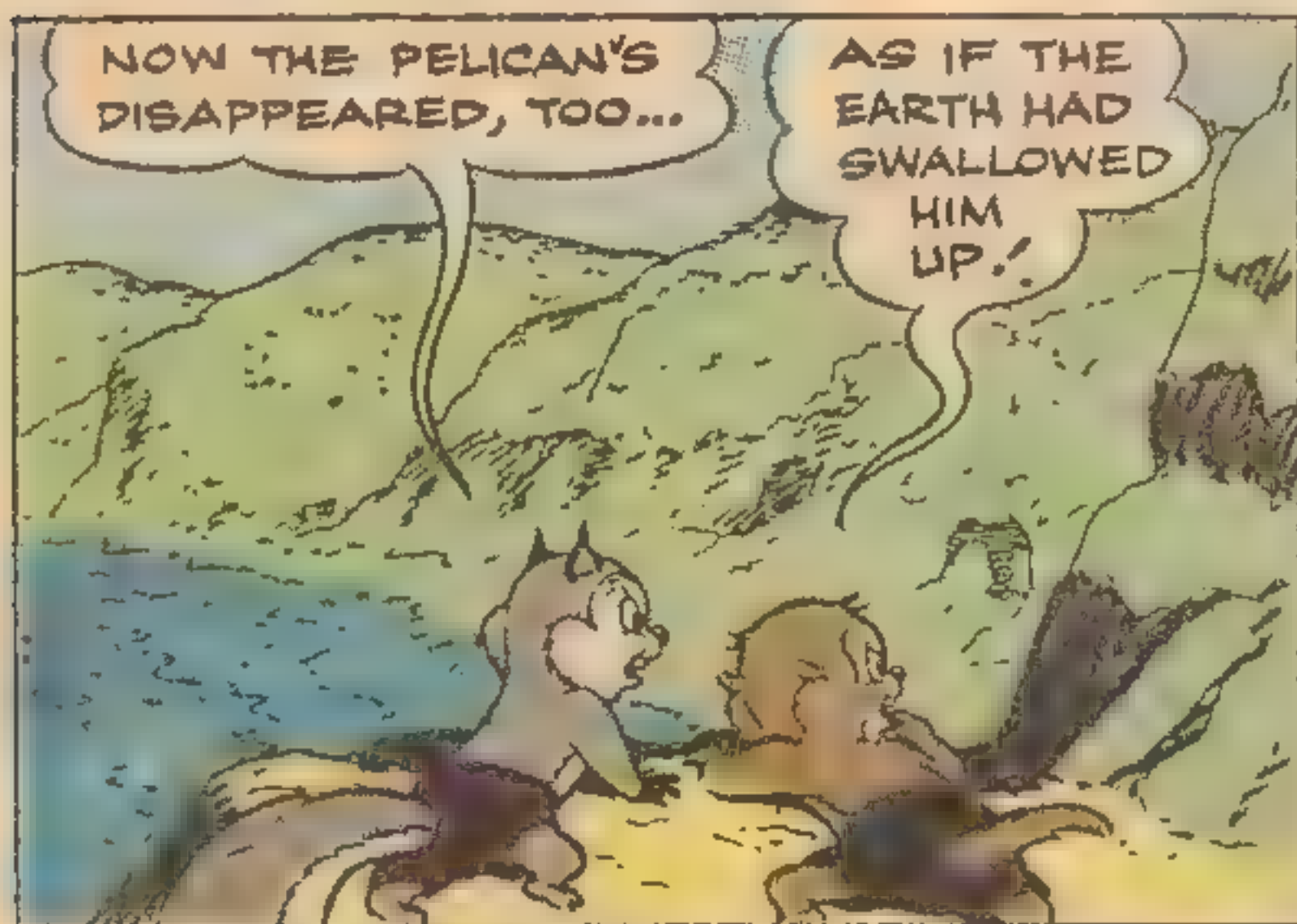
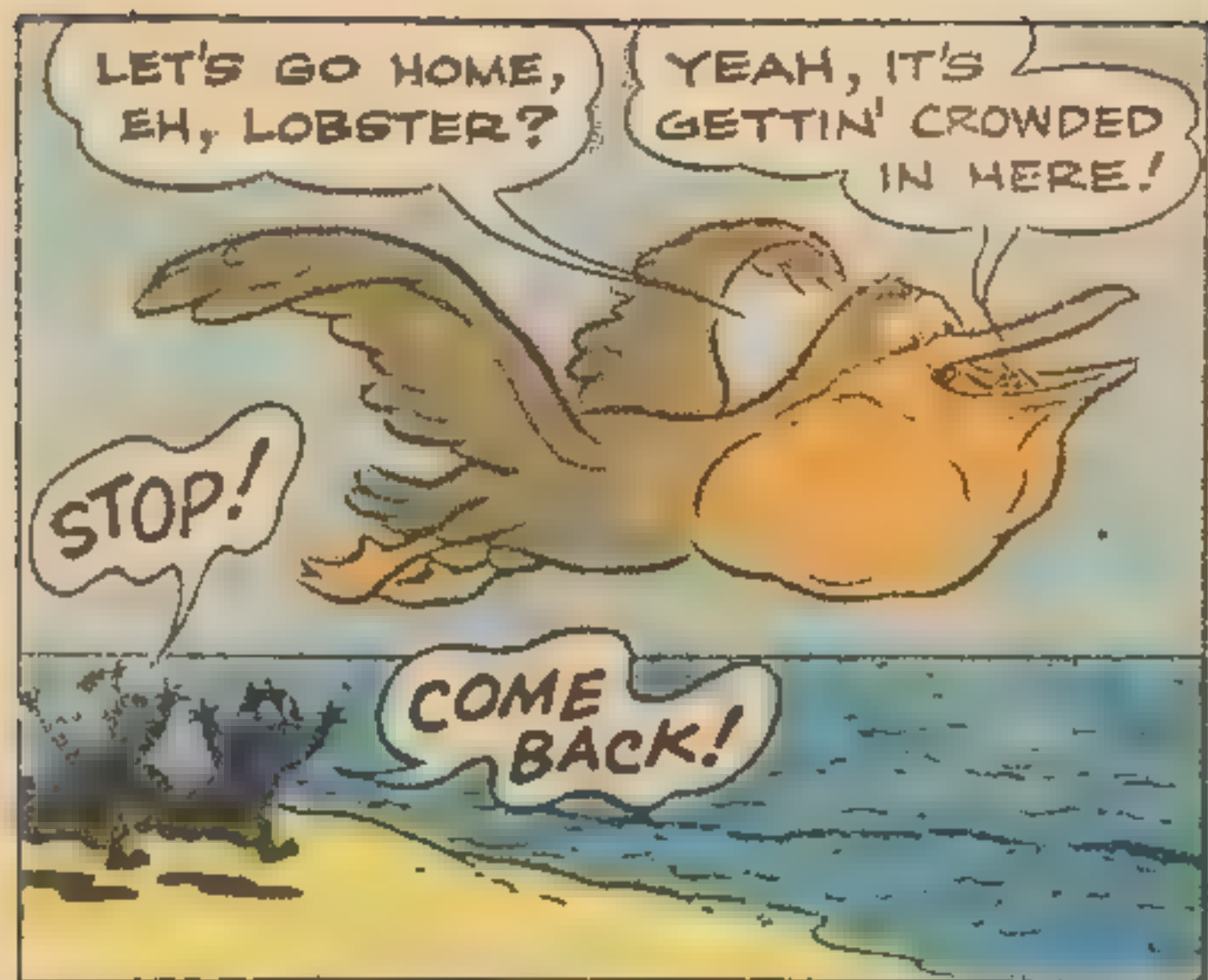




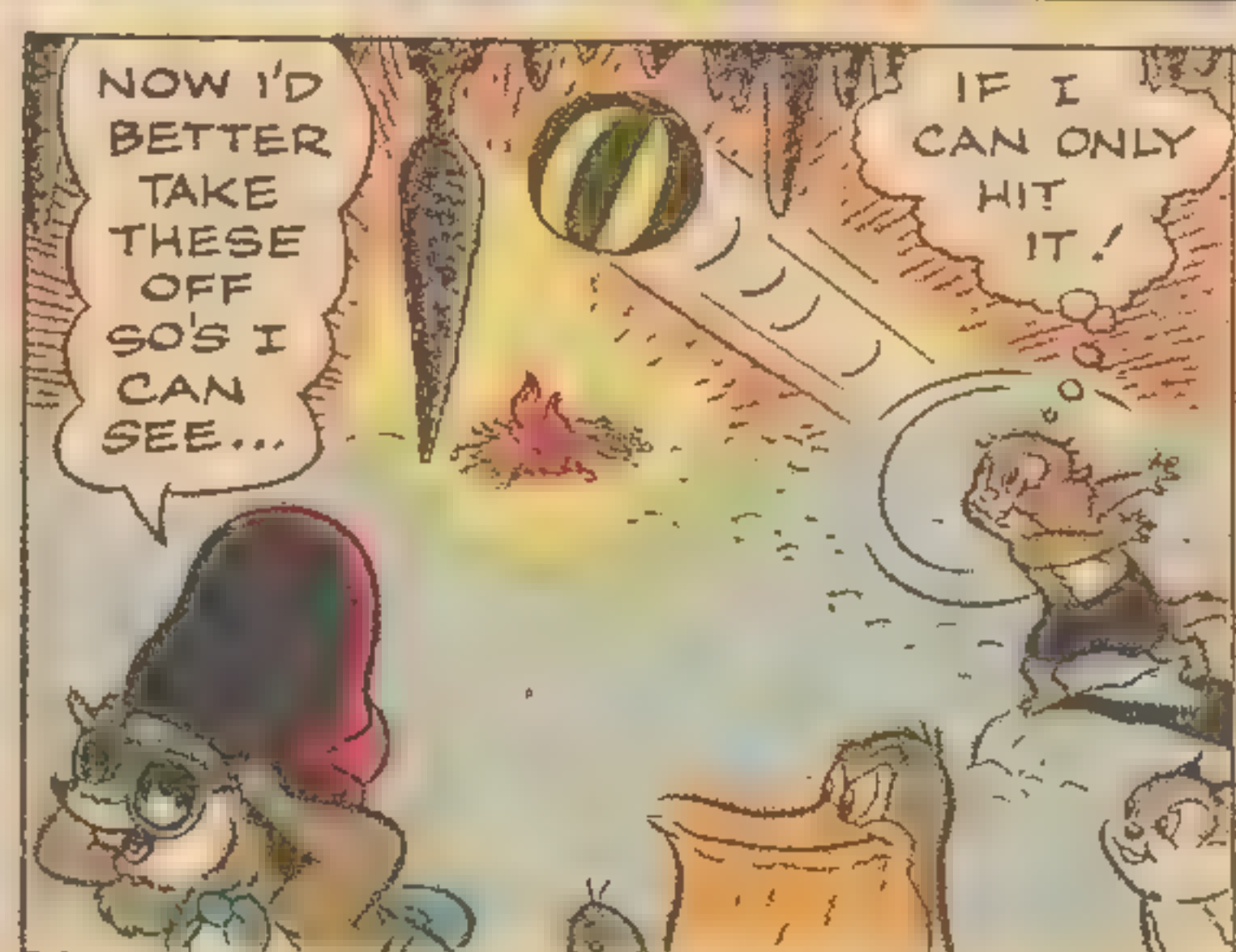
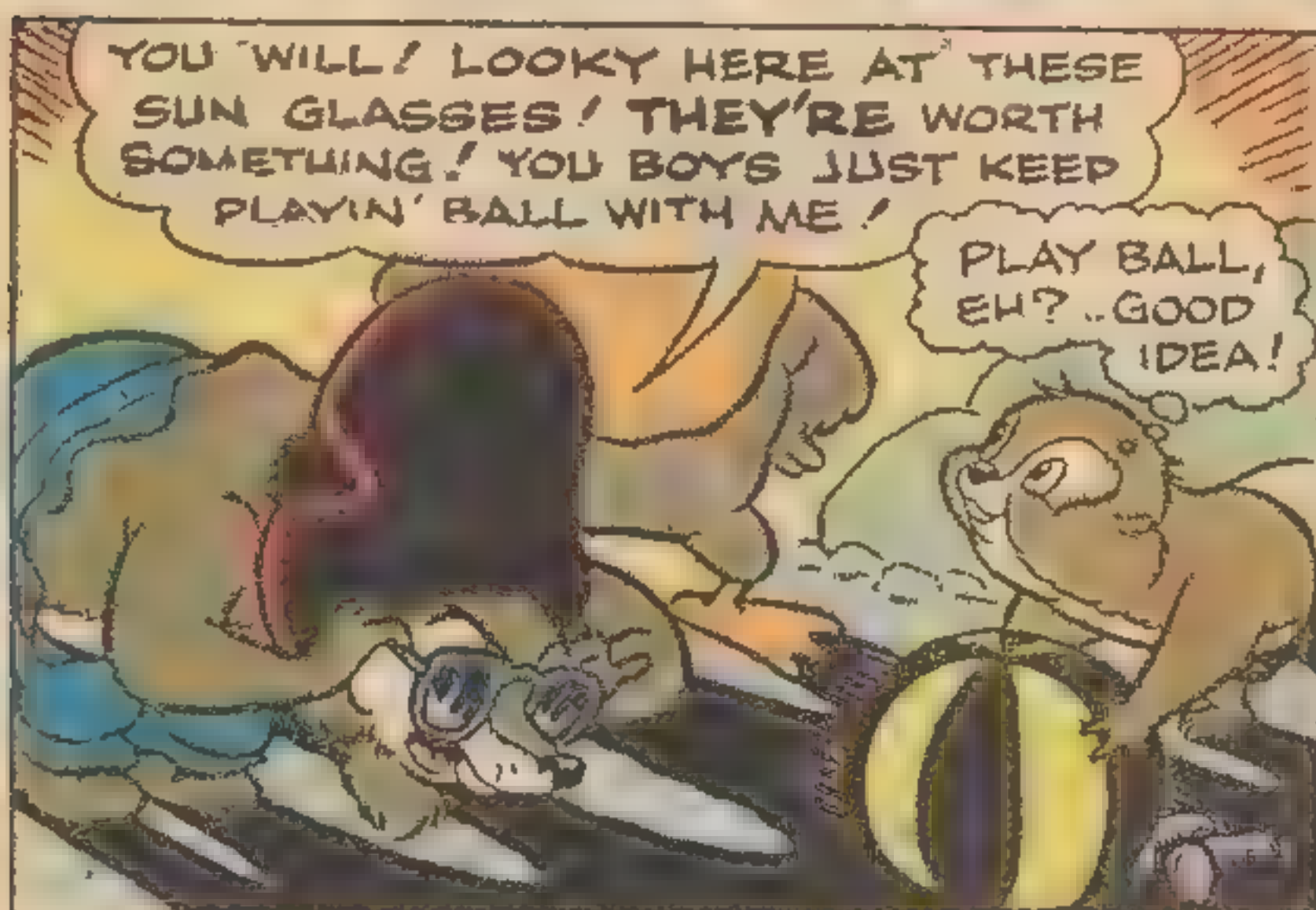
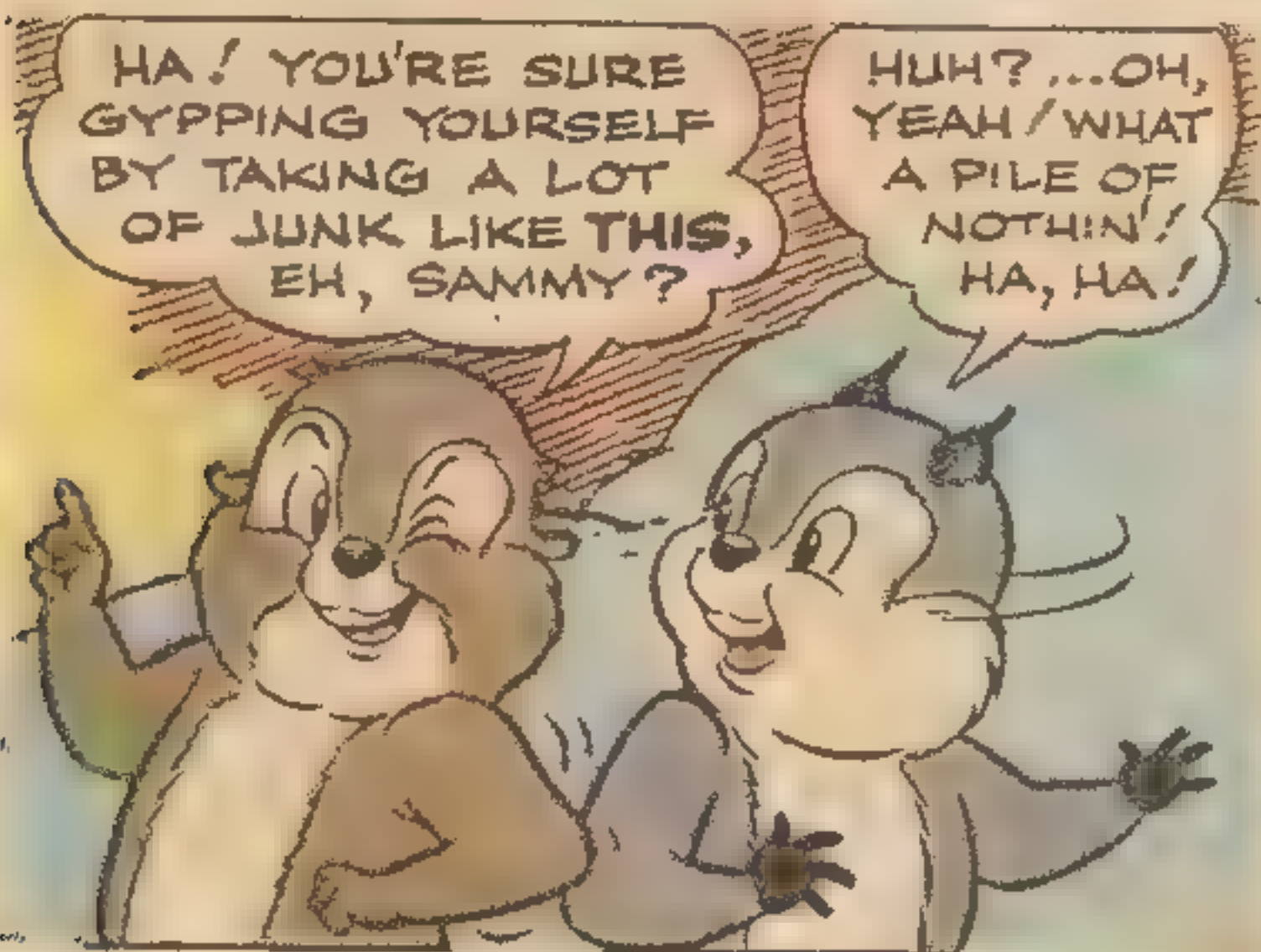
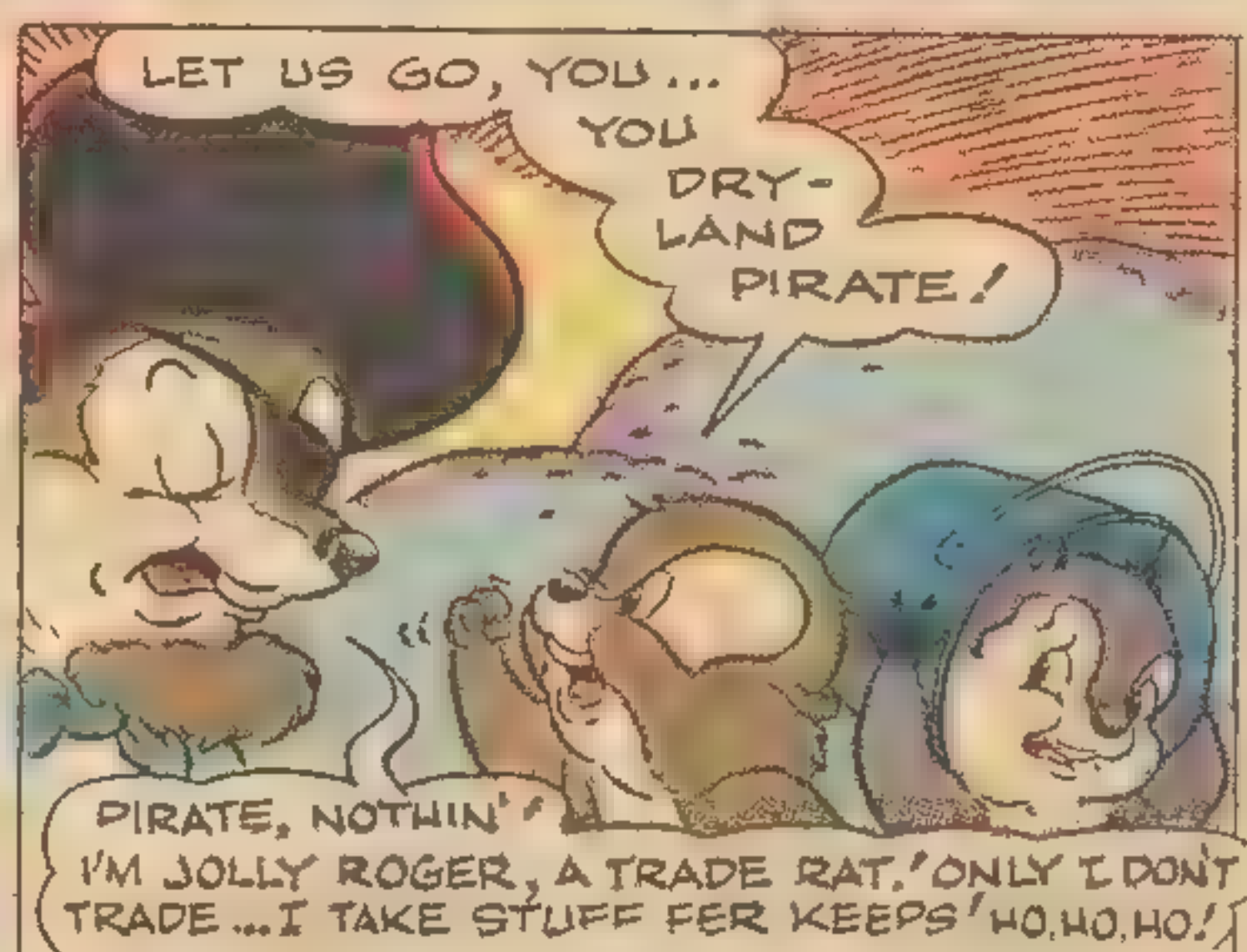
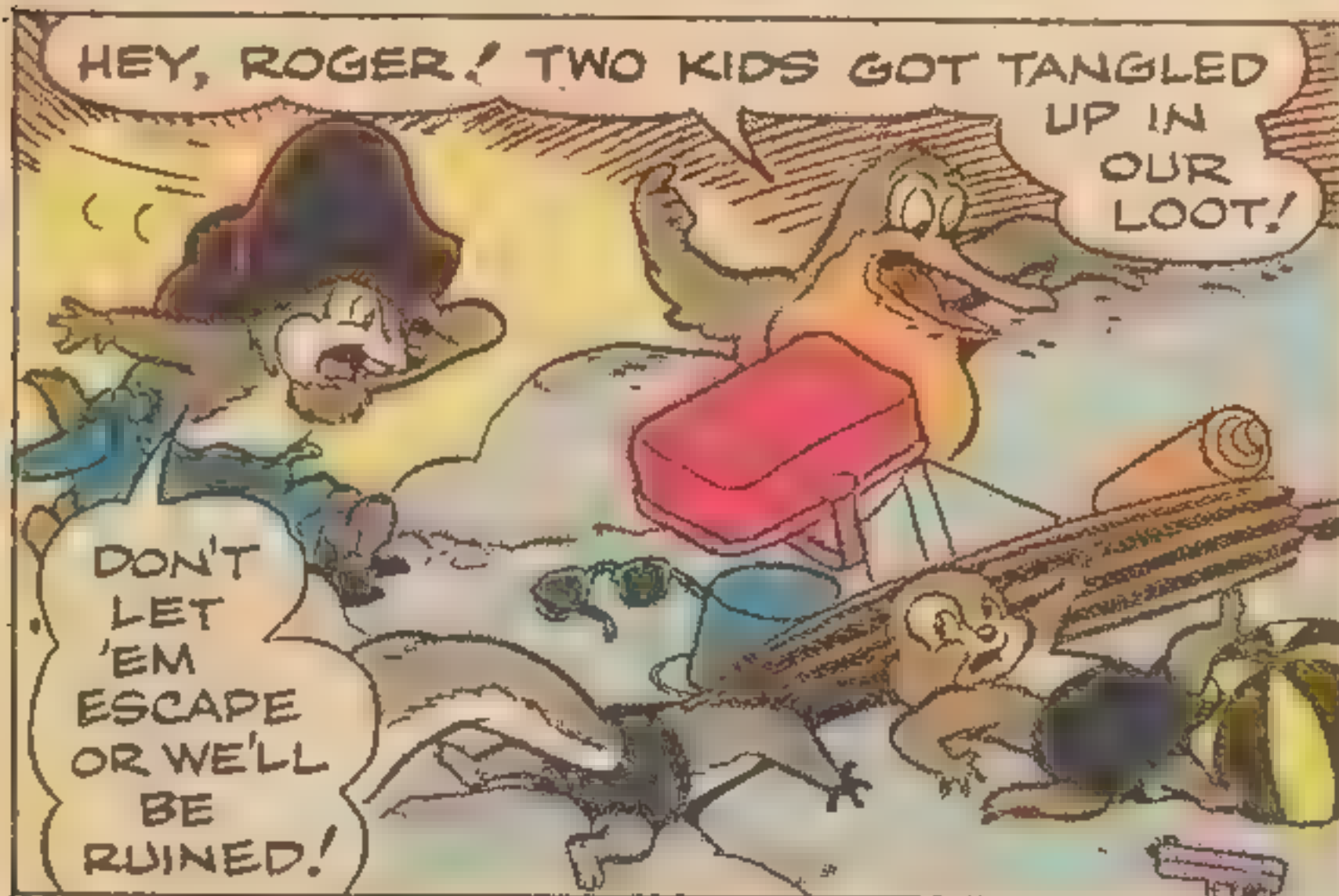
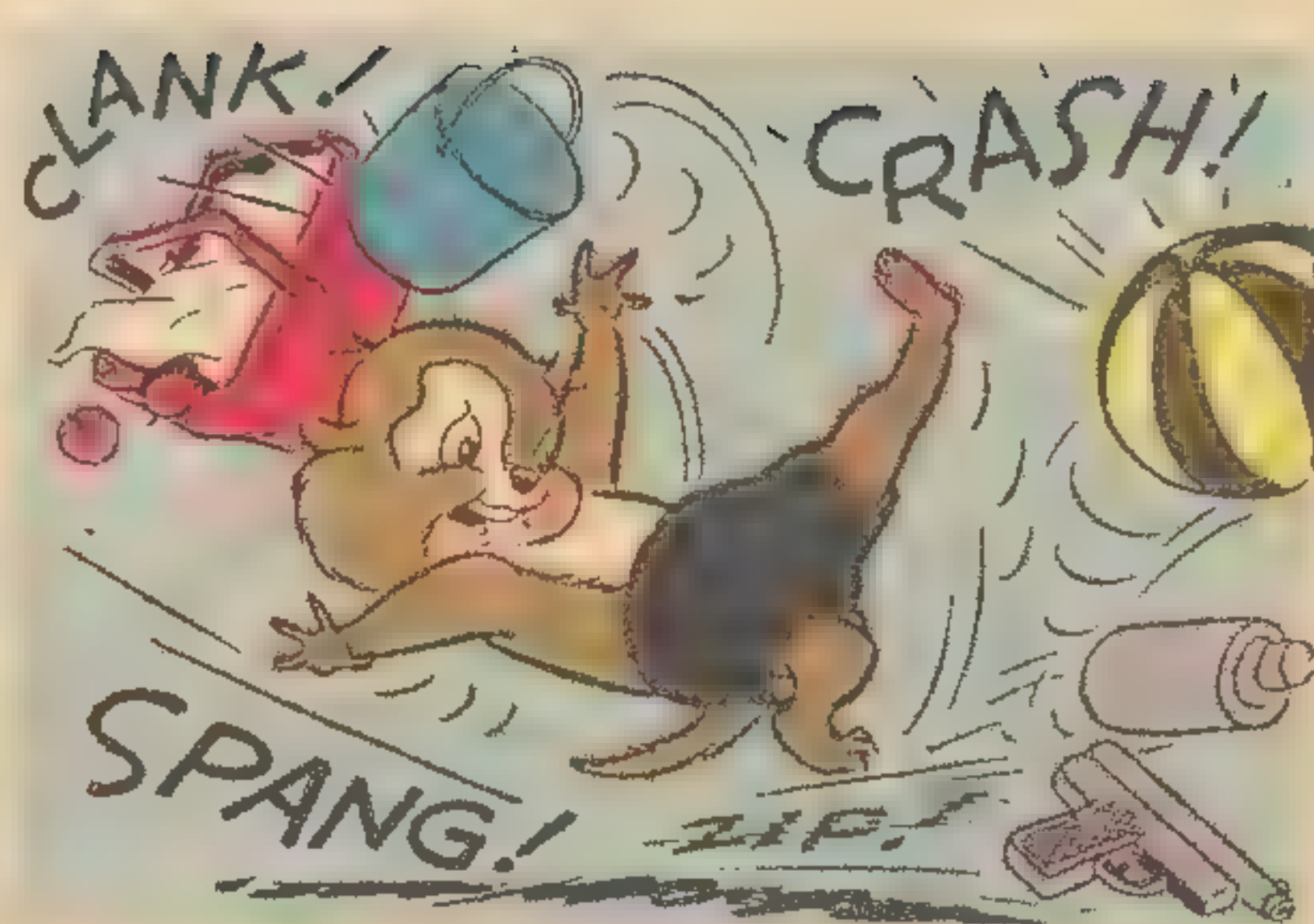
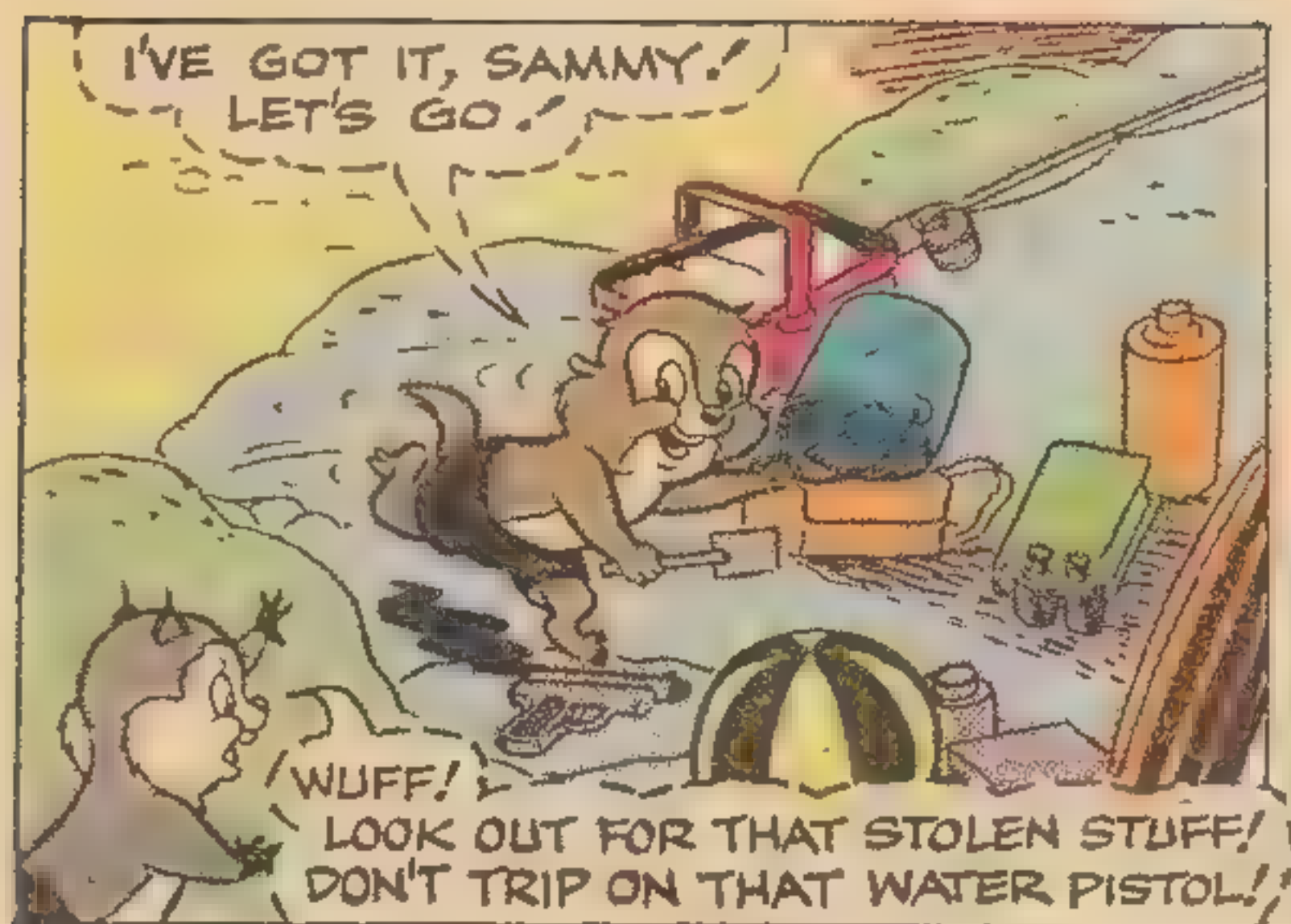




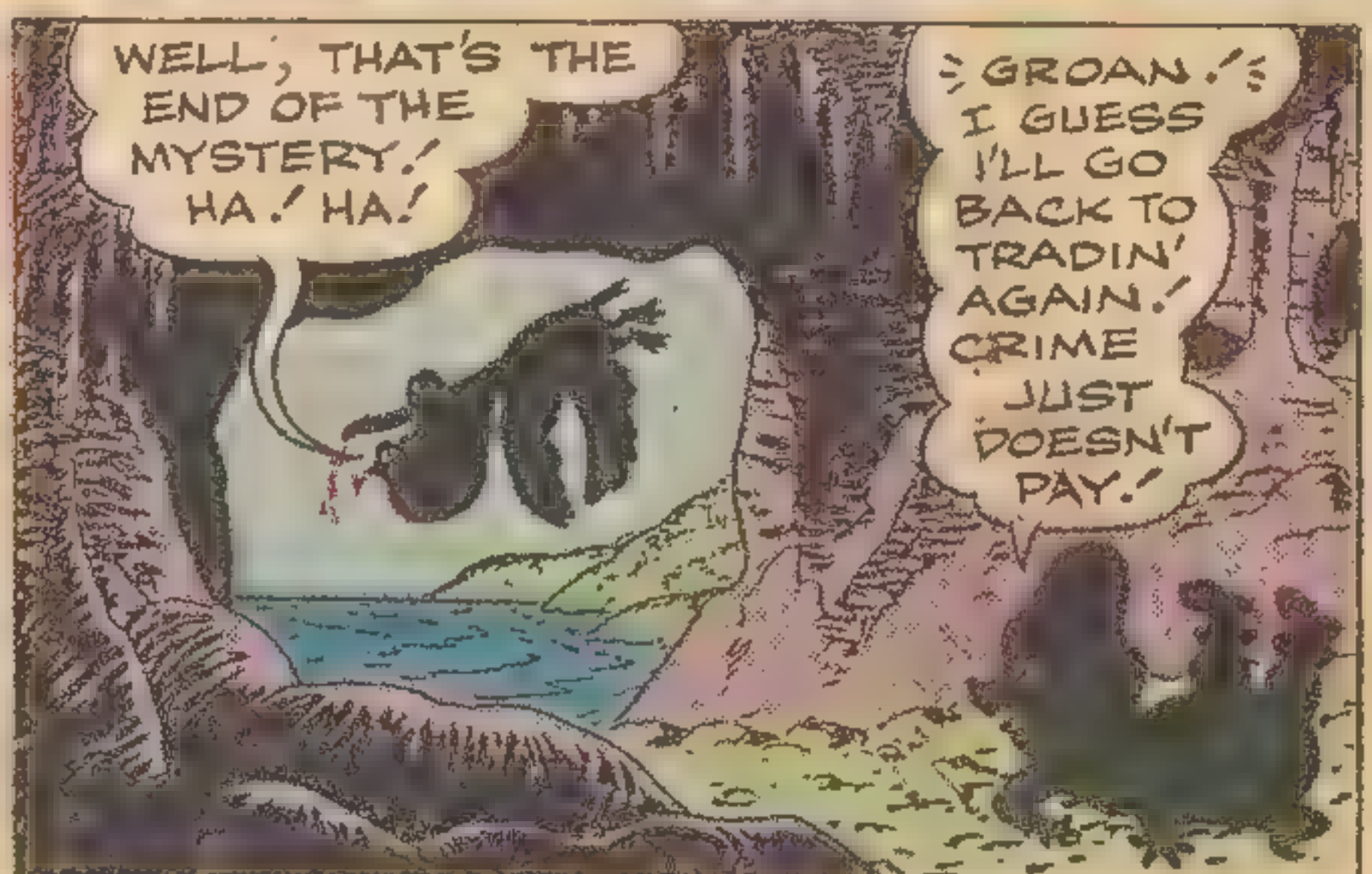
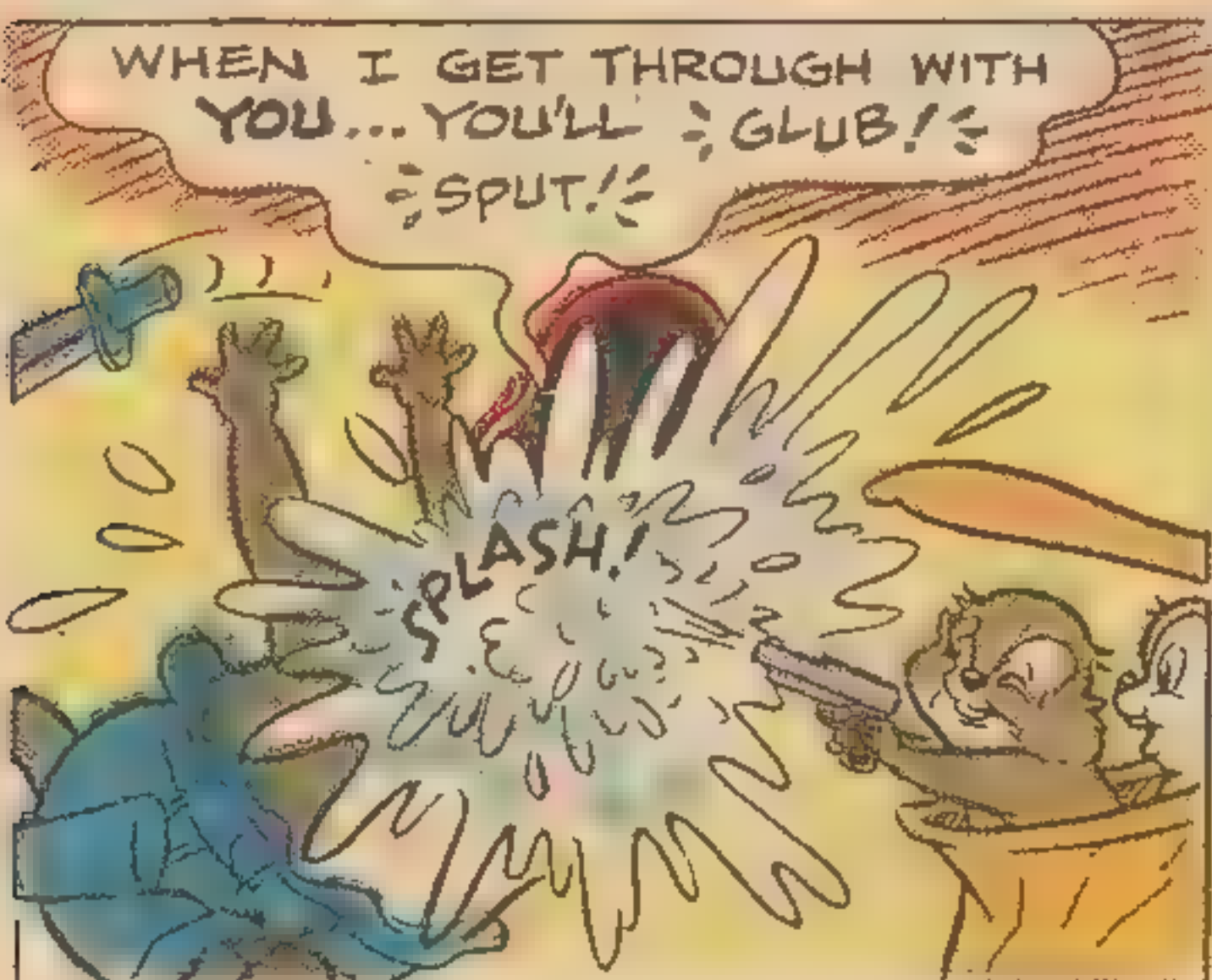
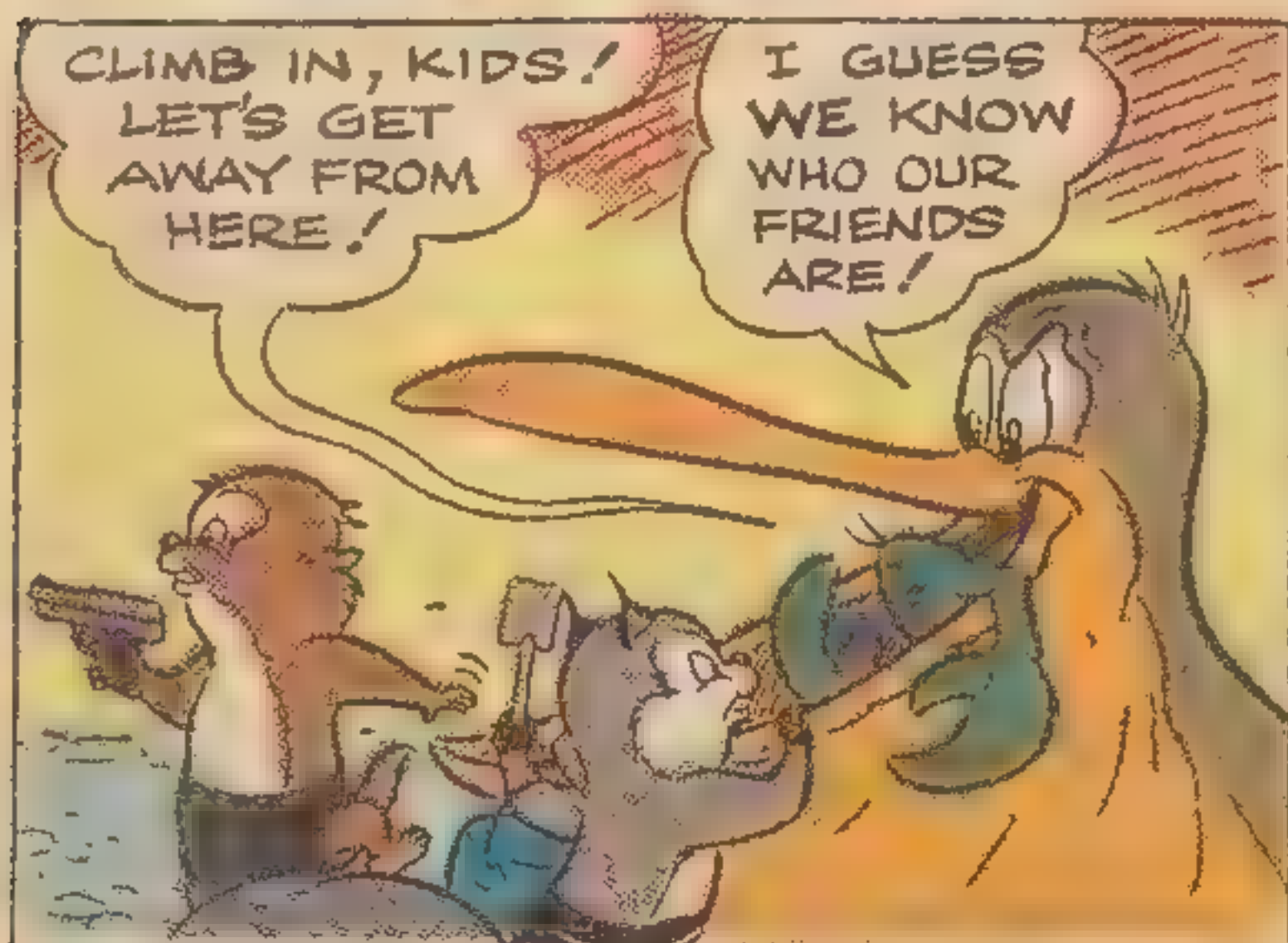
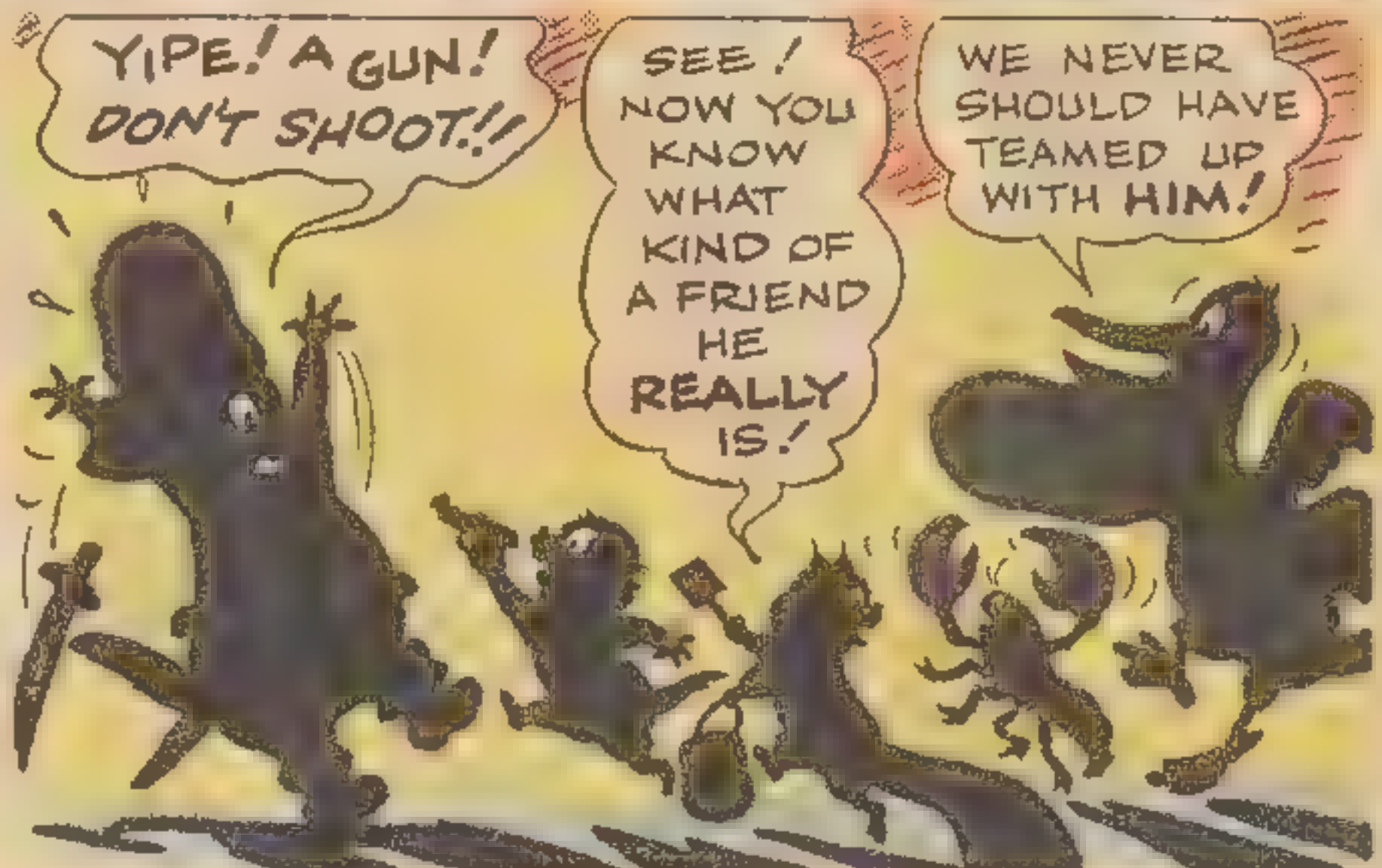
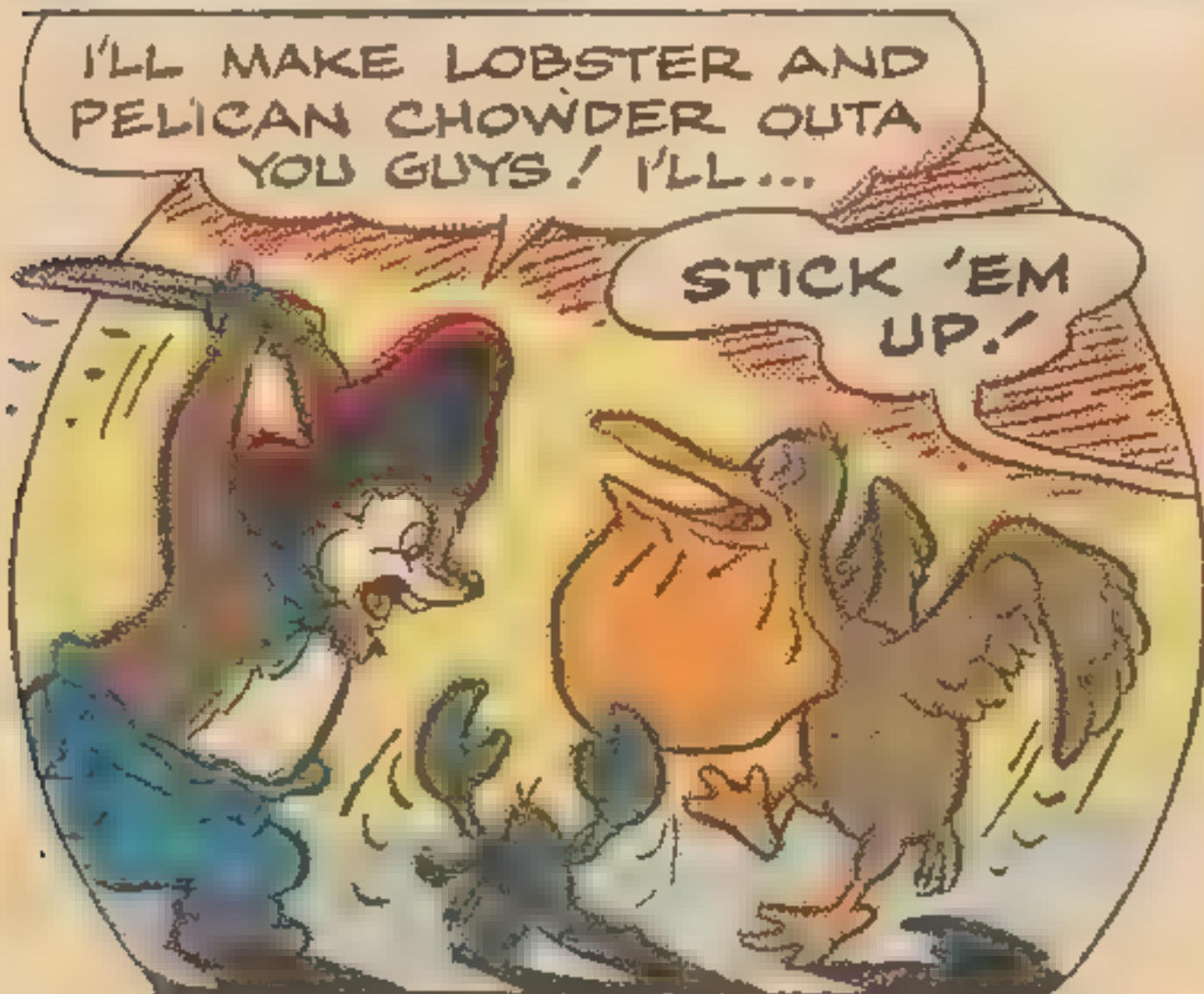
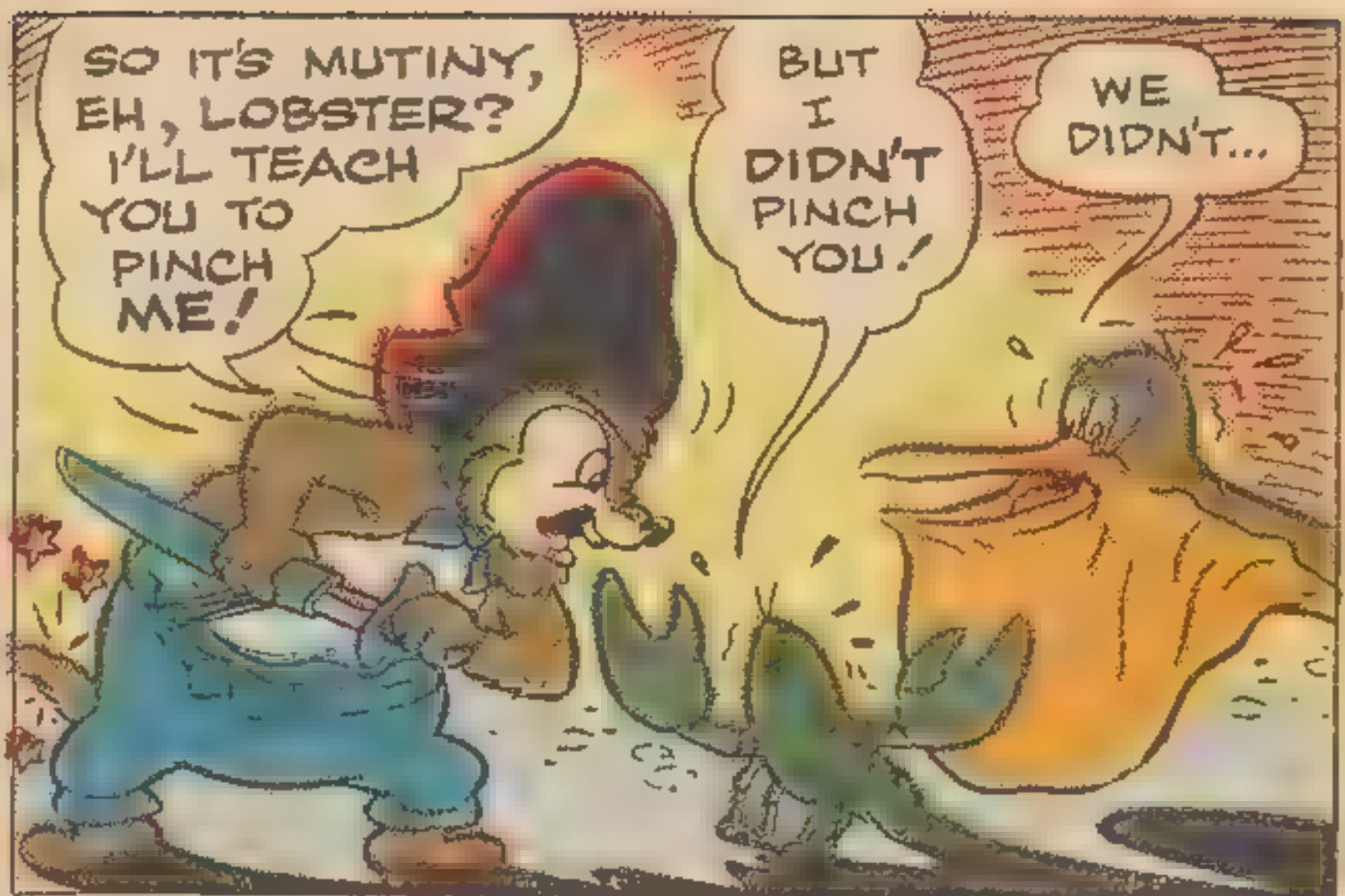
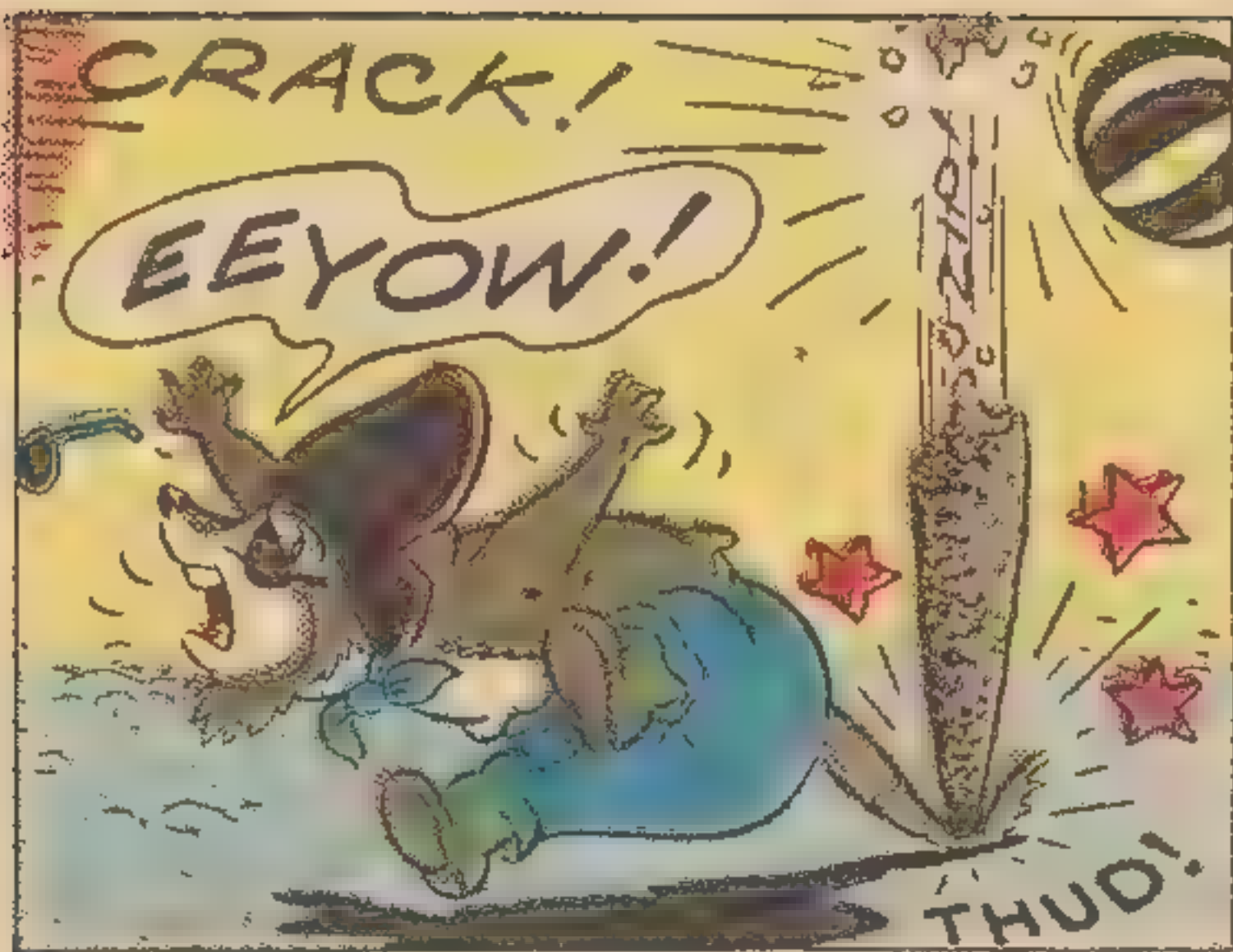




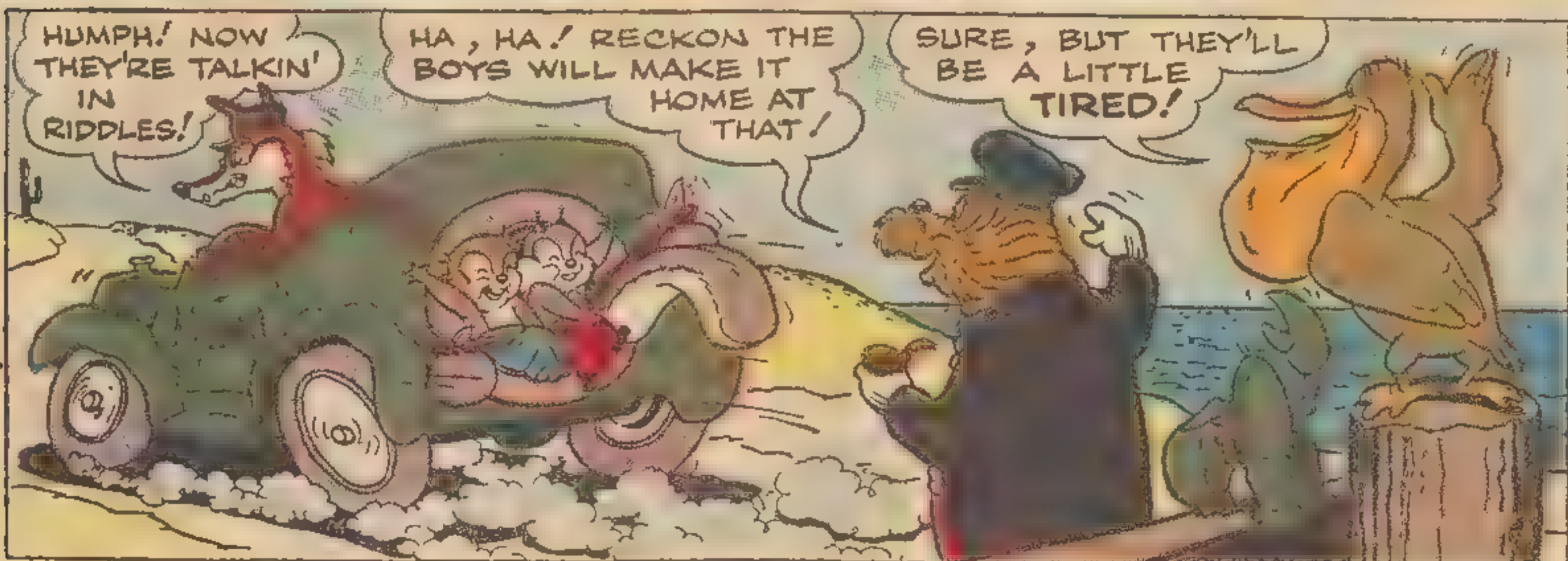
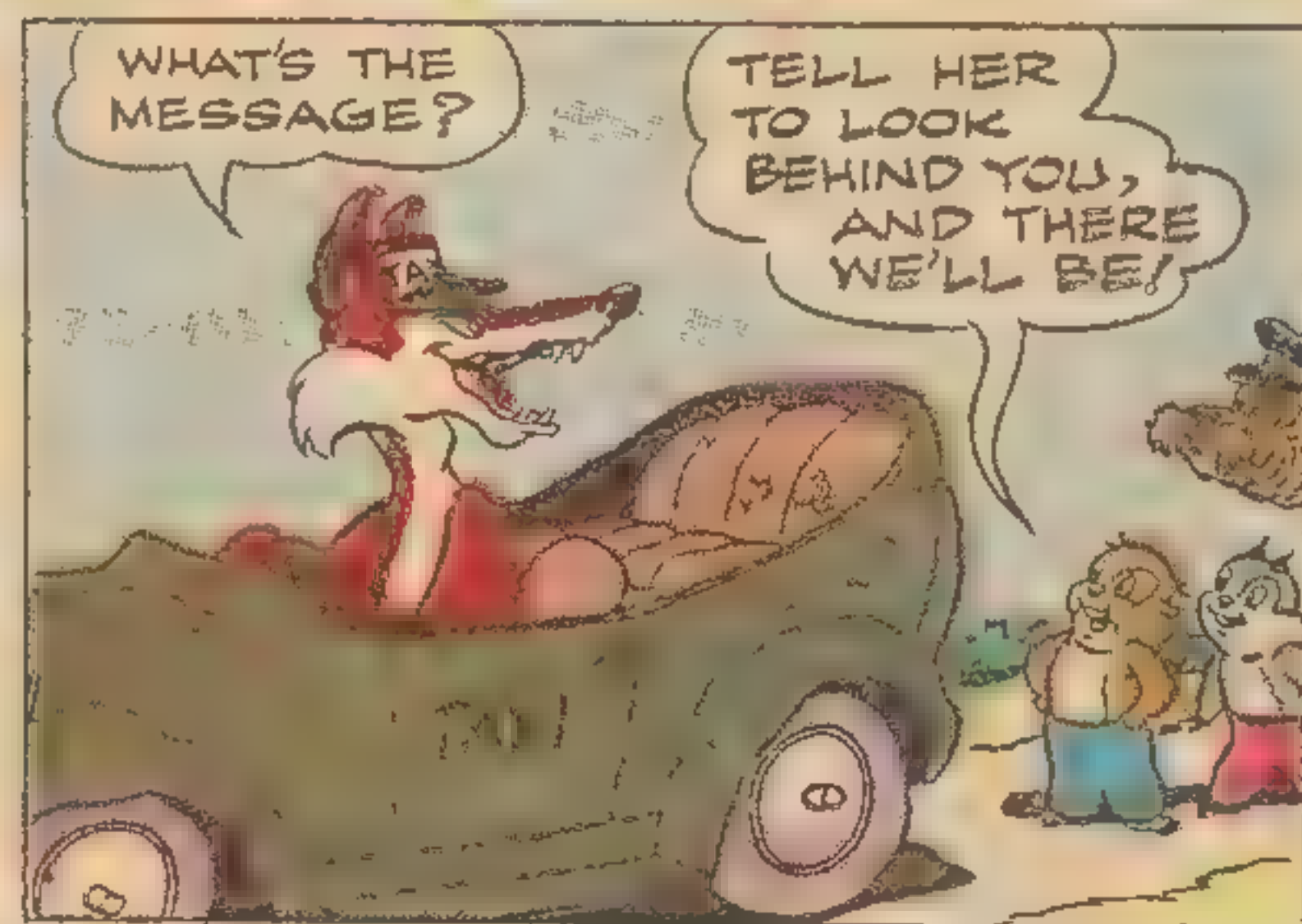
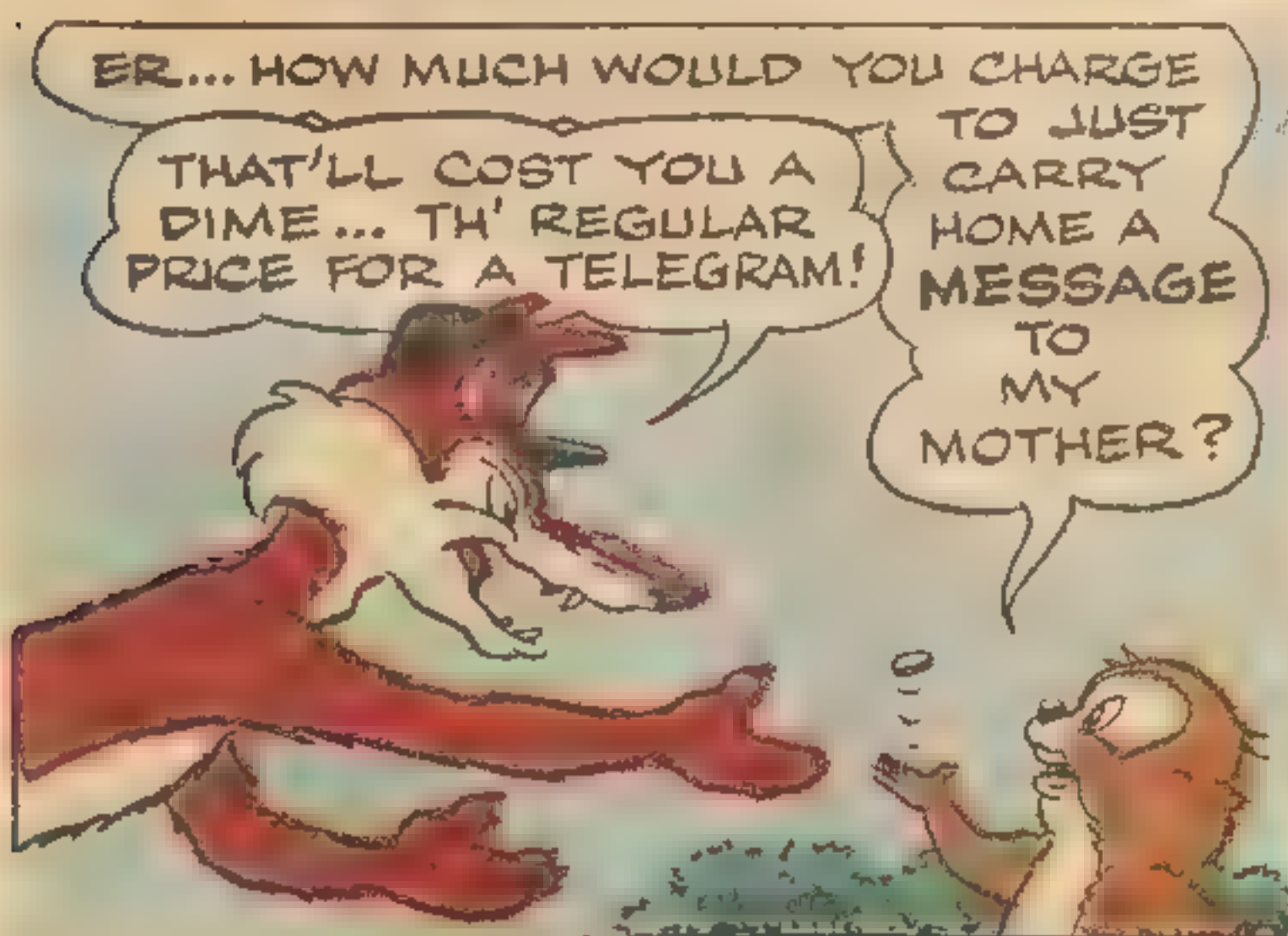
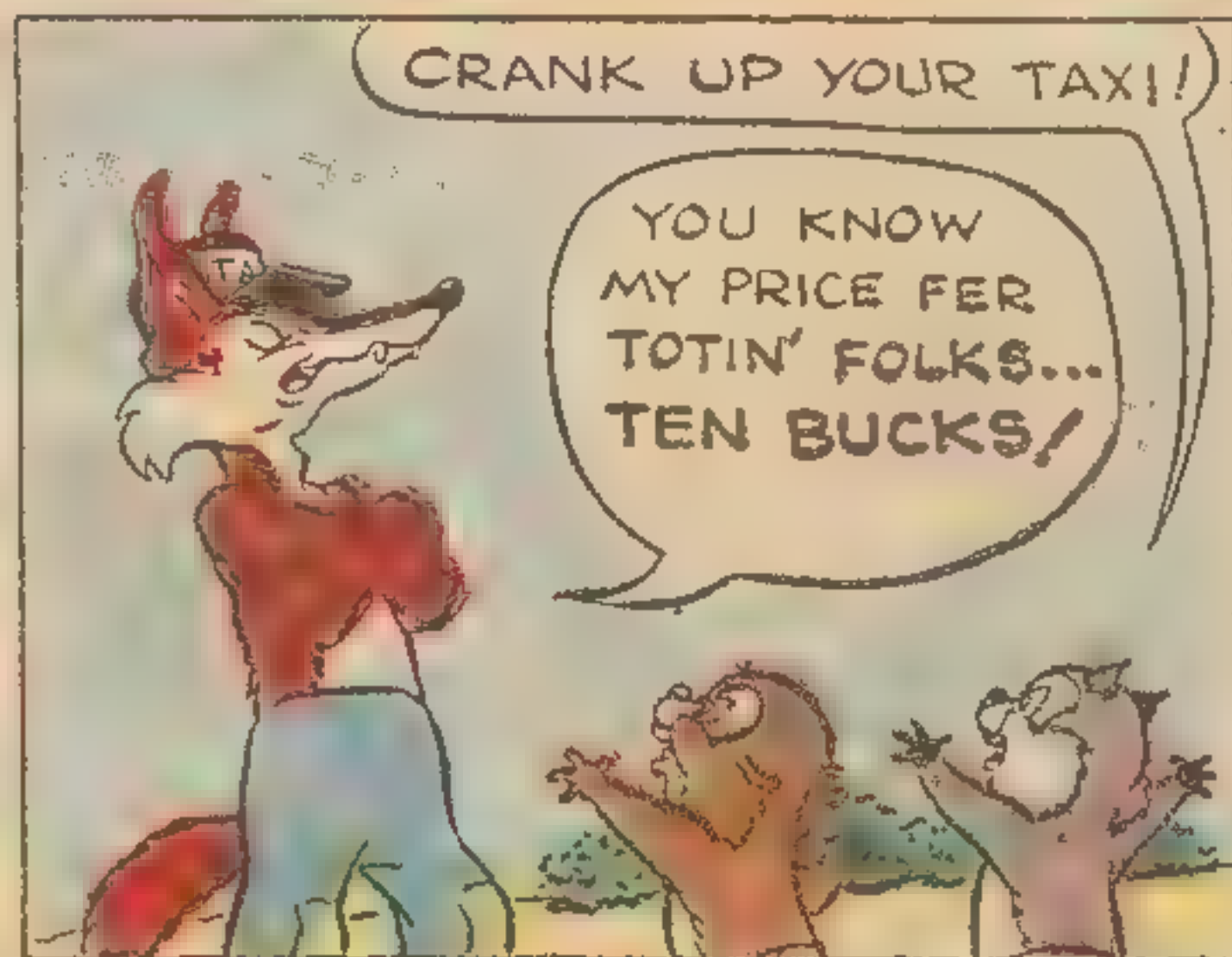
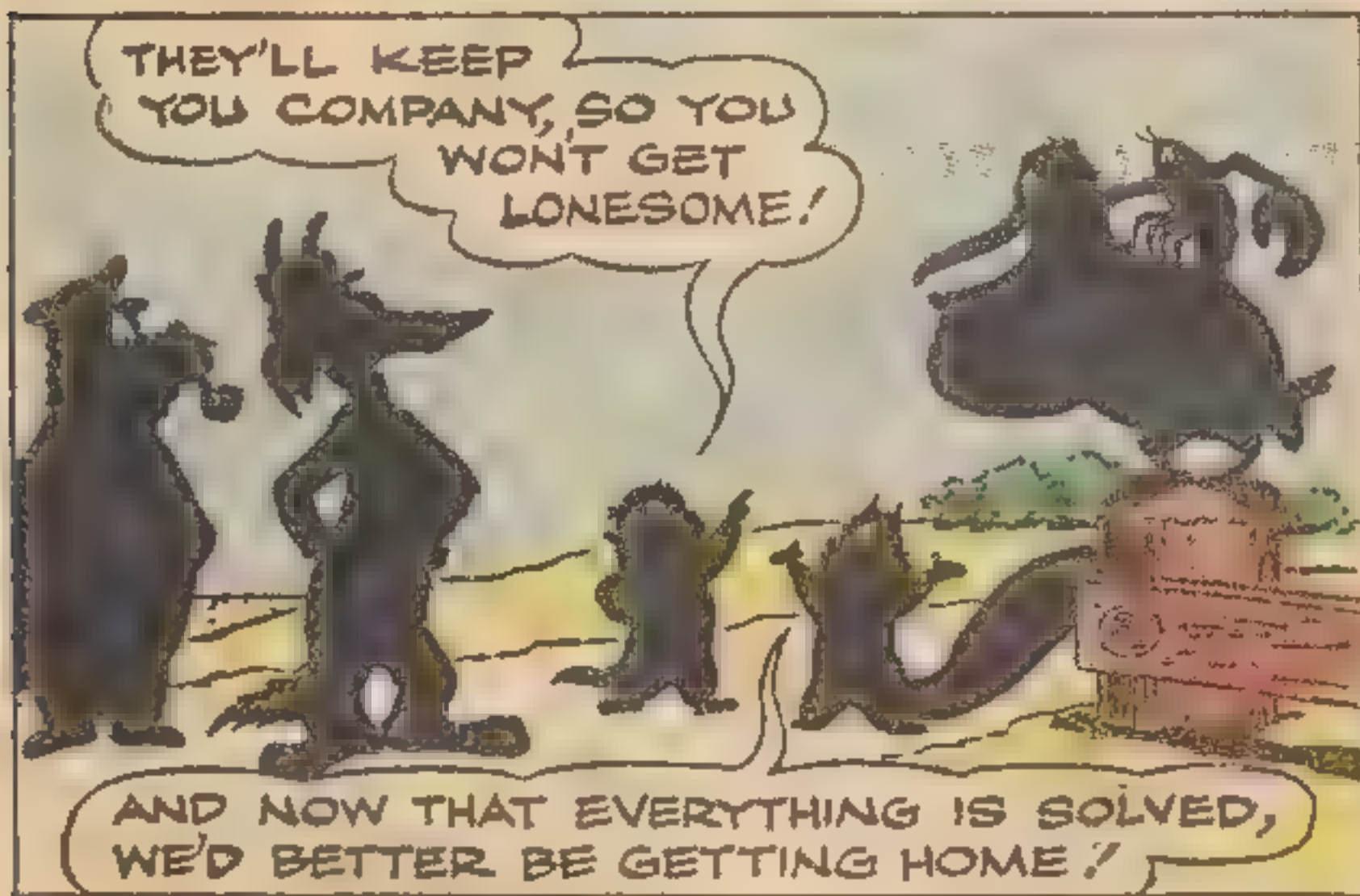
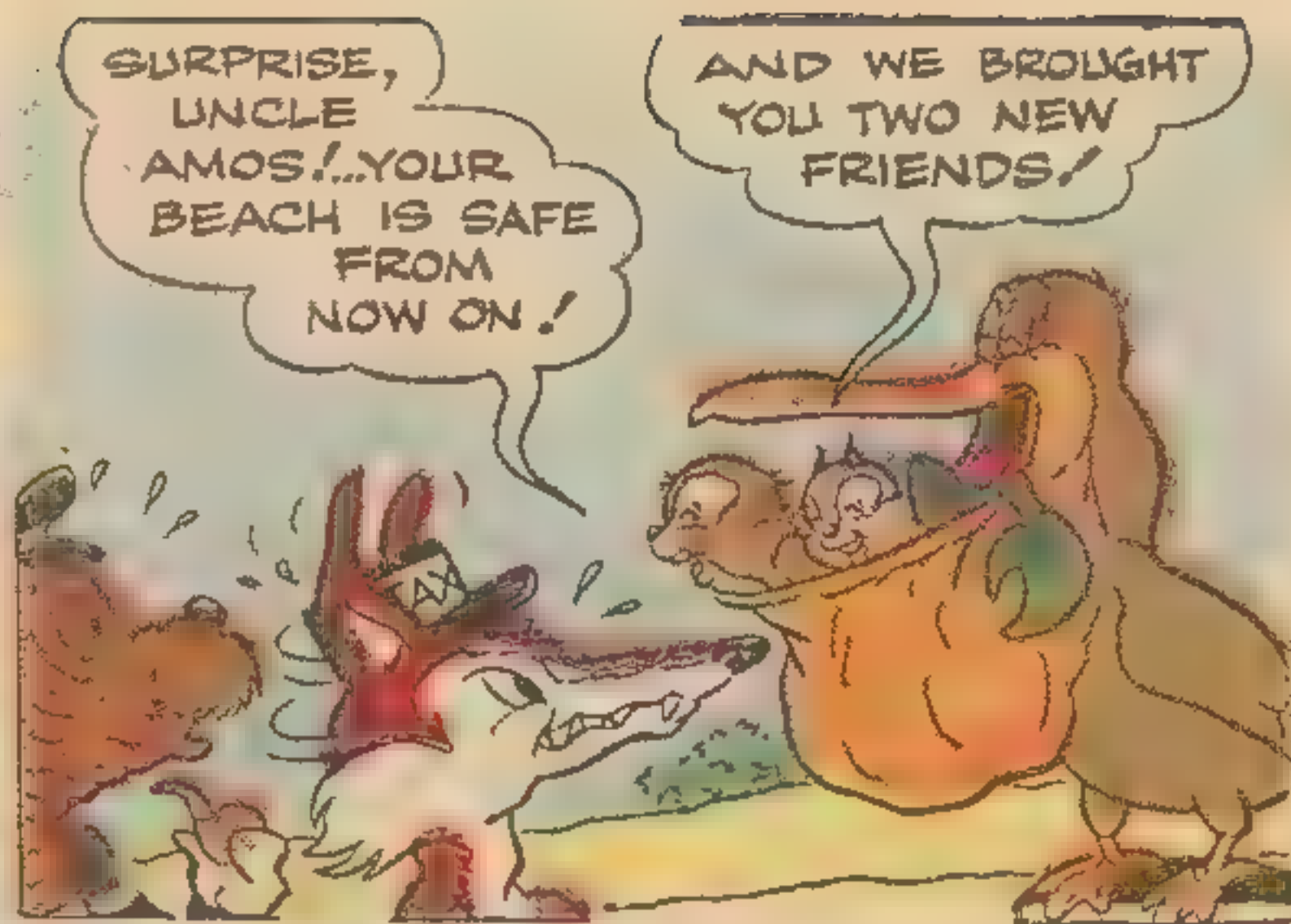
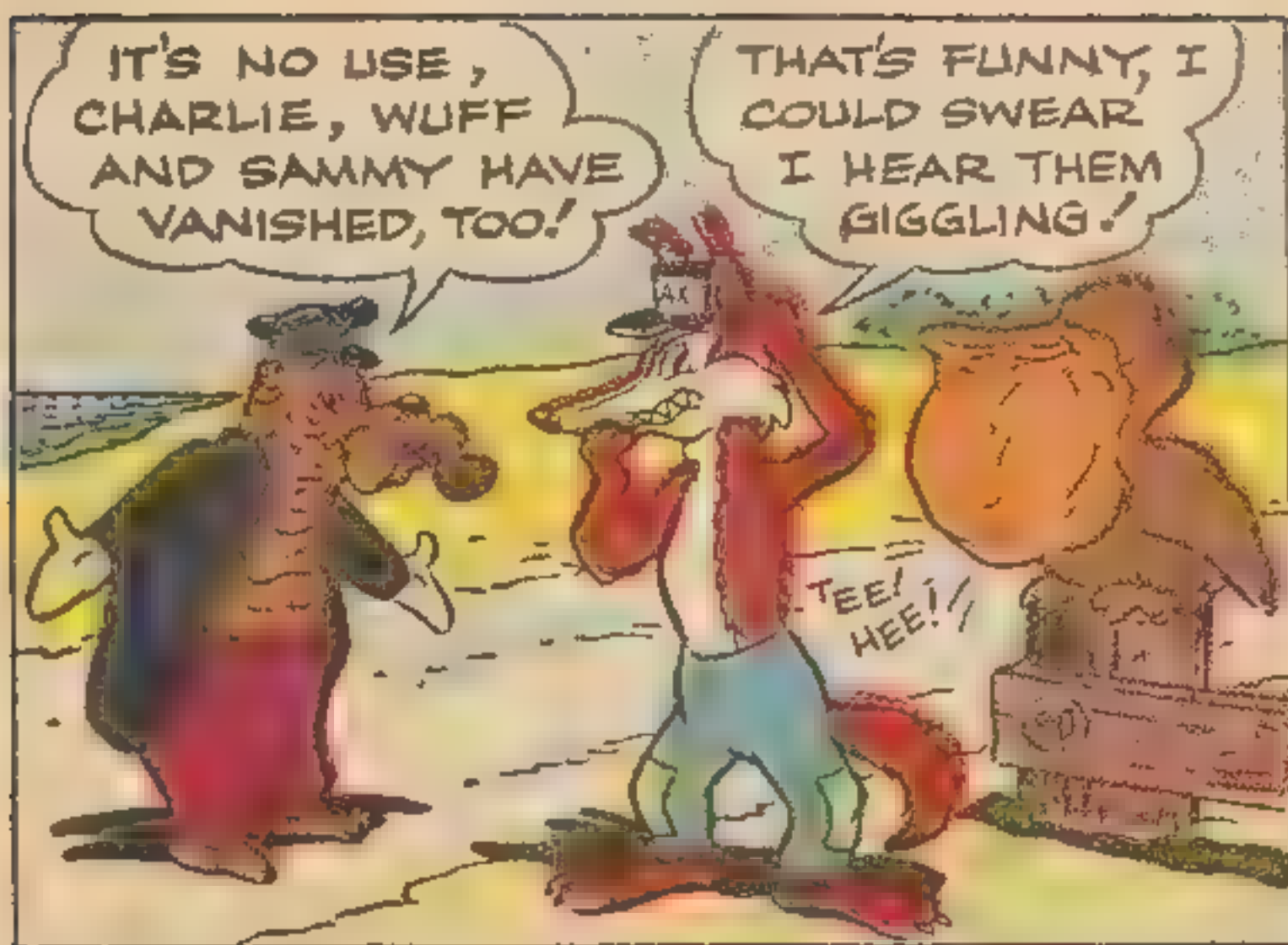




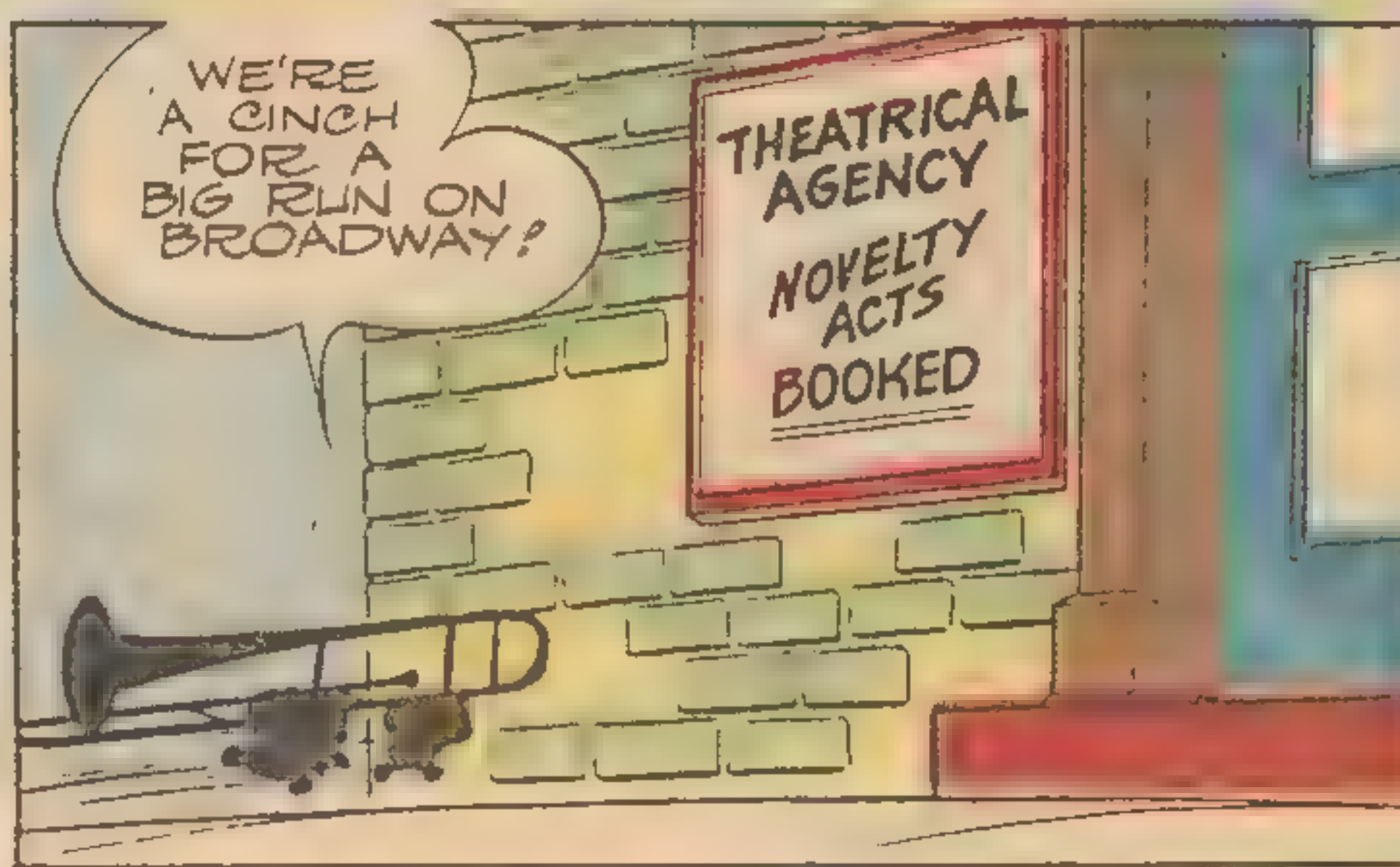
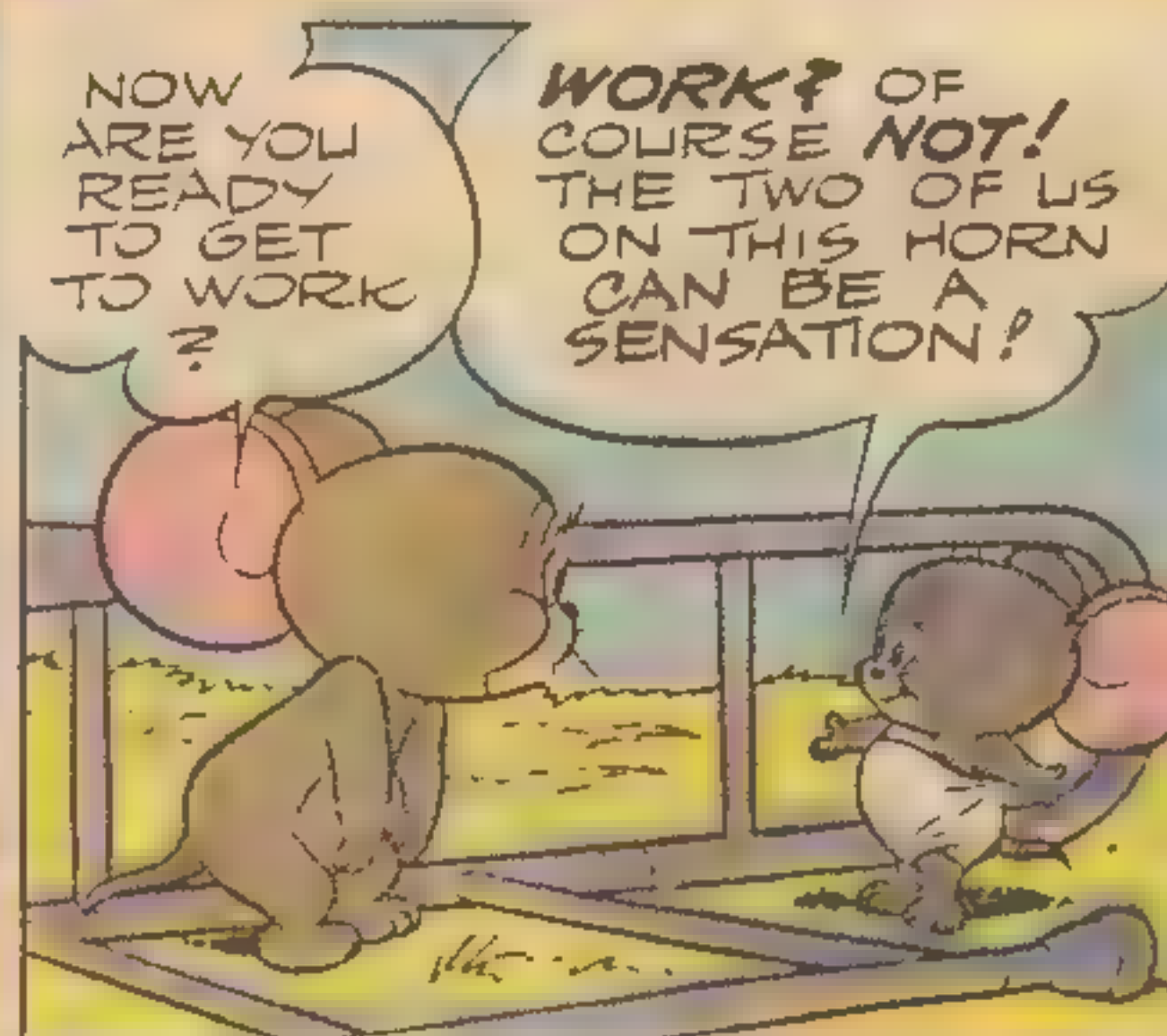
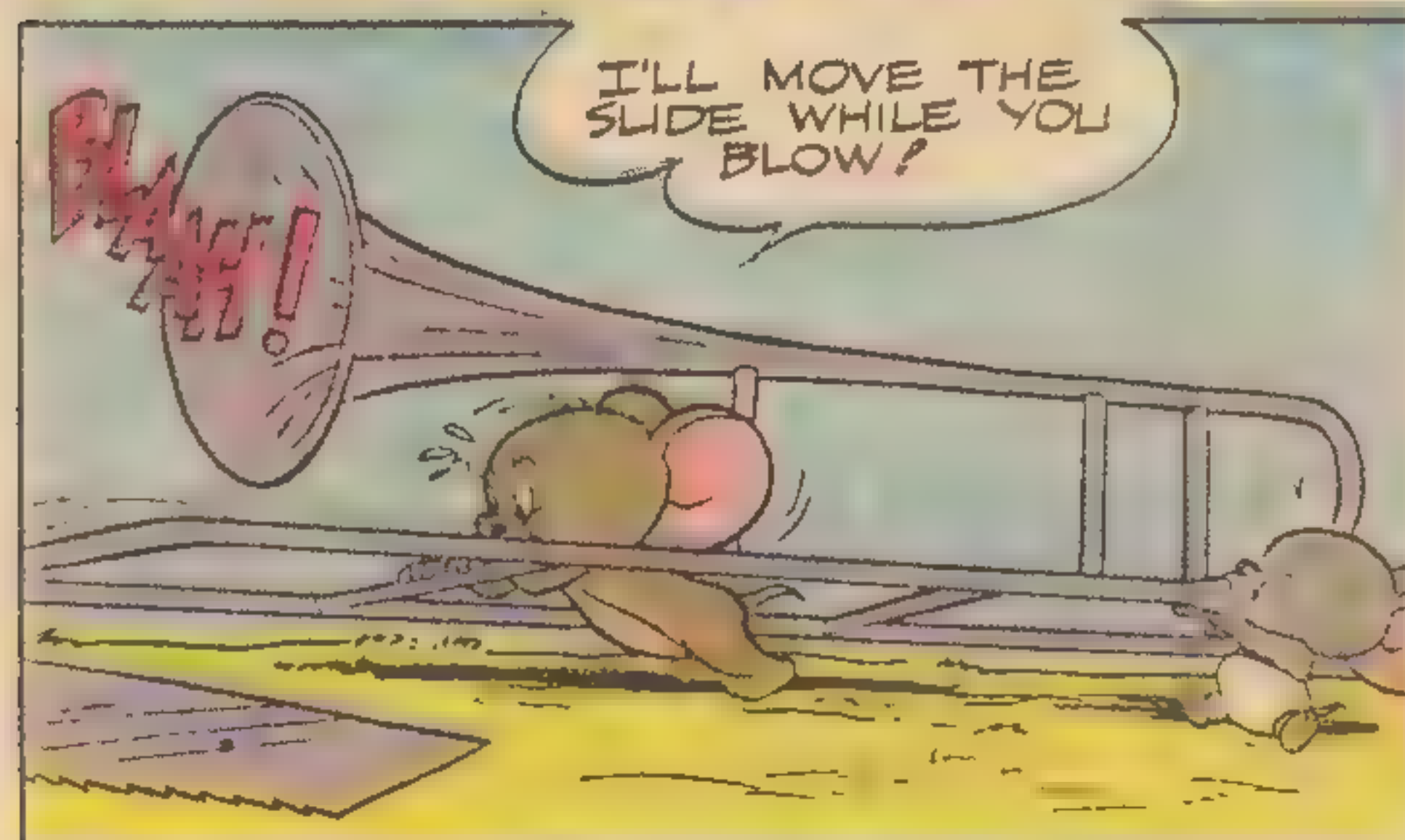
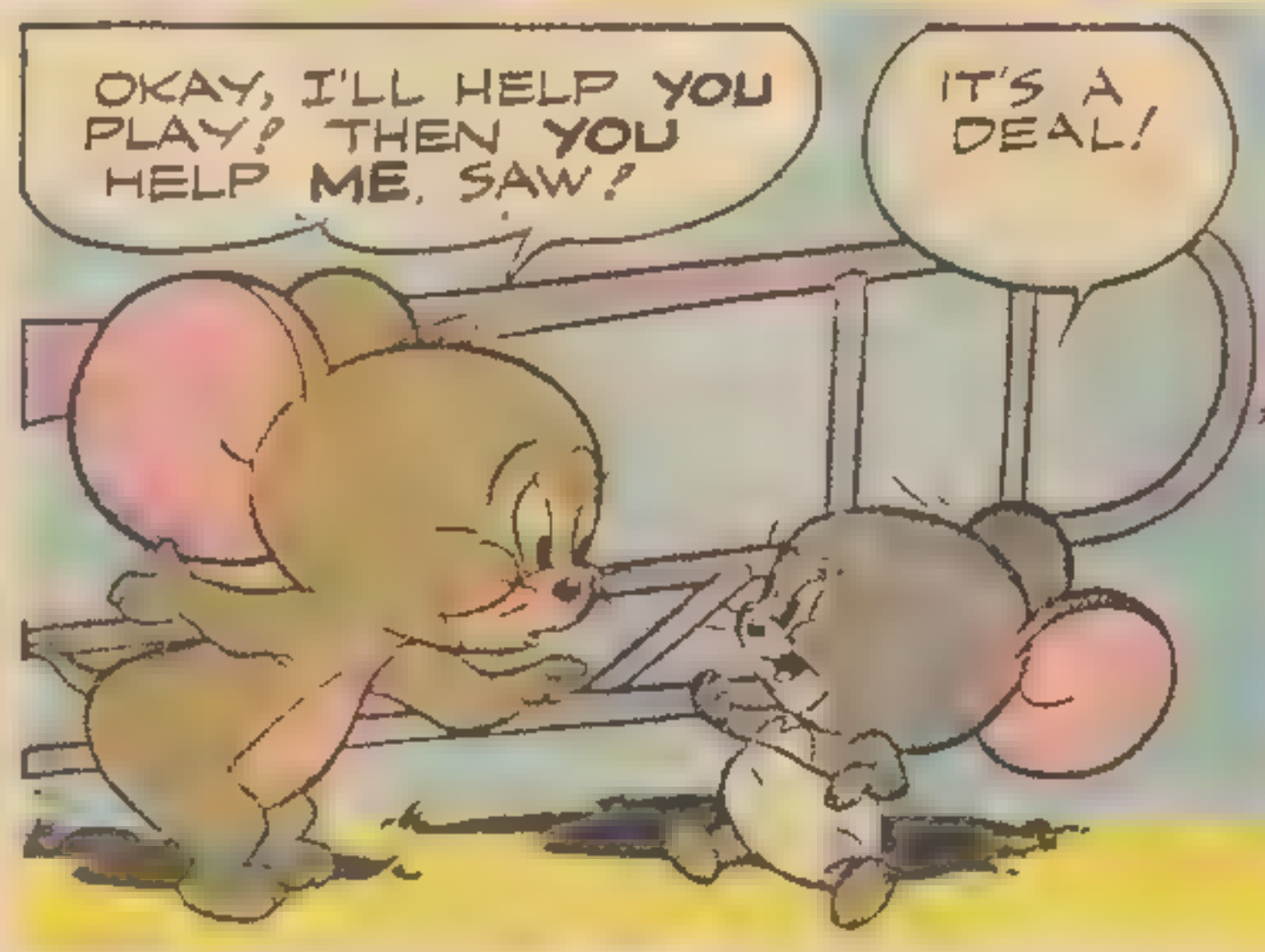
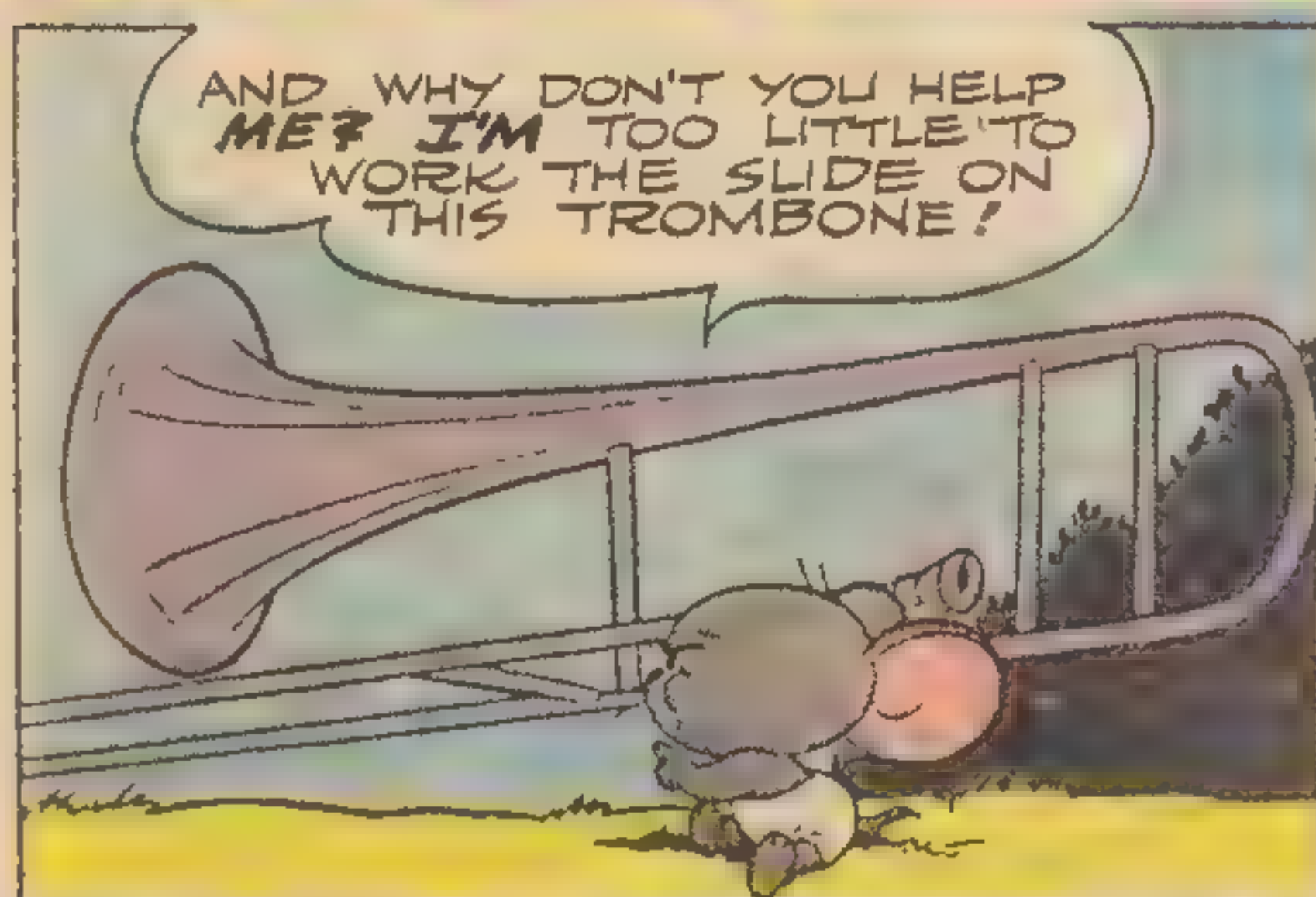




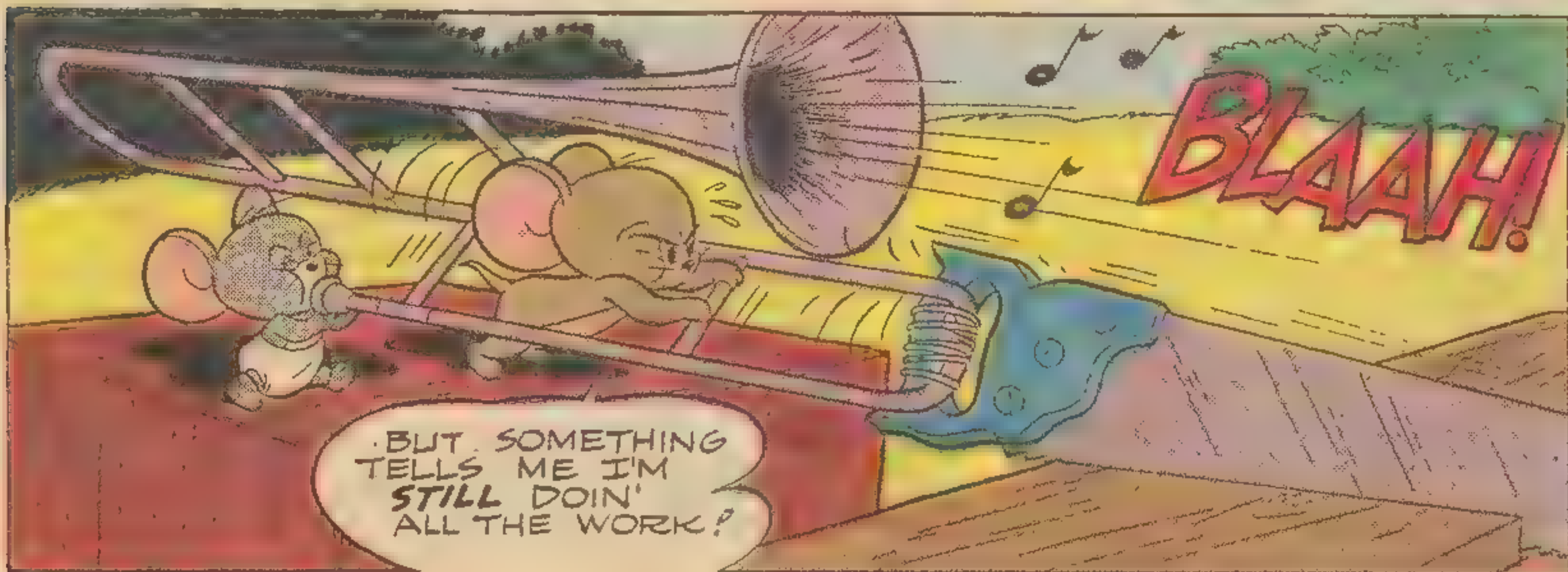
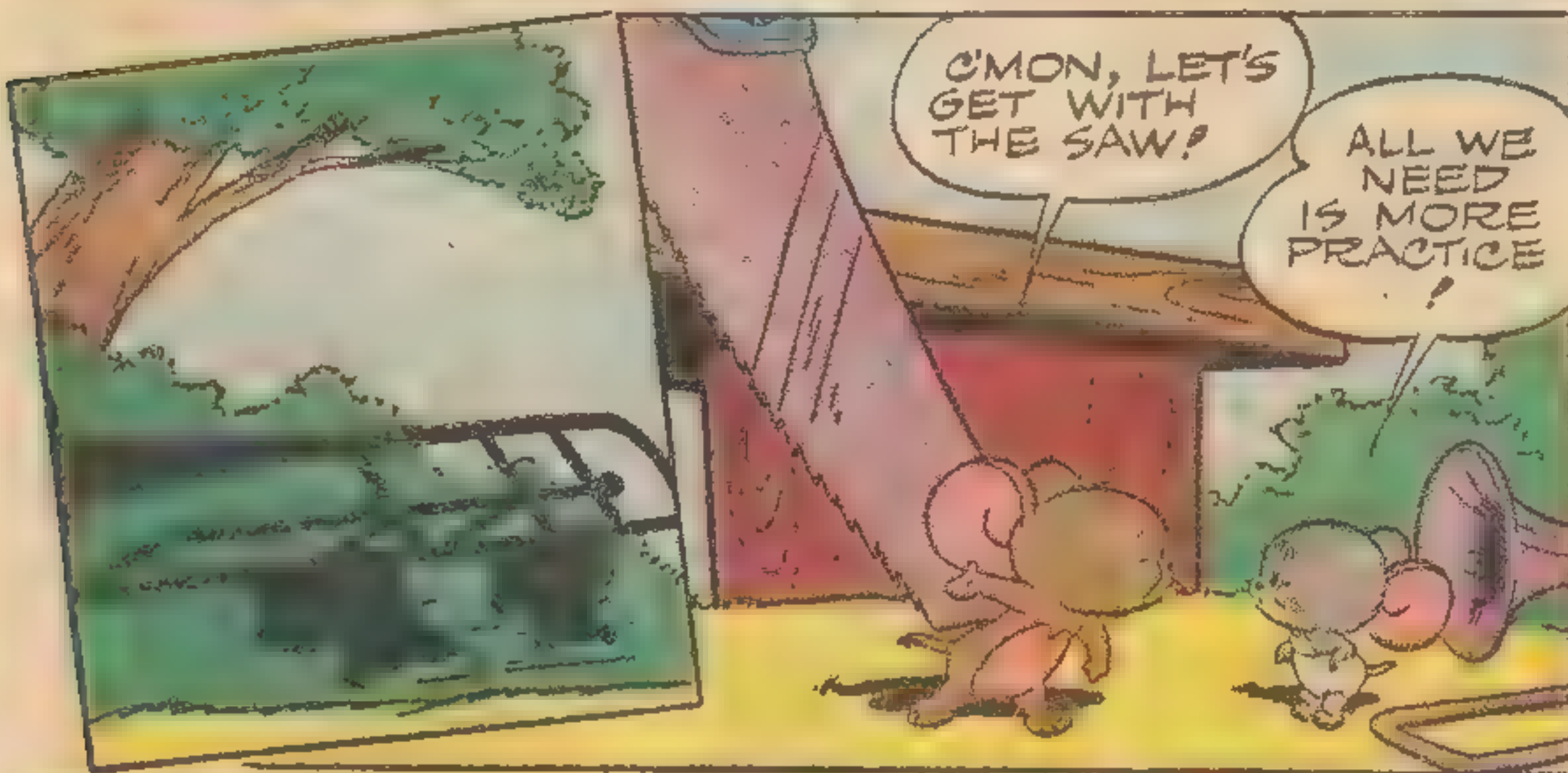
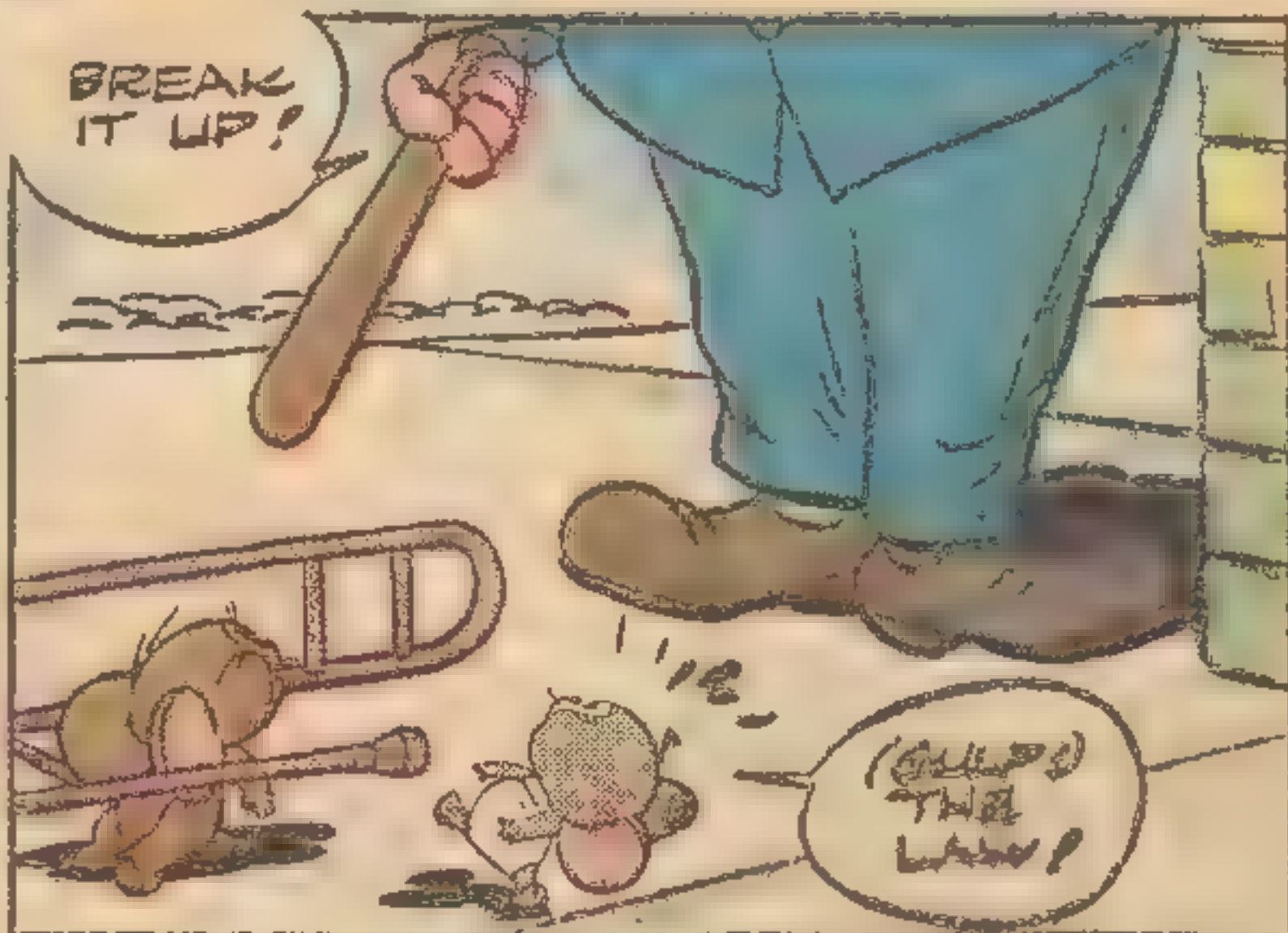
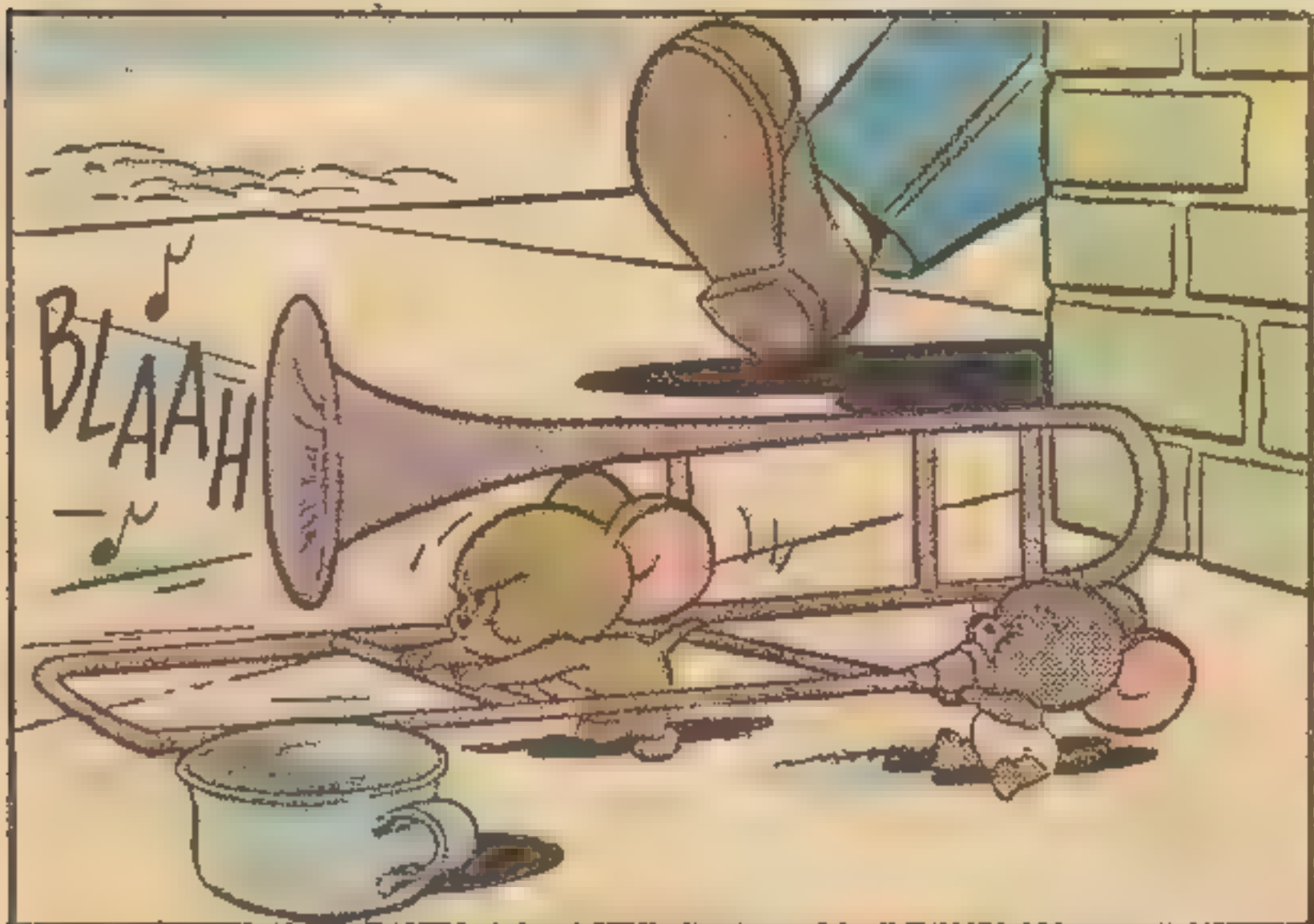
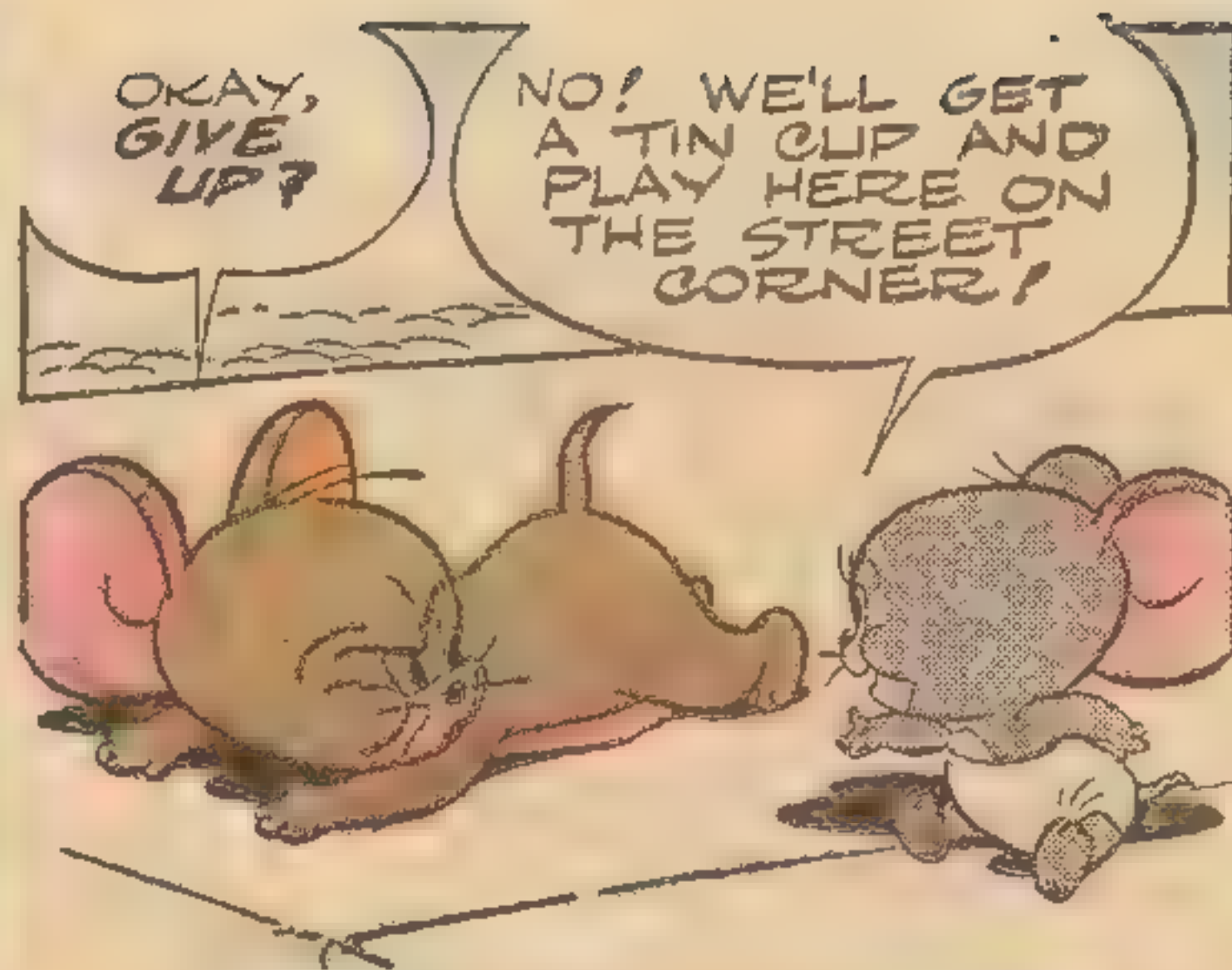
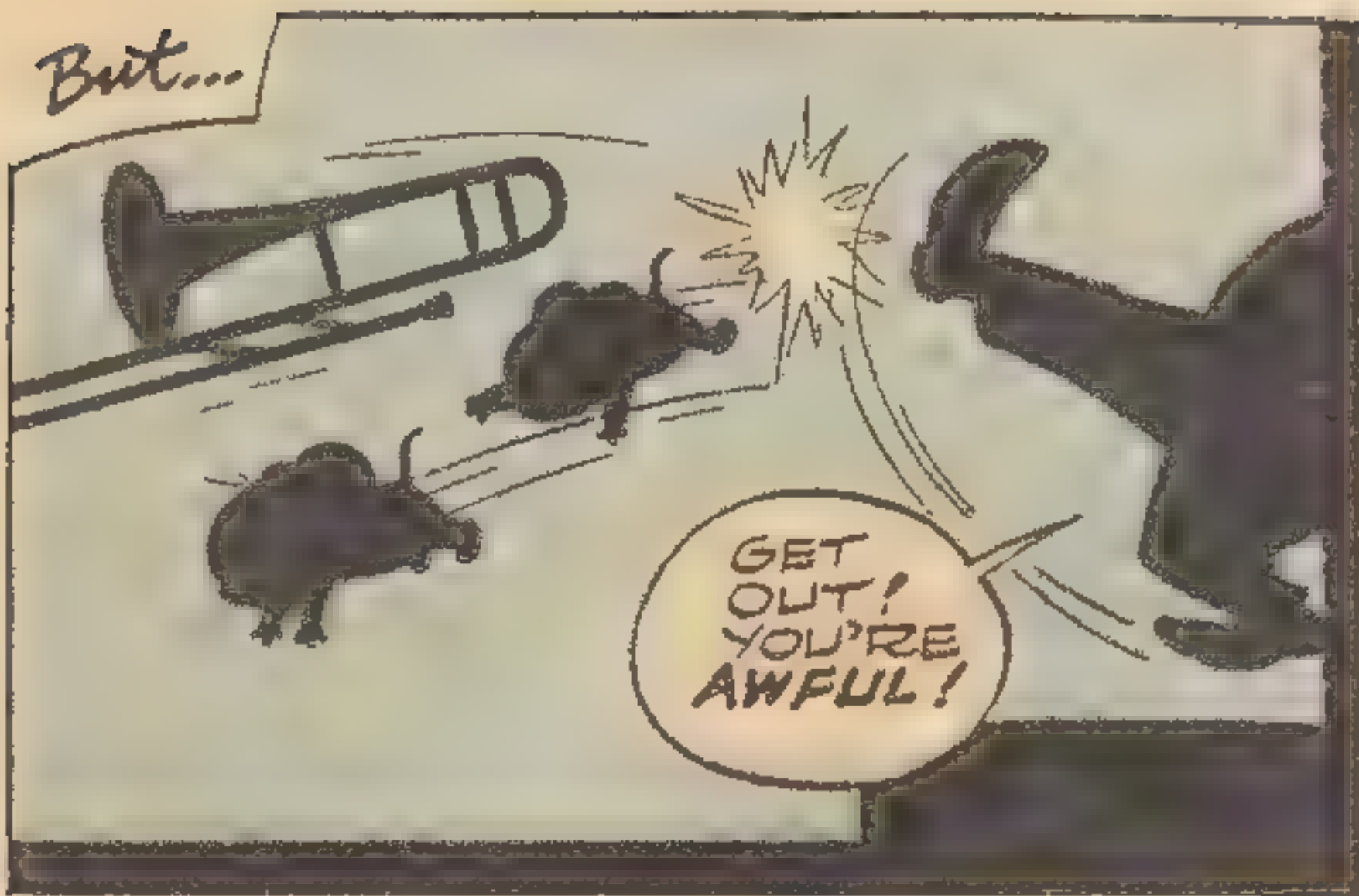




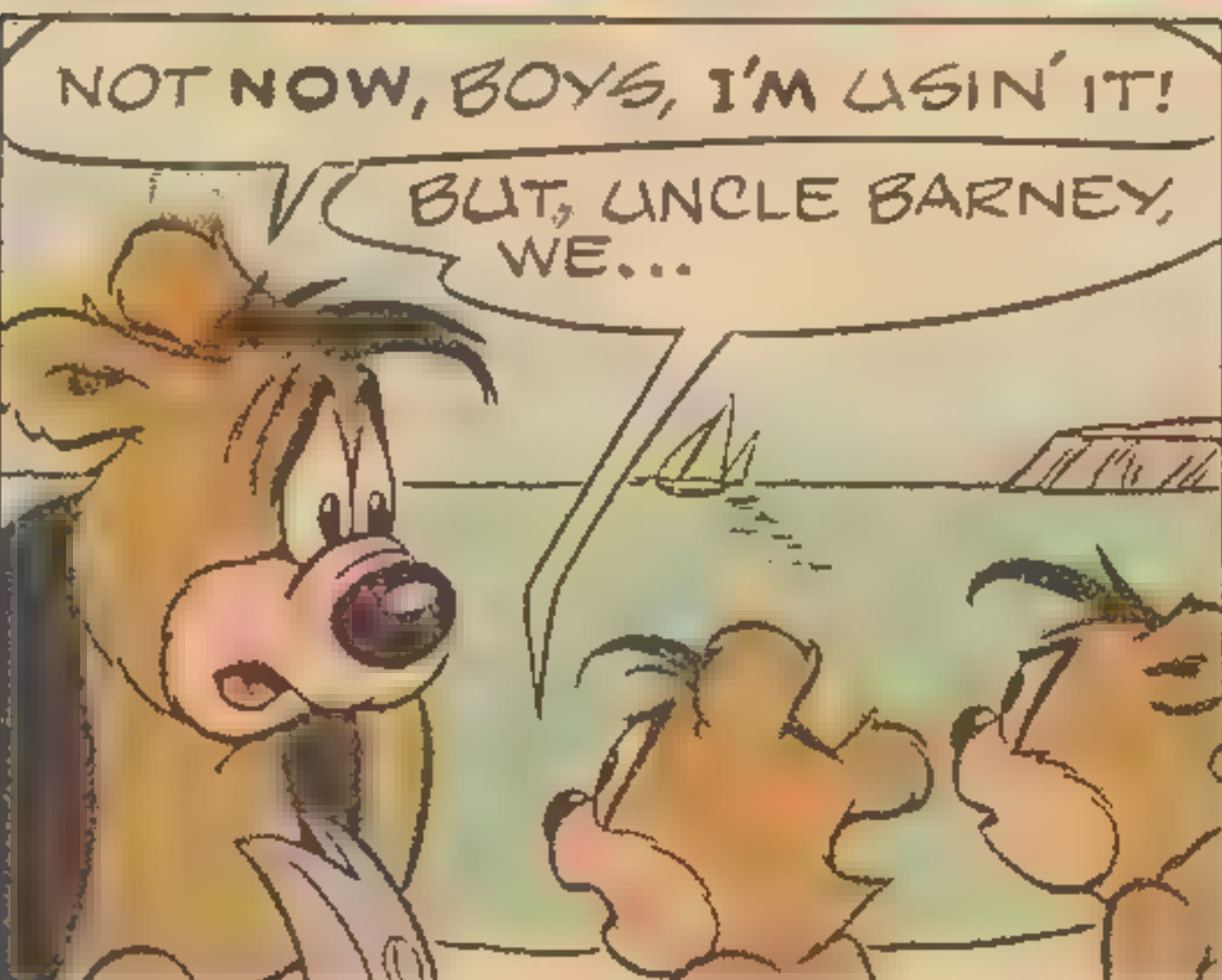
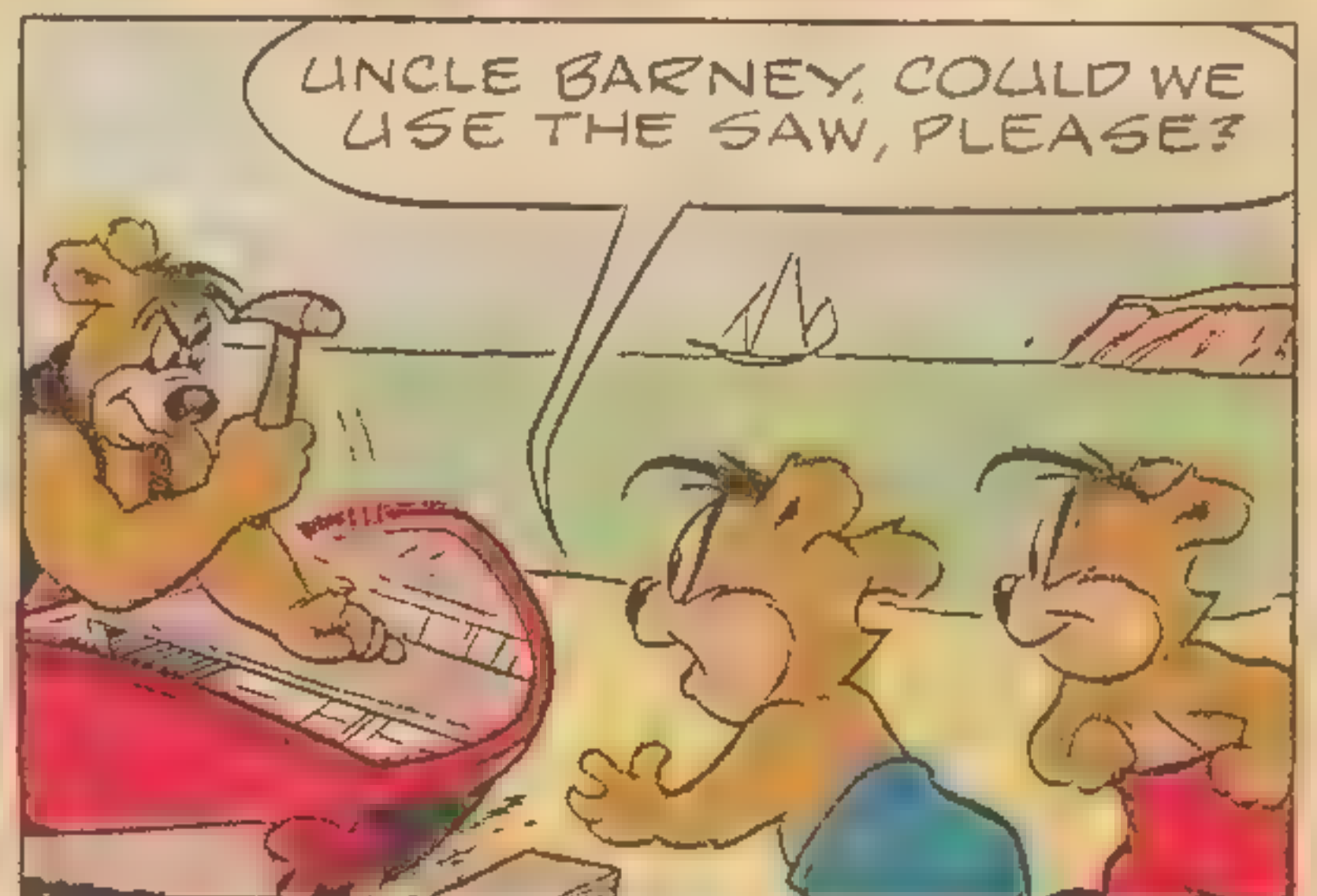
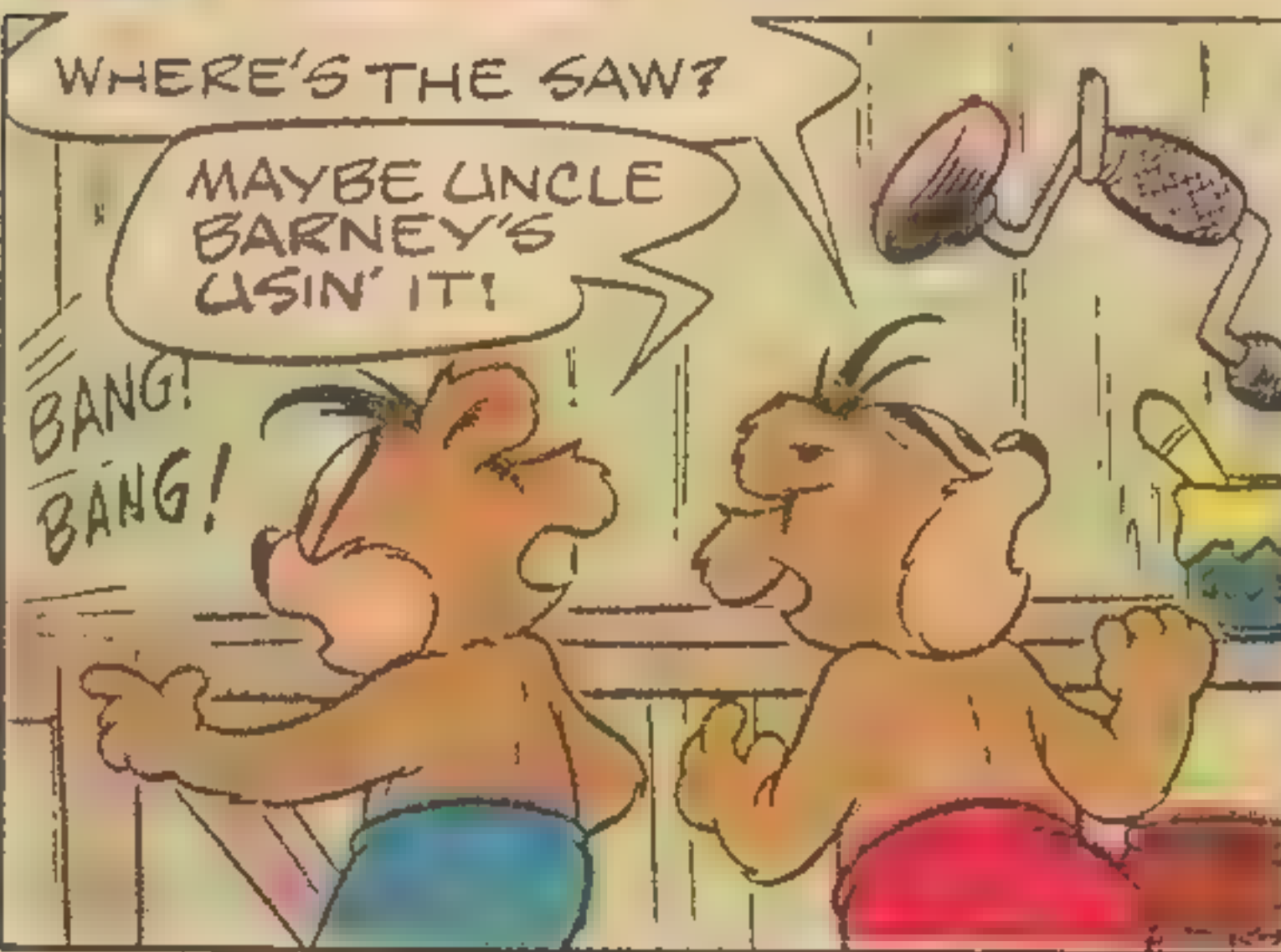
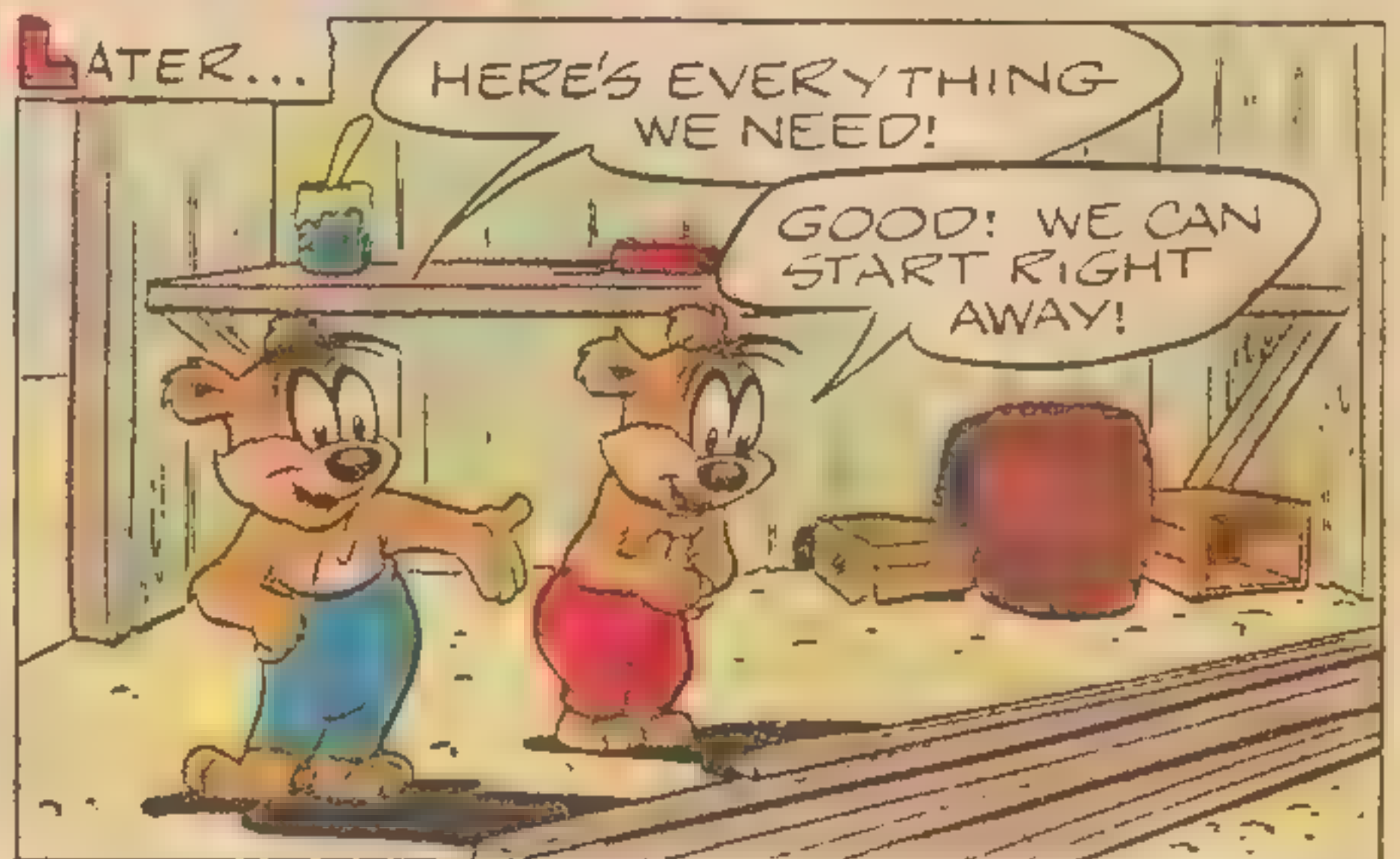
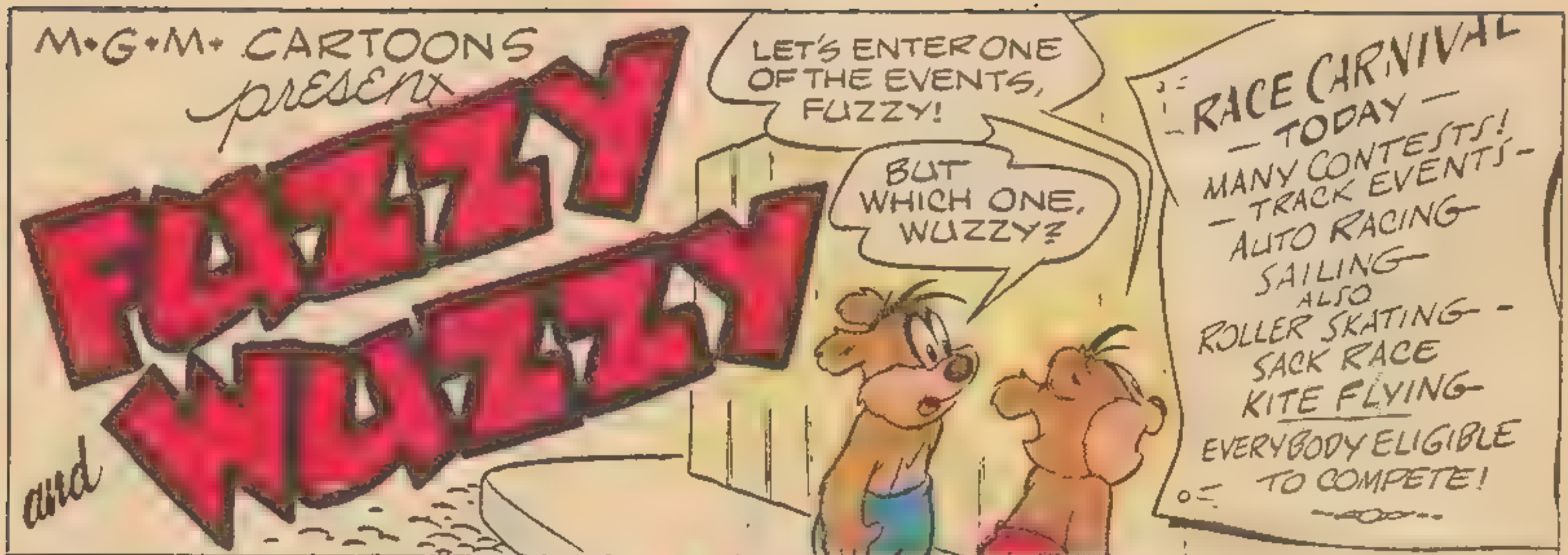




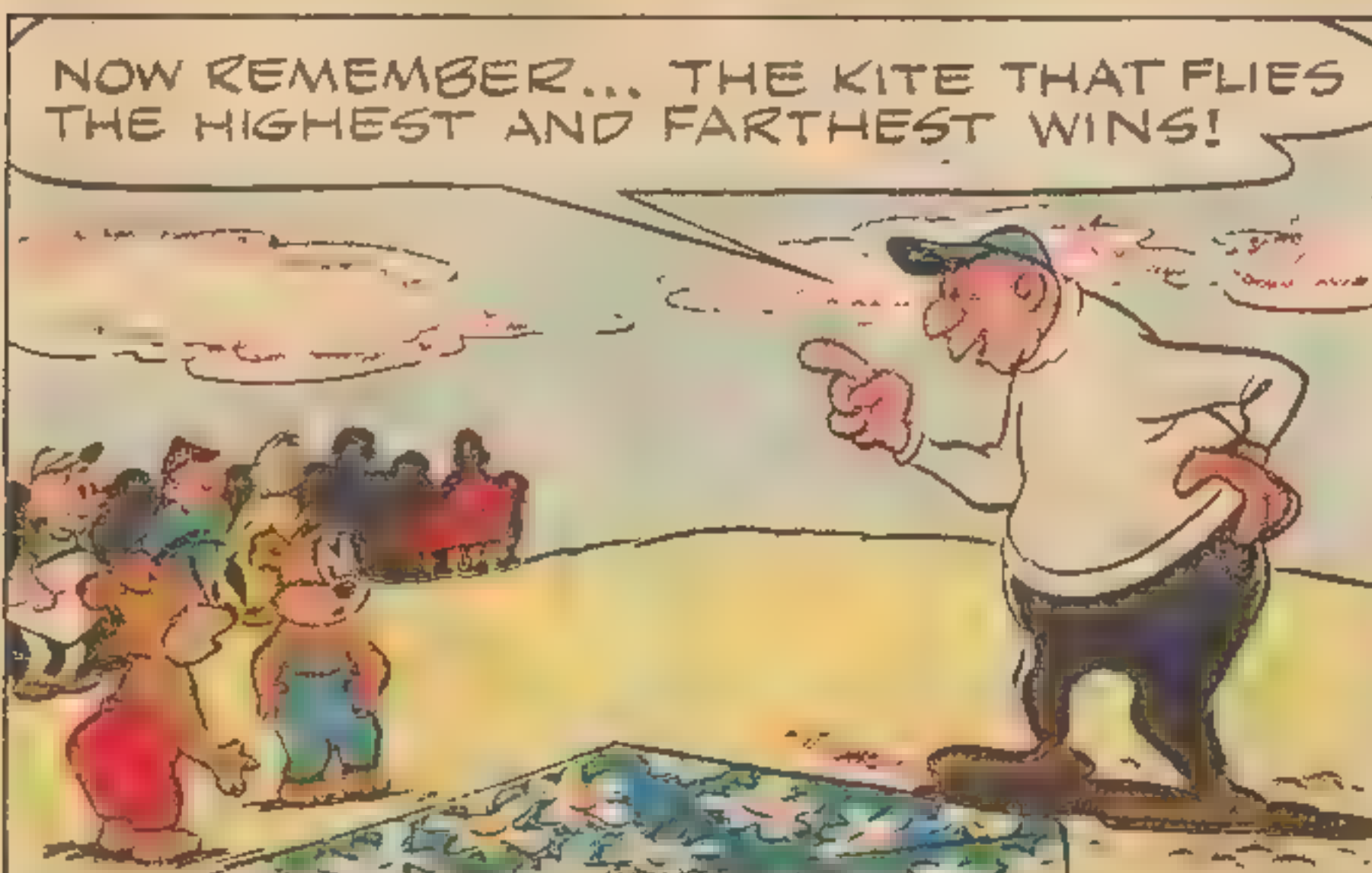
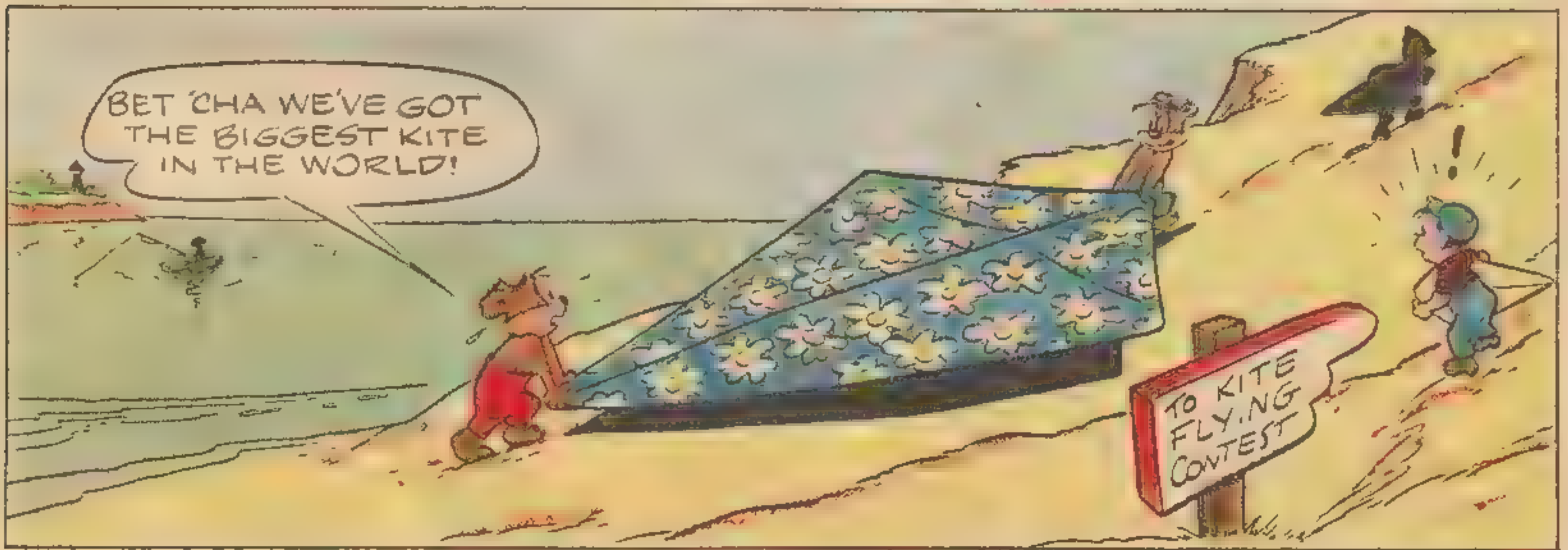
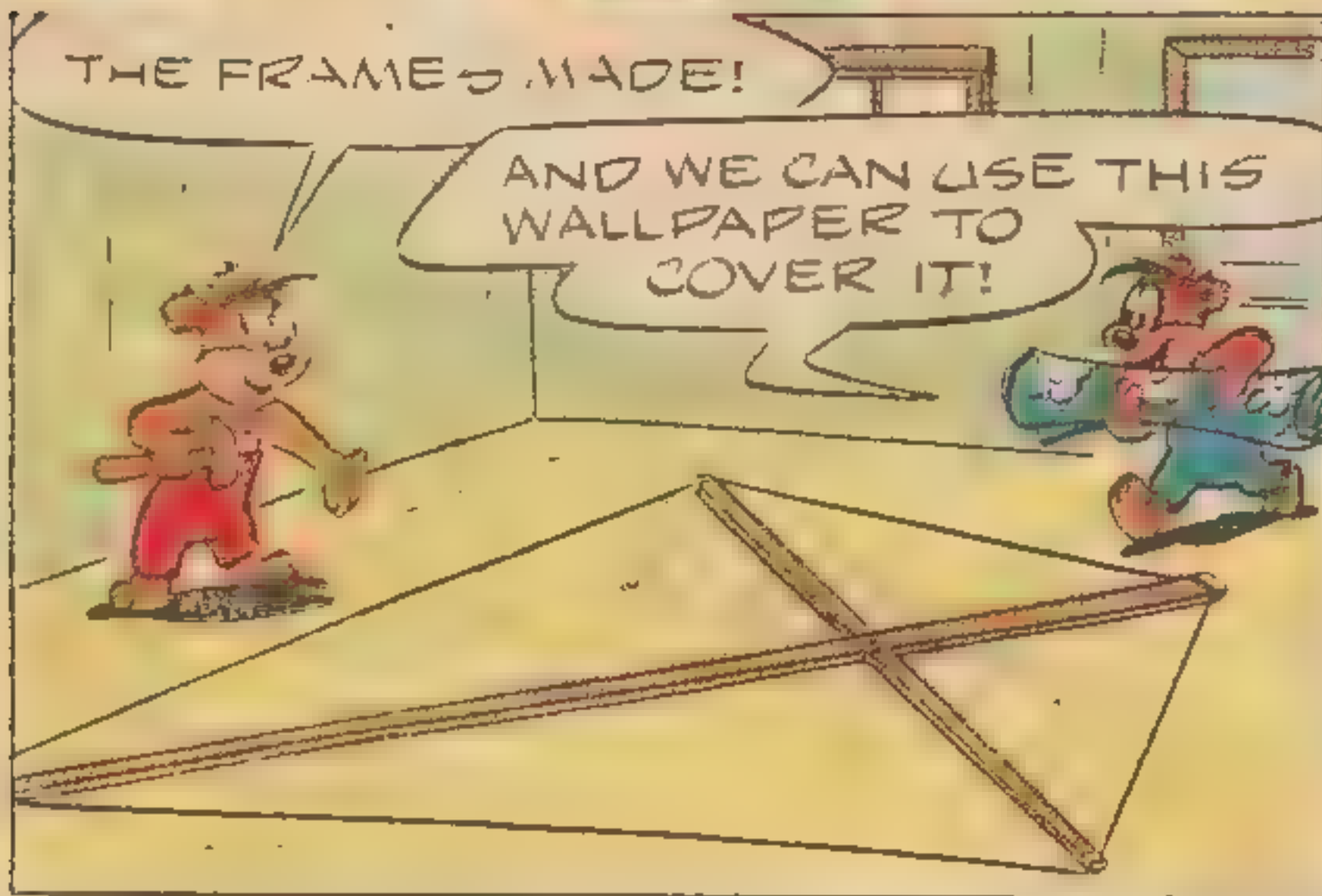
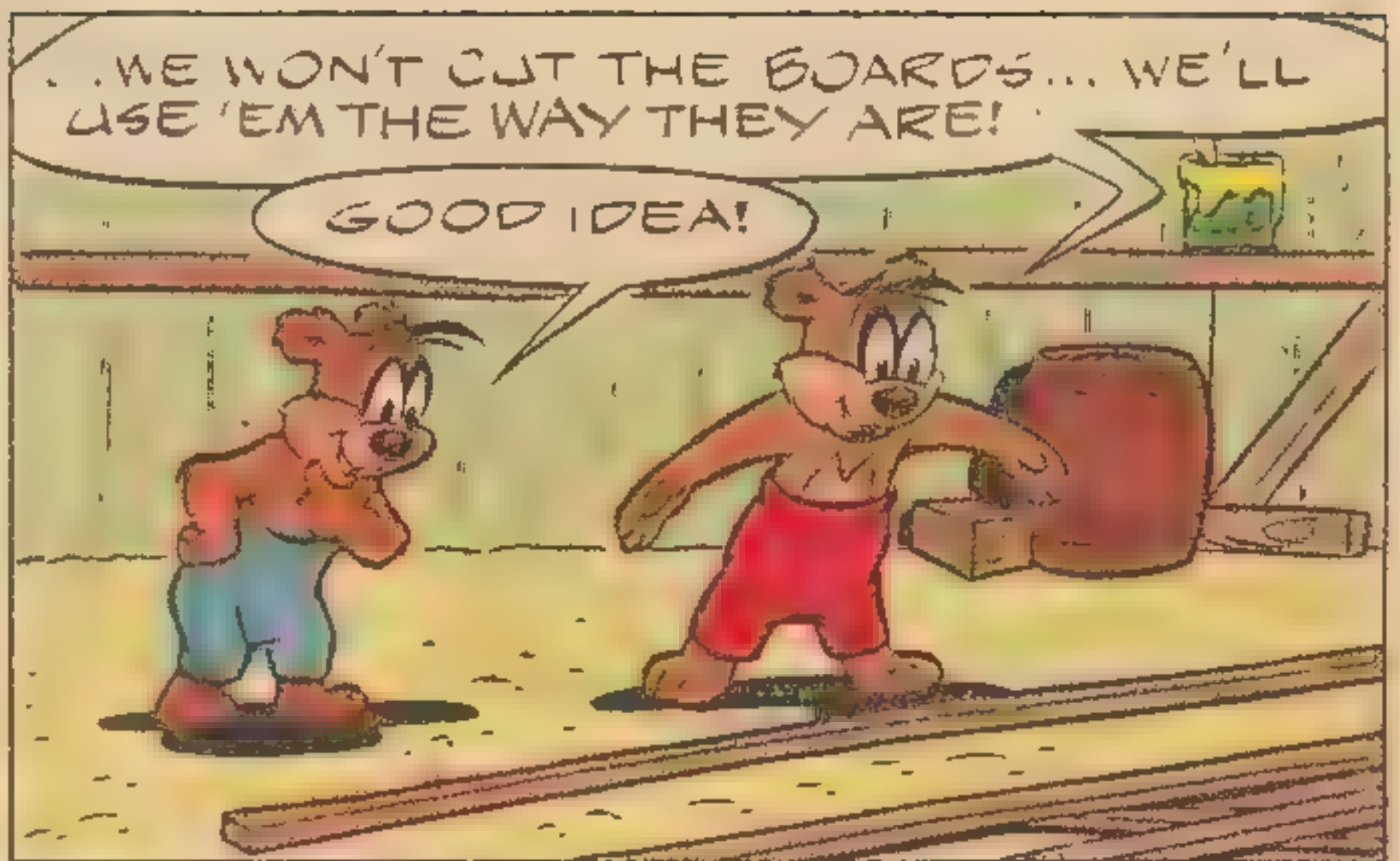




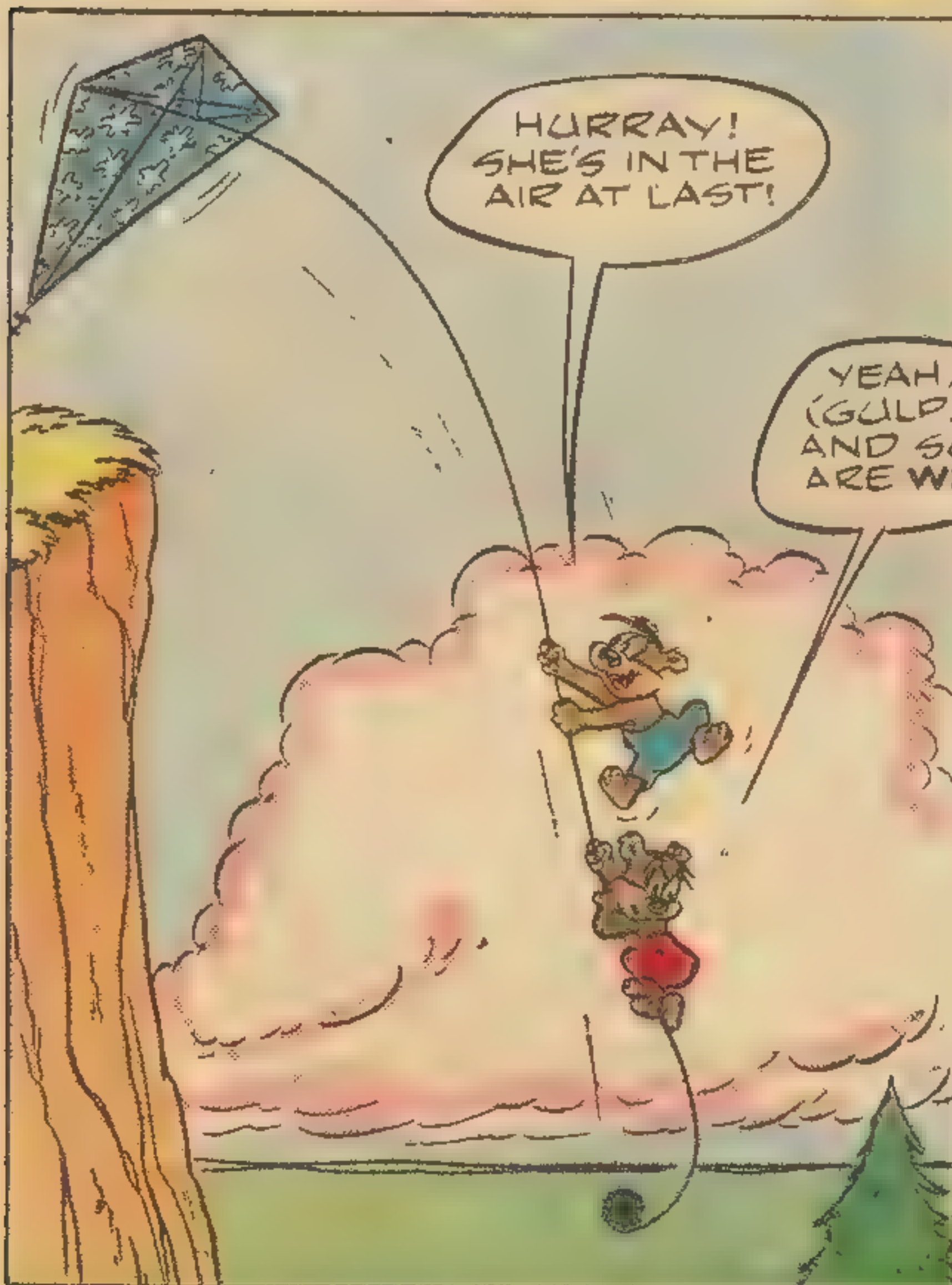
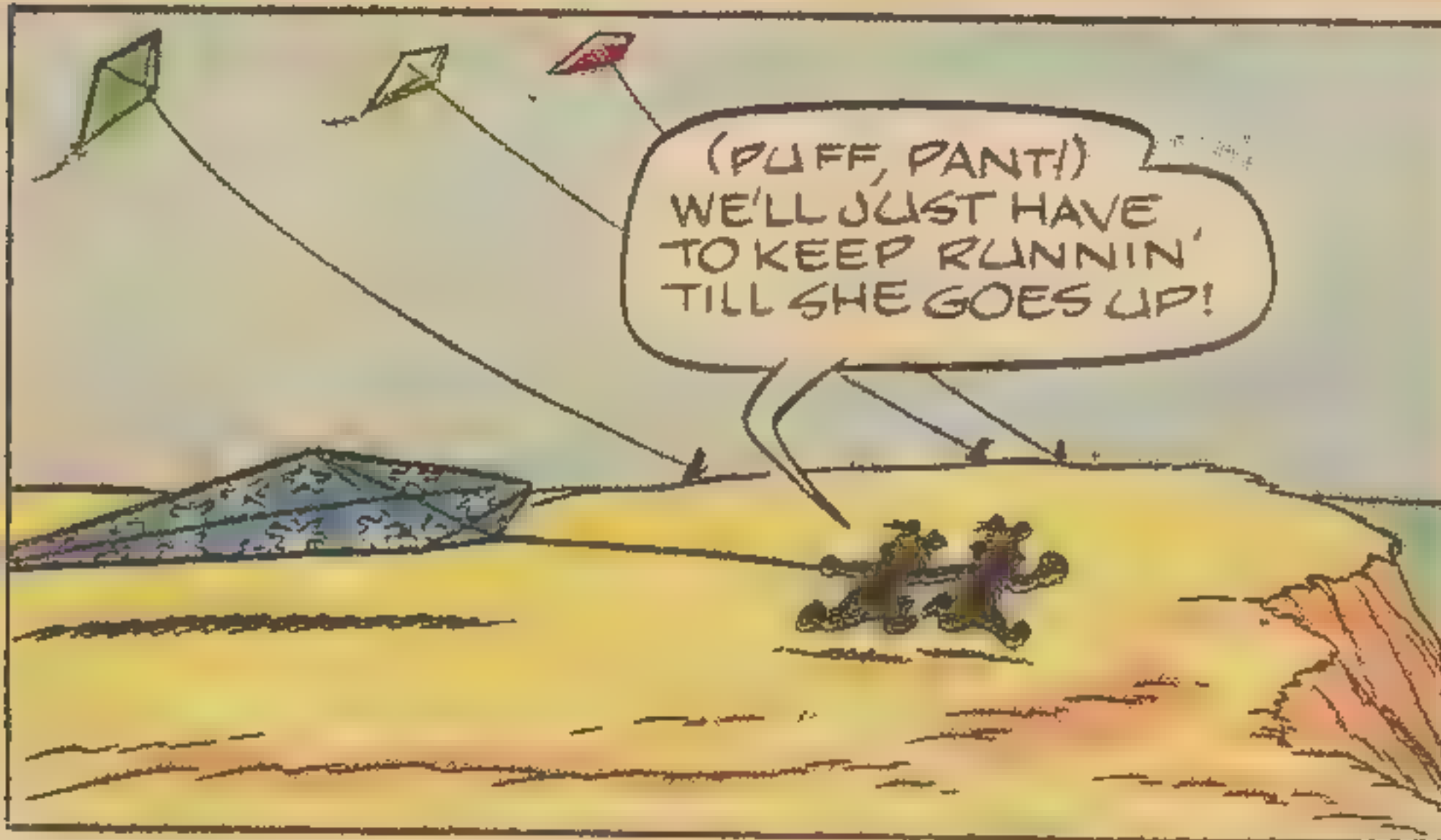
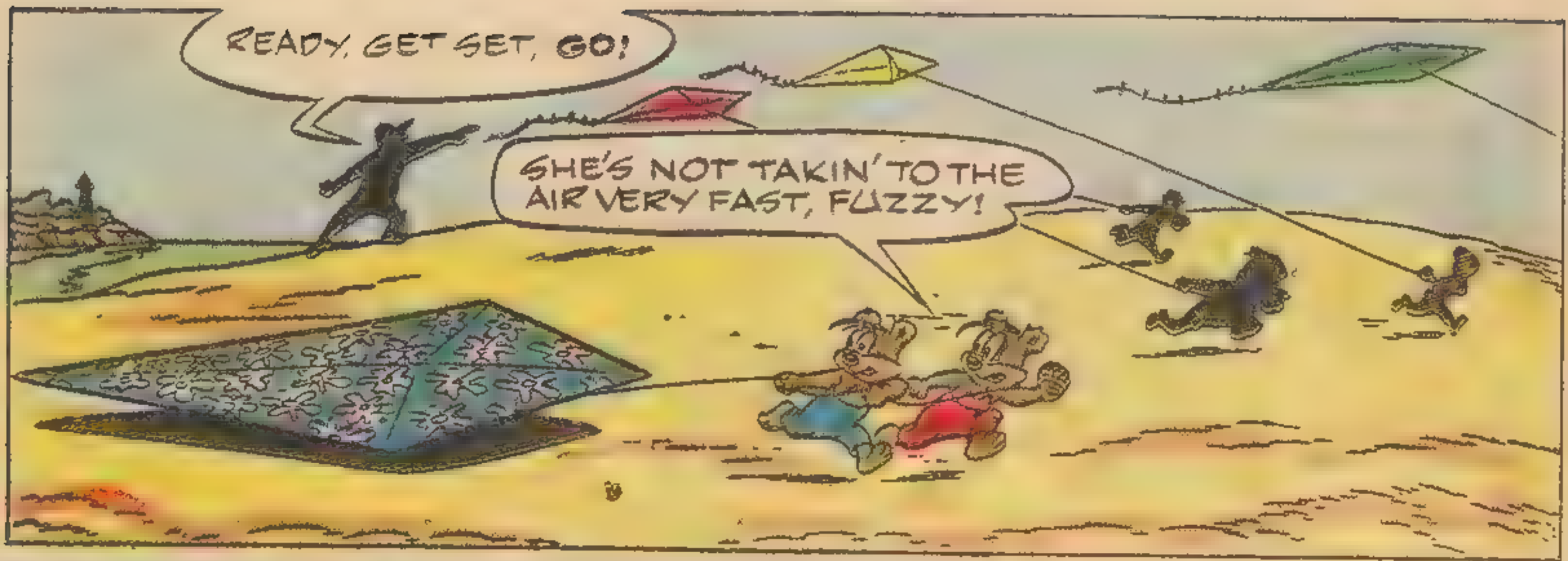




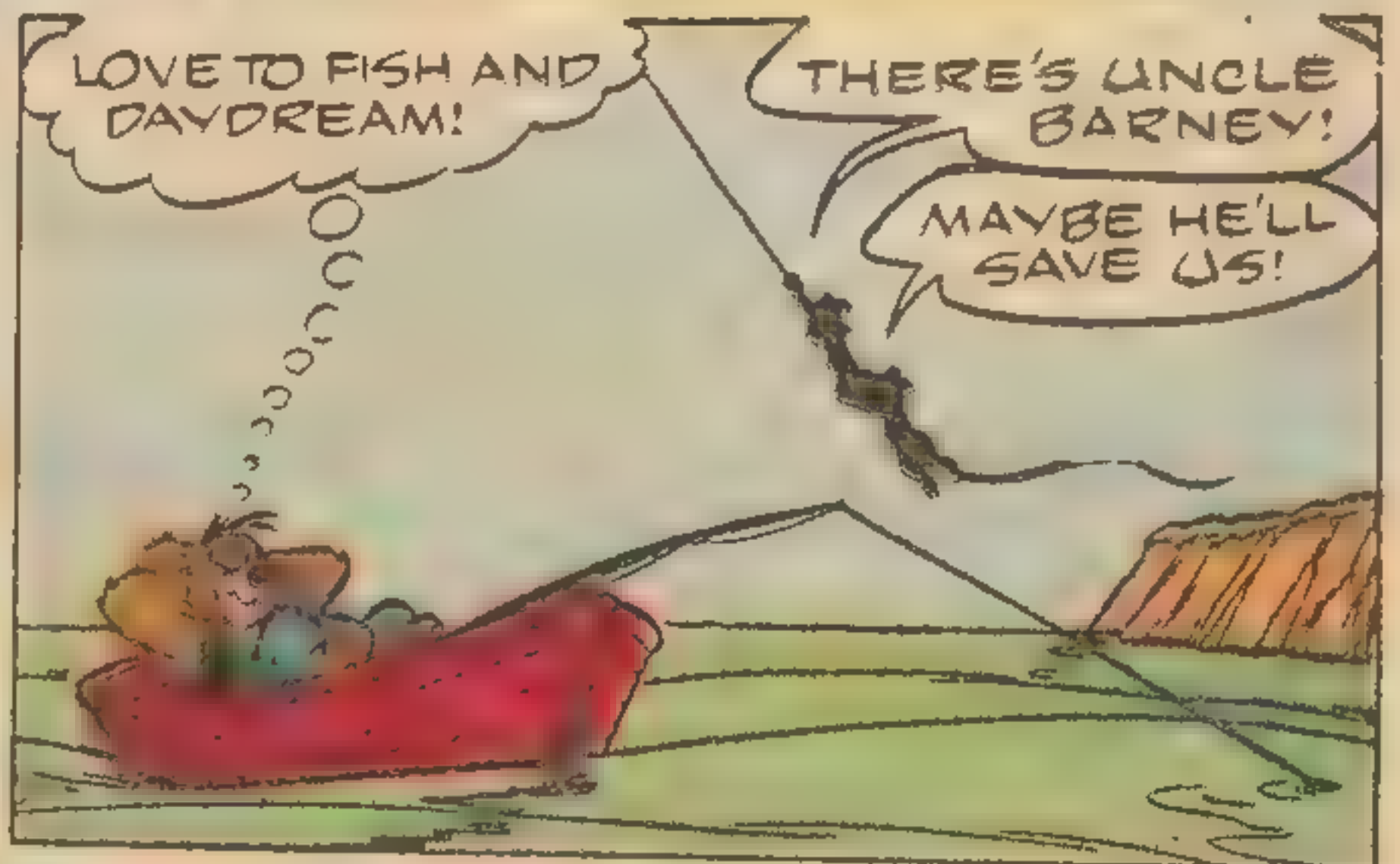
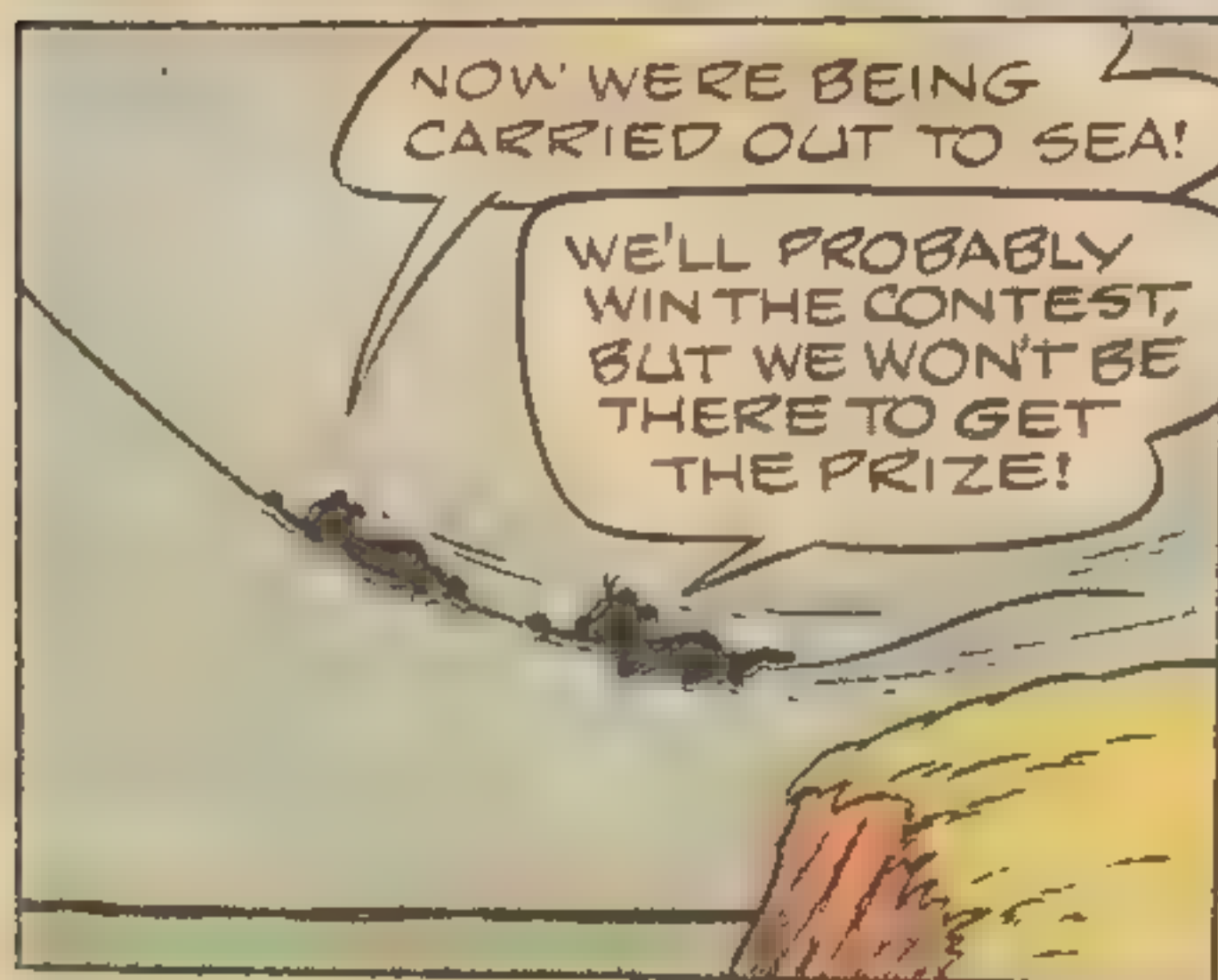
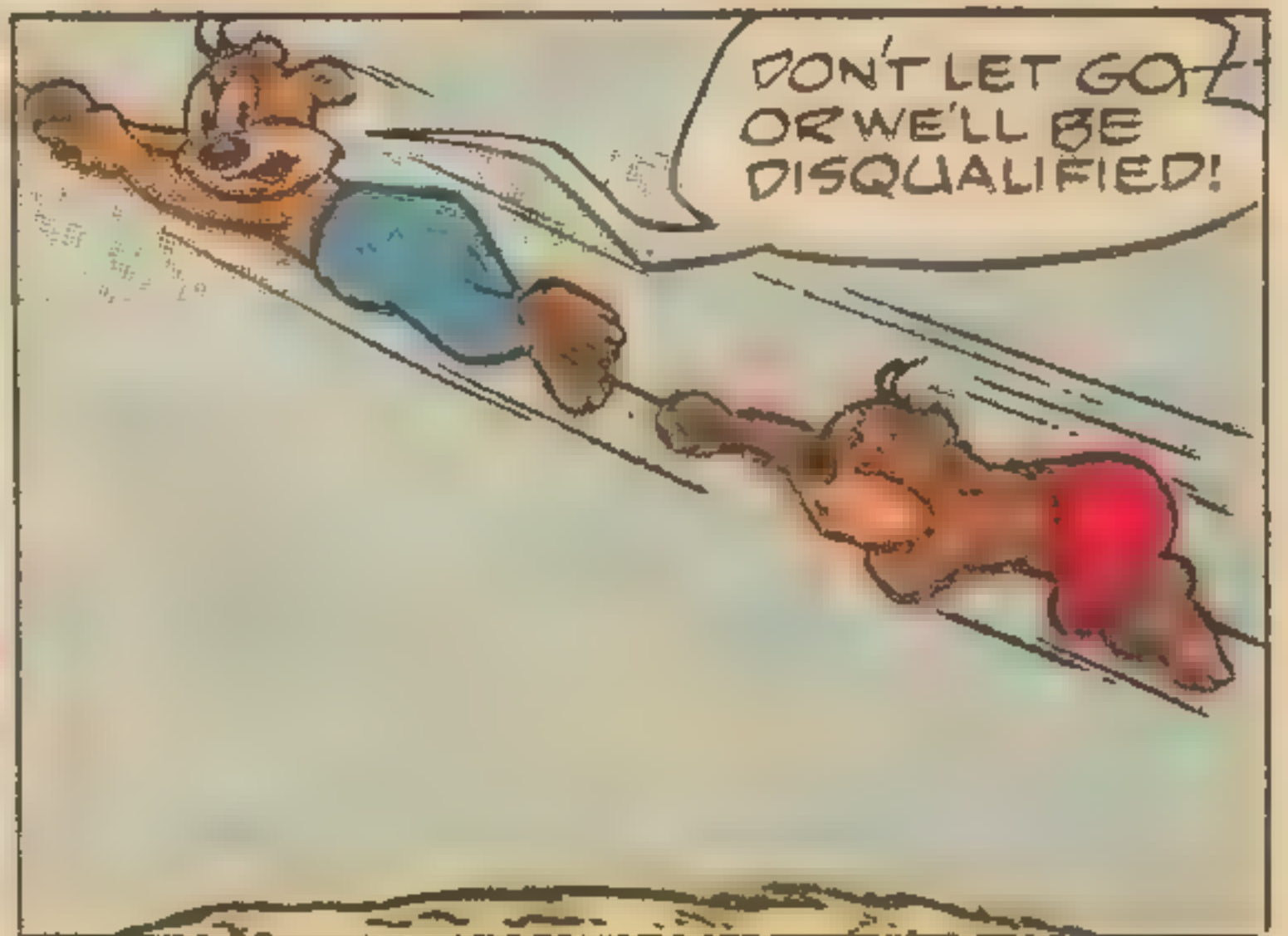
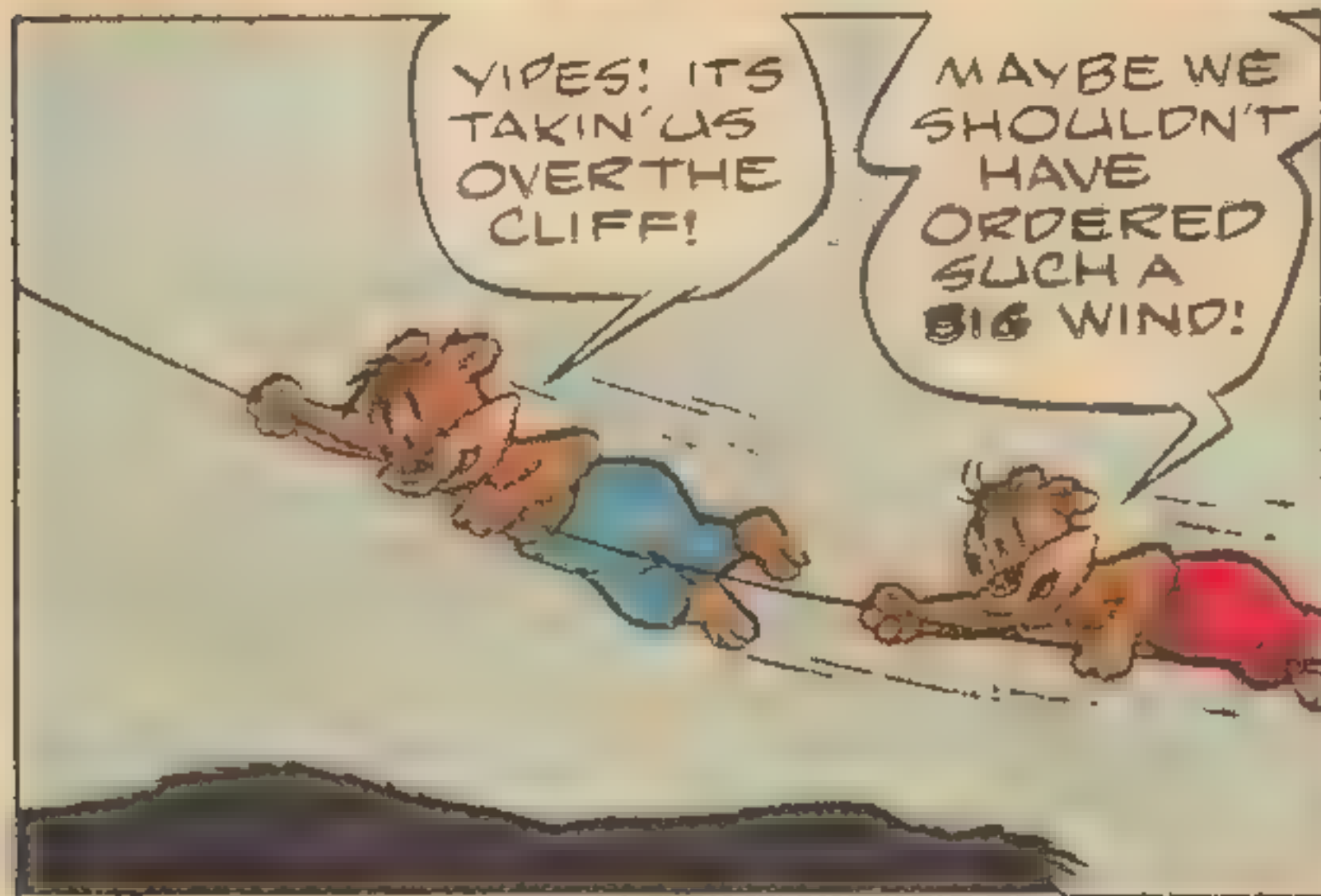




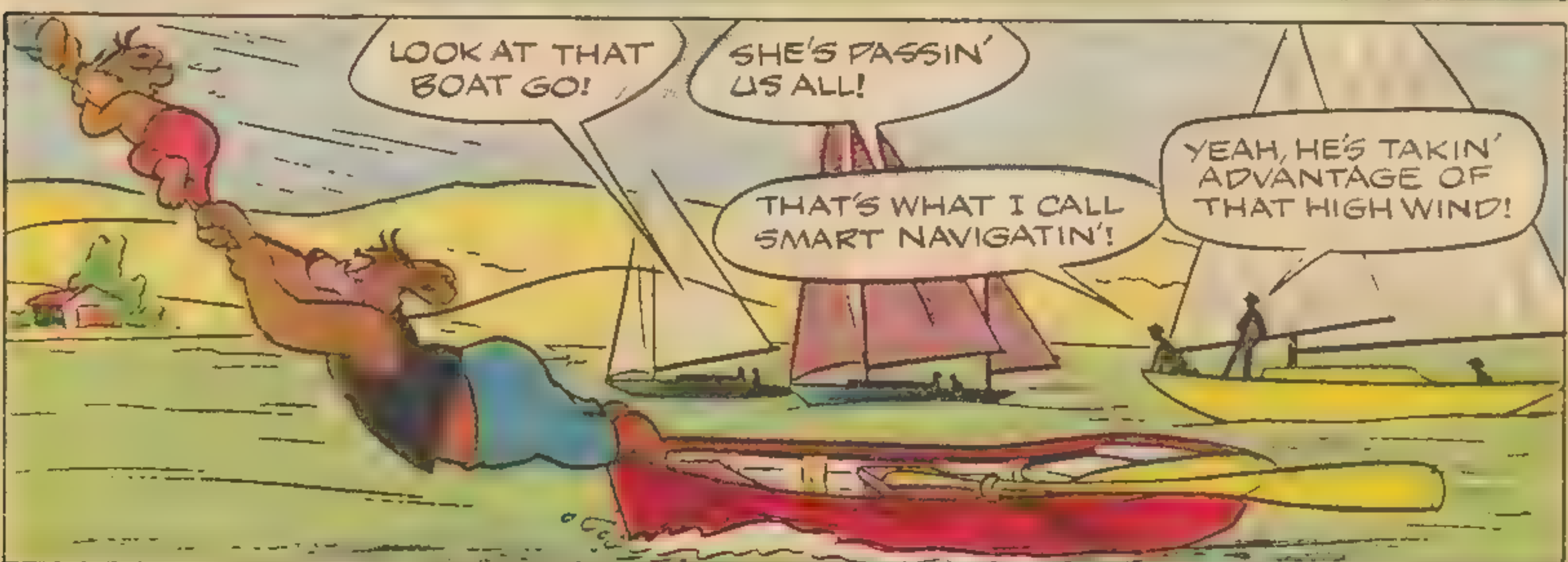
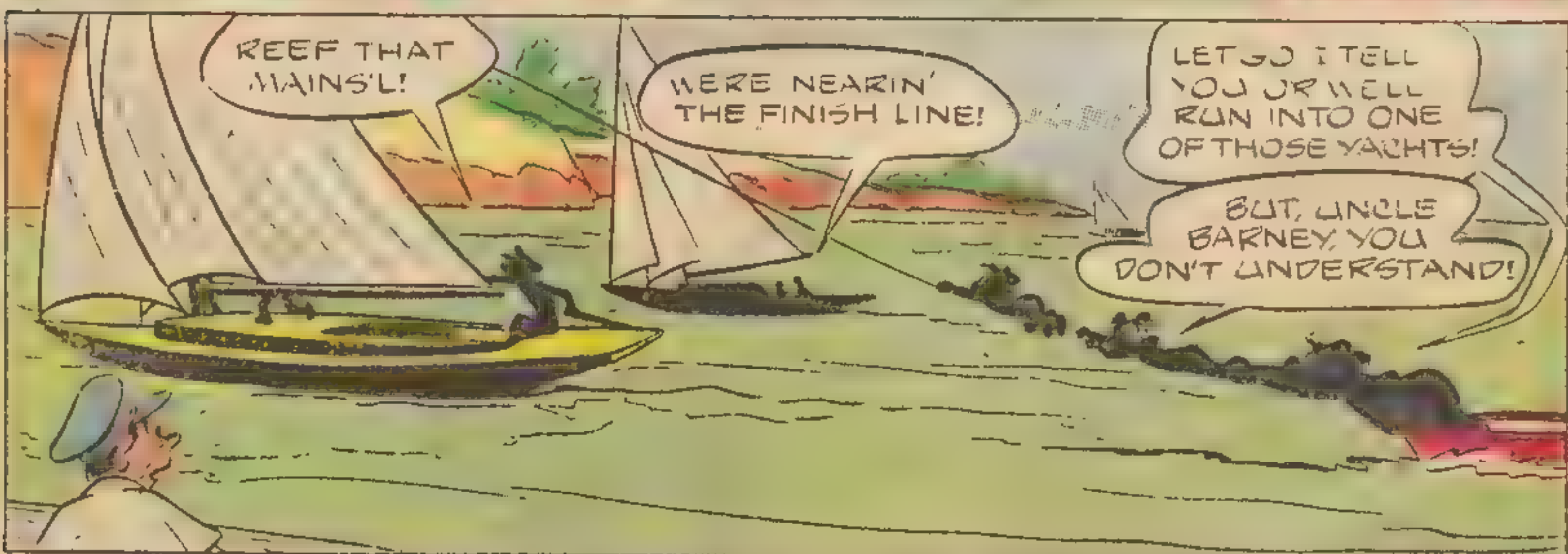
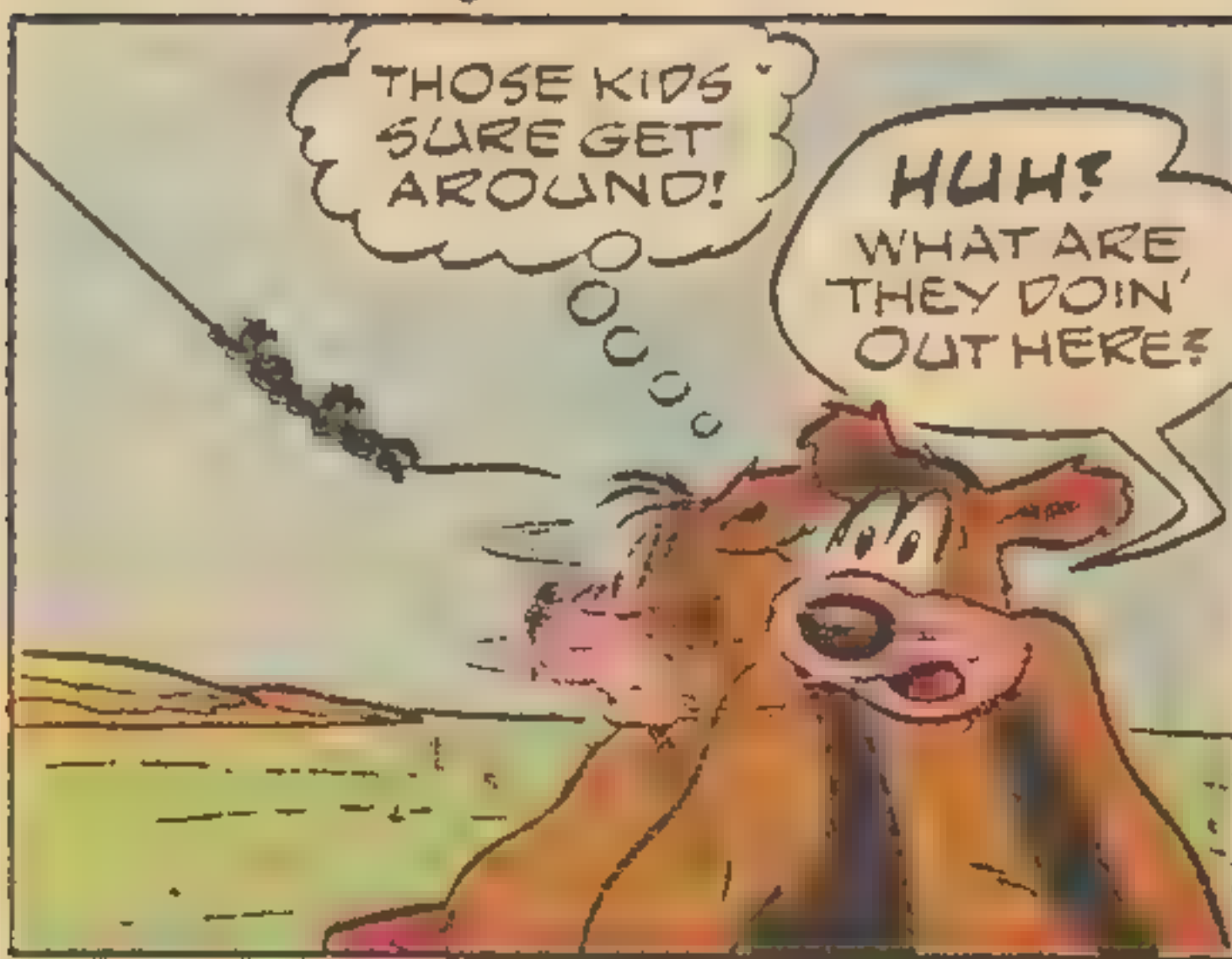




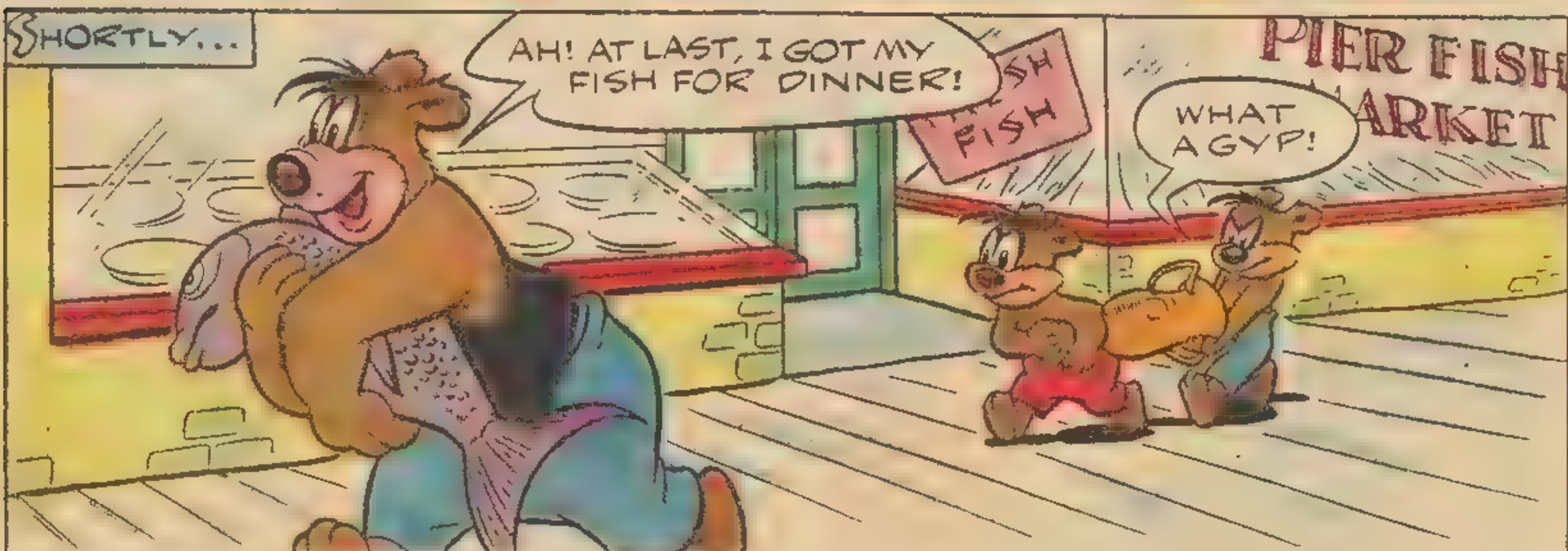
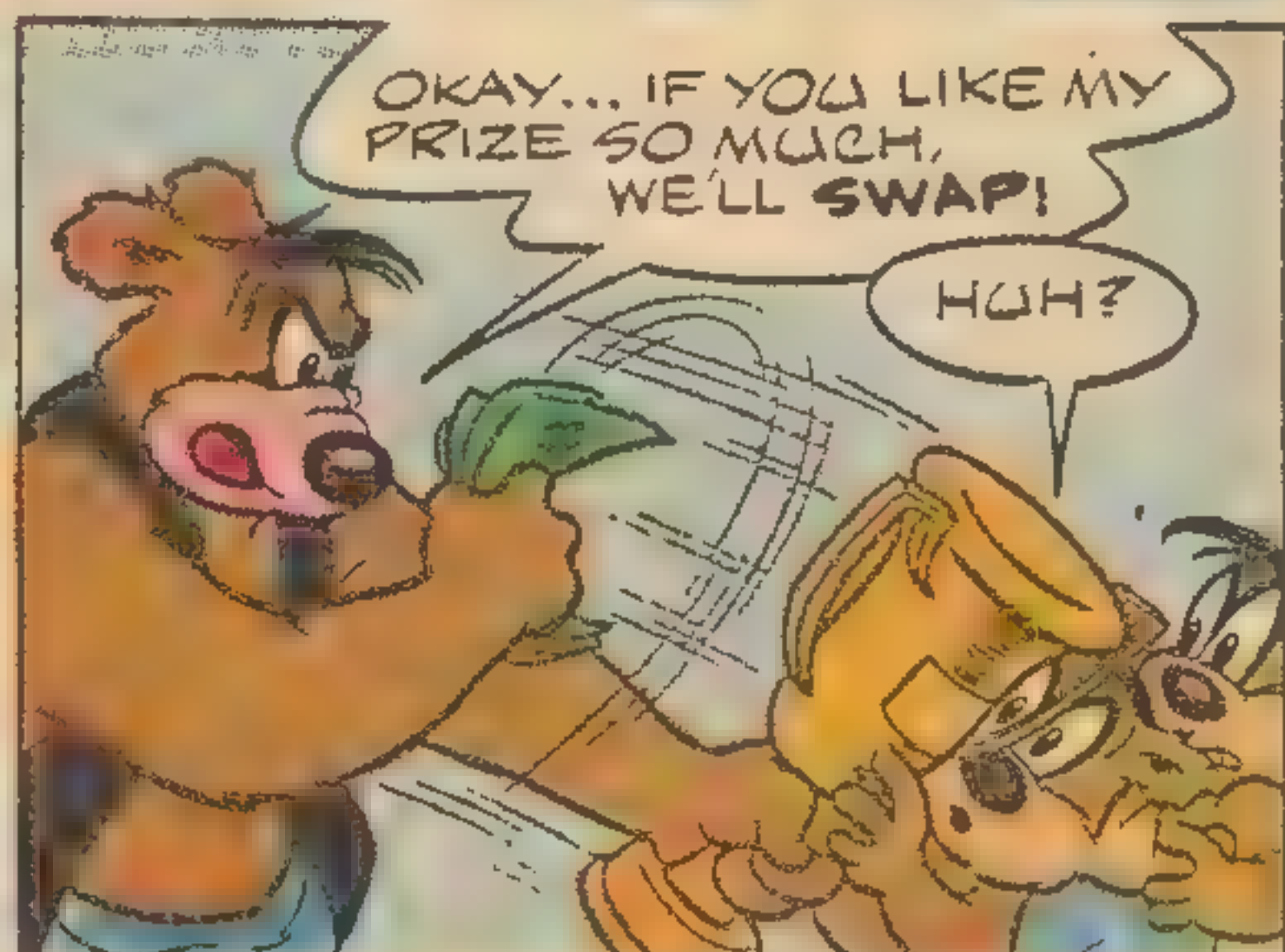
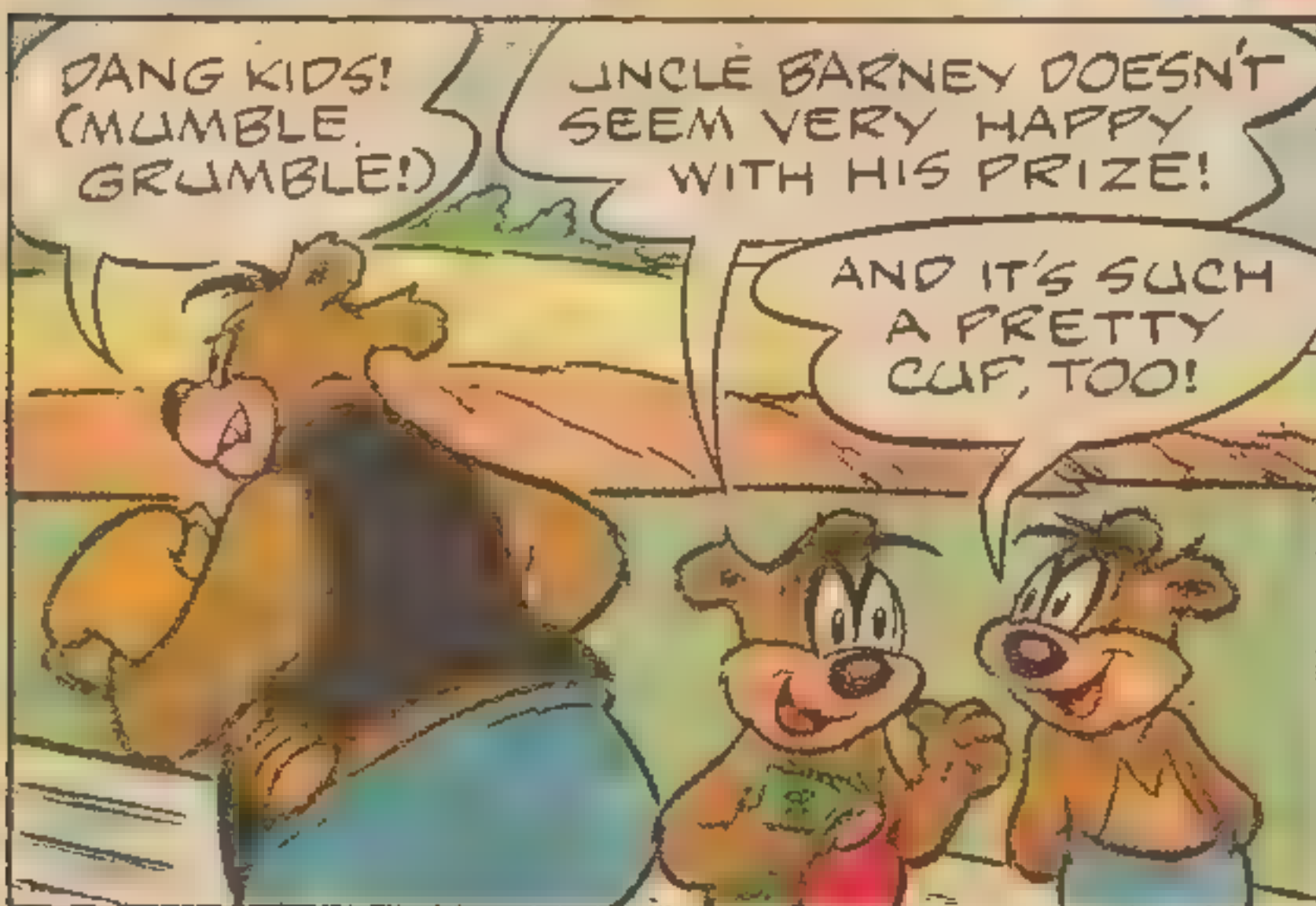
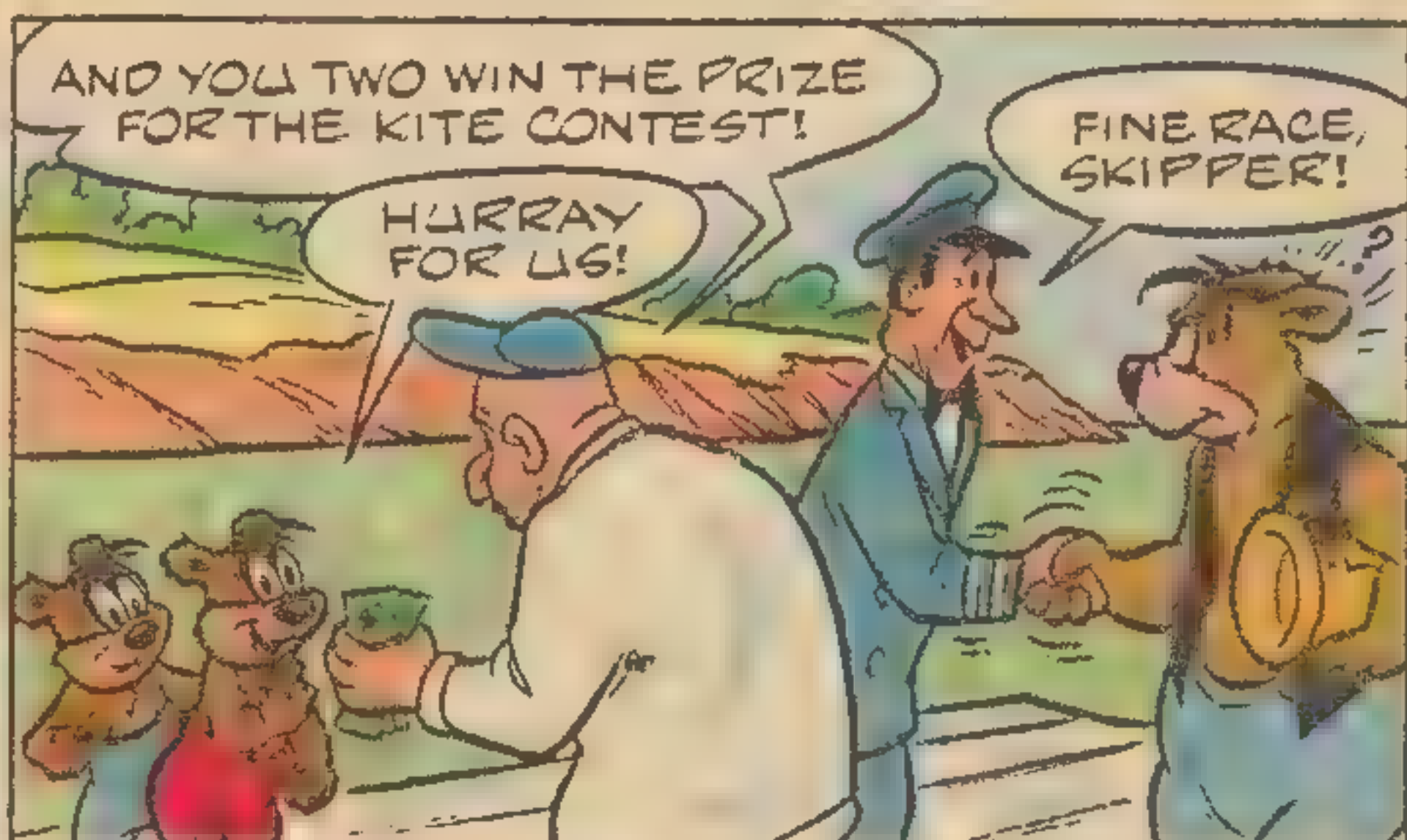
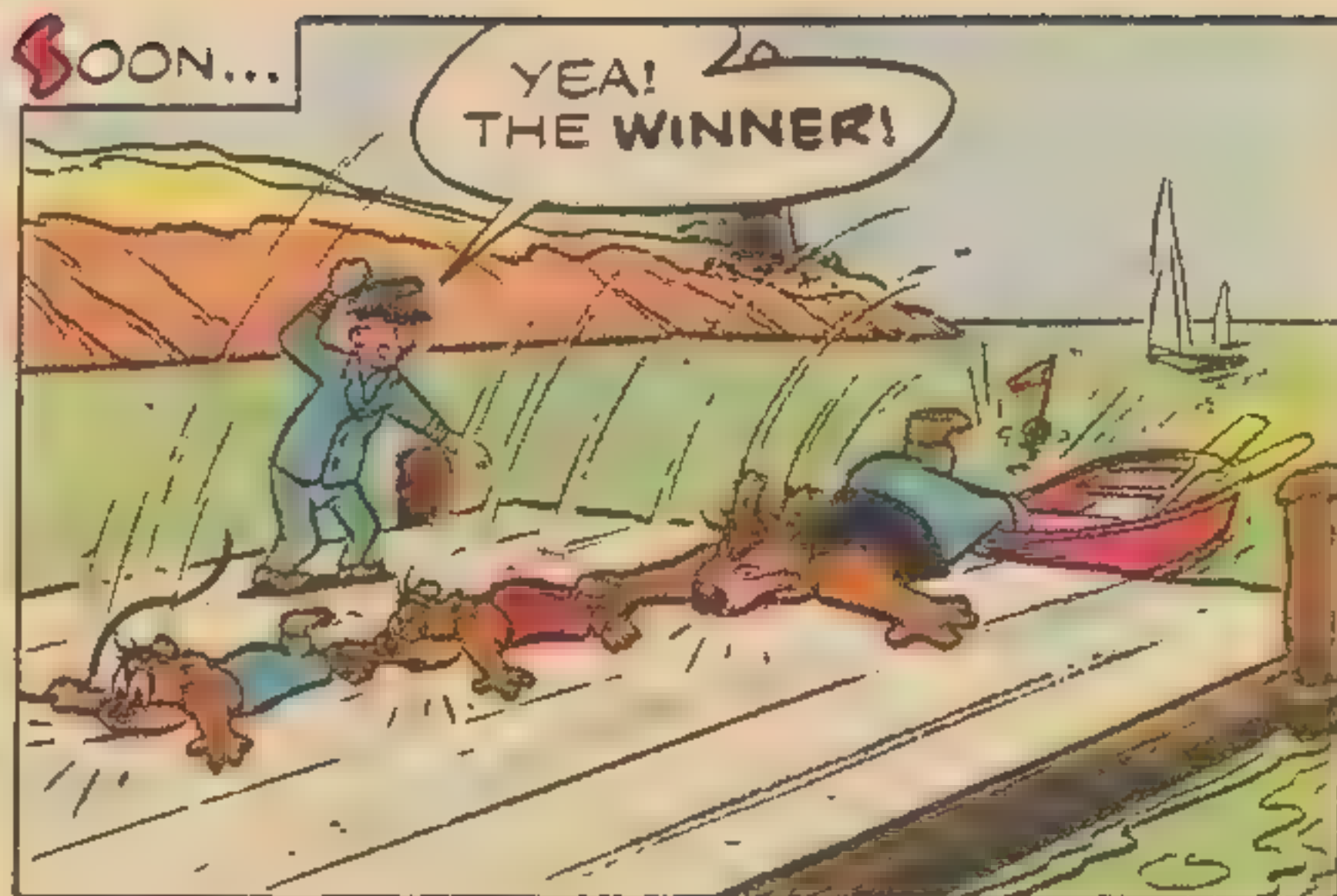
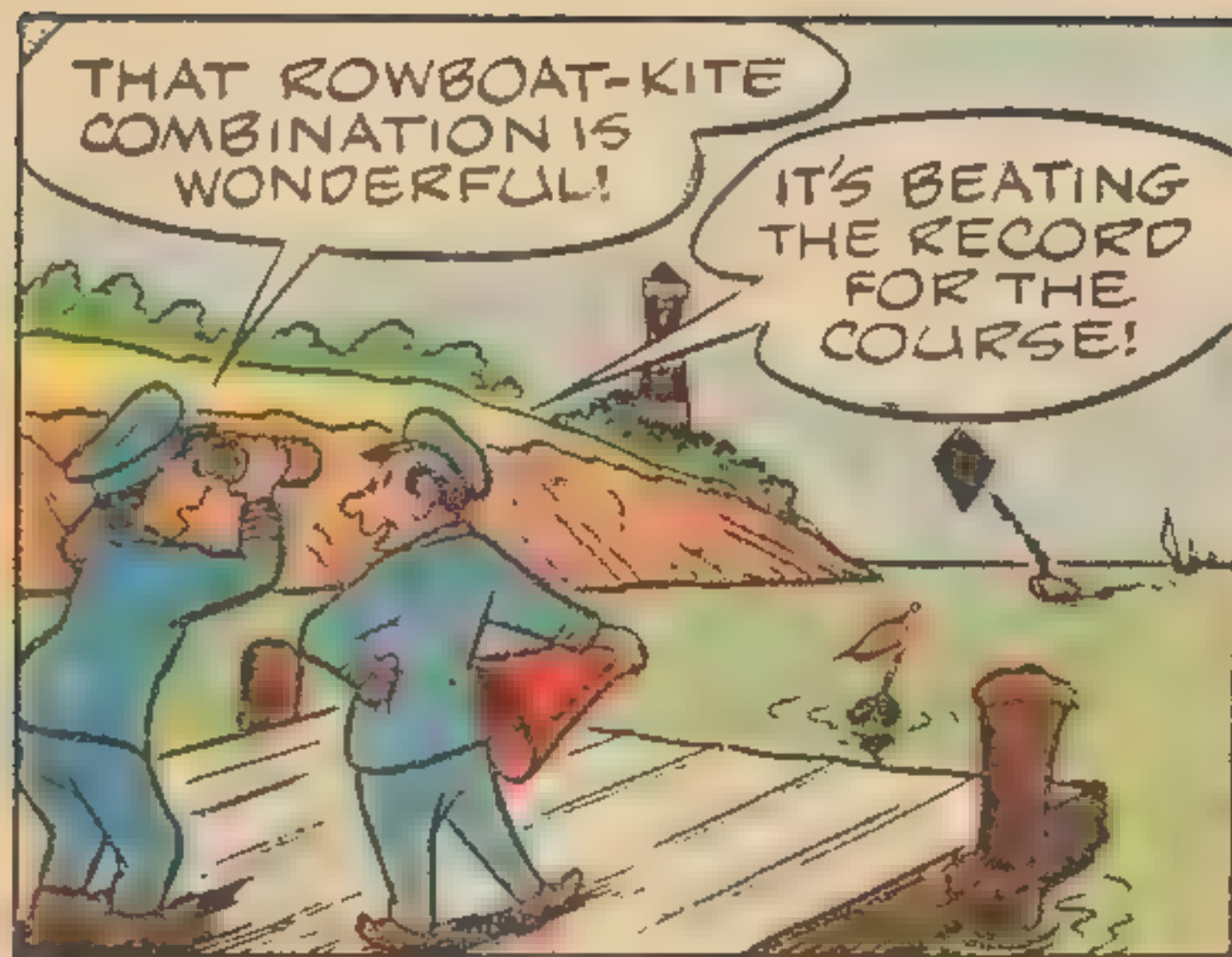




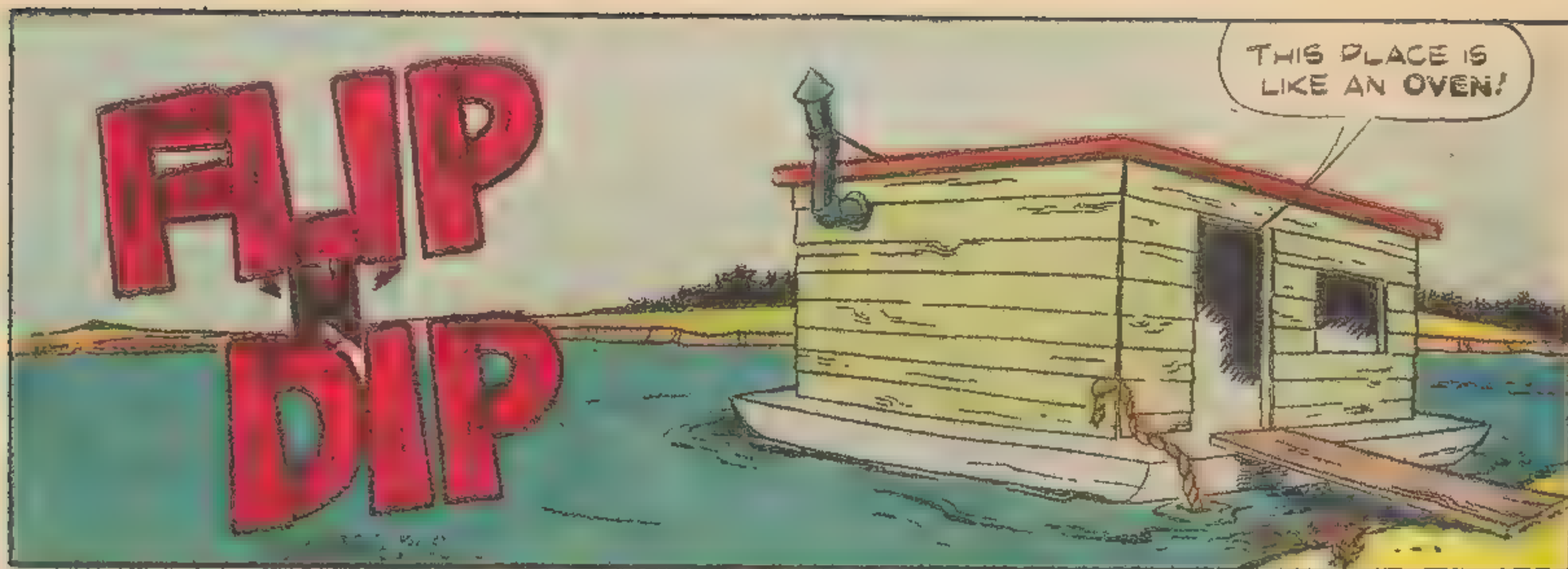










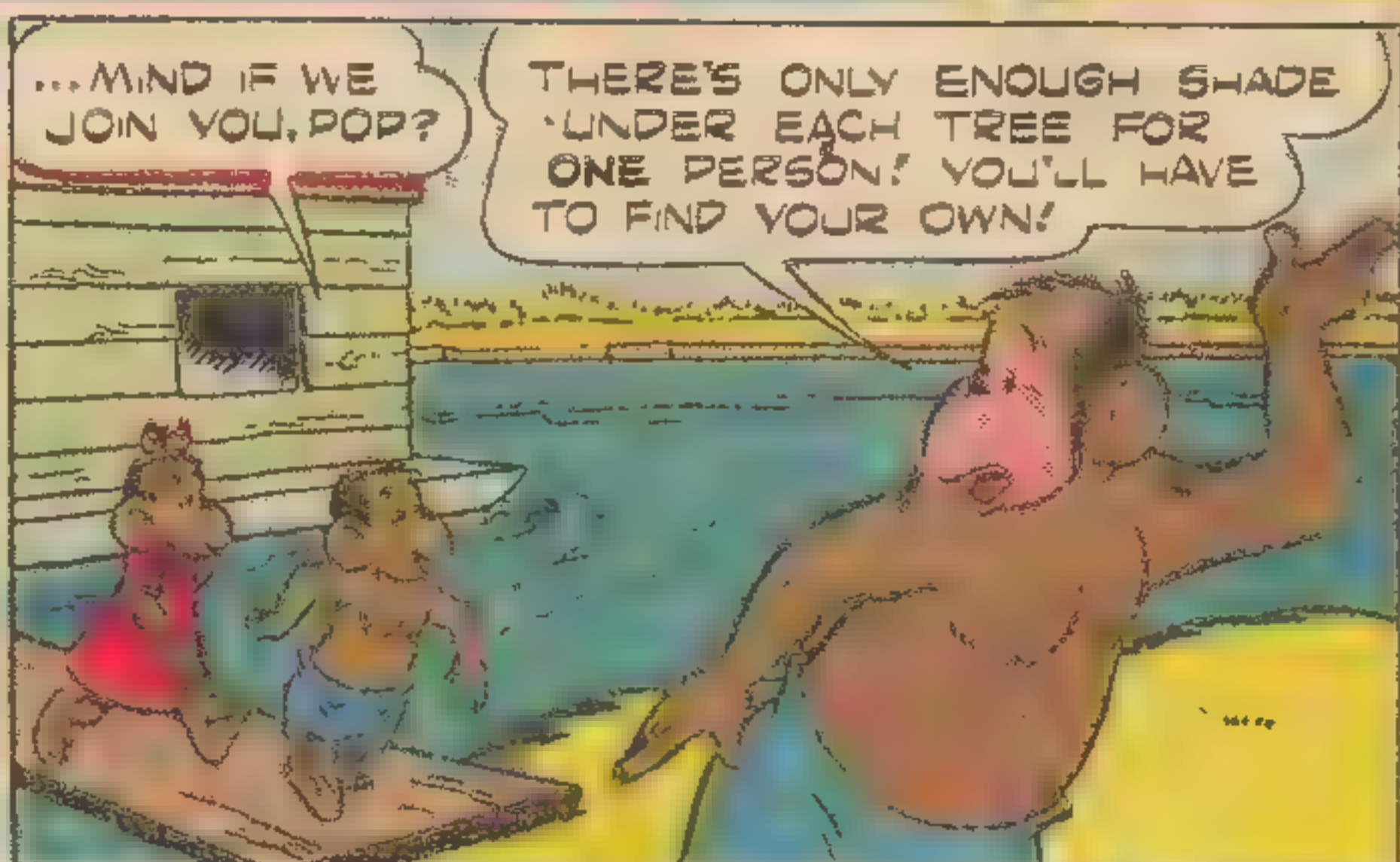


THIS PLACE IS  
LIKE AN OVEN!



I'M GONG OUT AND SIT IN  
THE SHADE OF A PALM  
TREE!

GOOD  
IDEA...

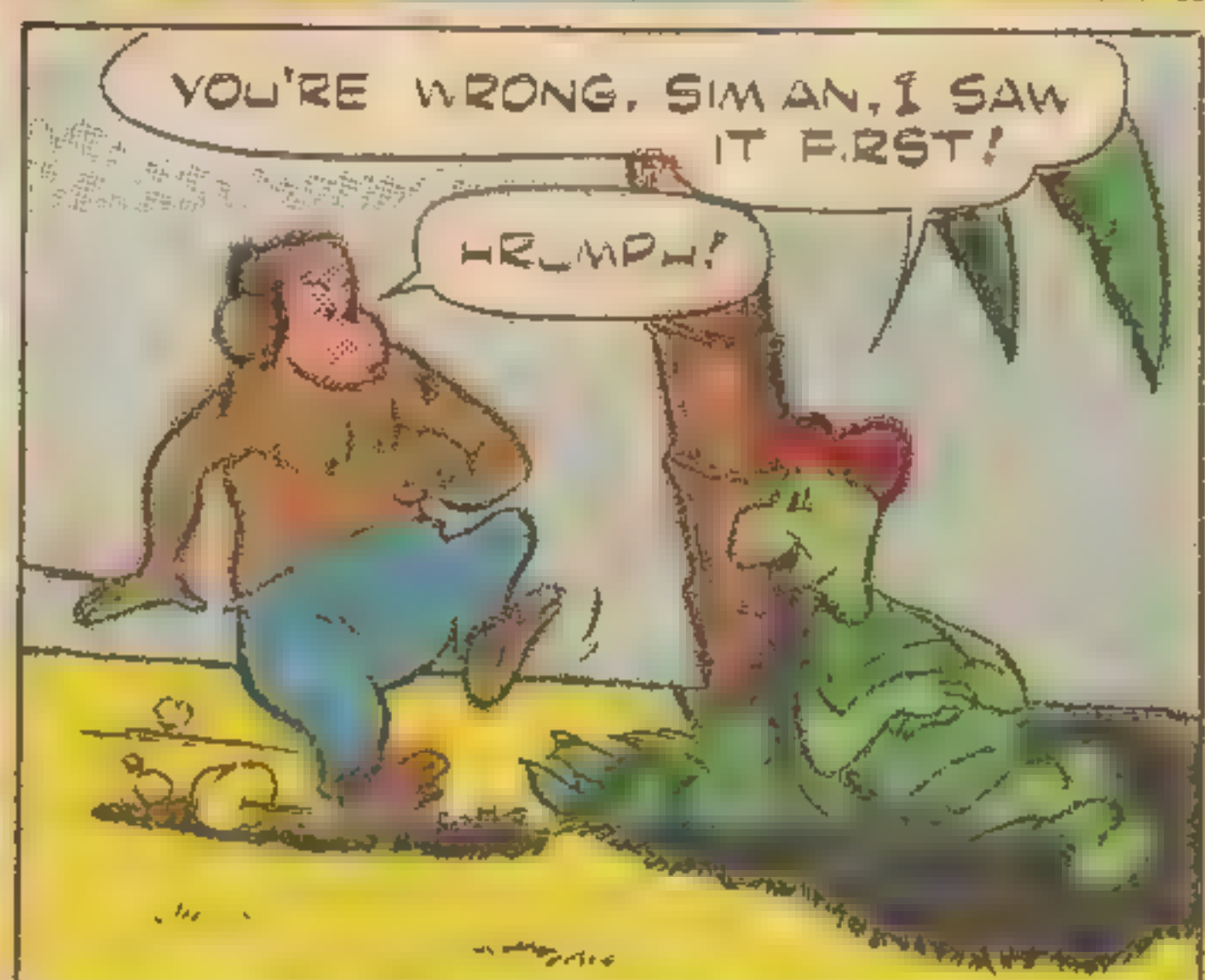


...MIND IF WE  
JOIN YOU, POP?

THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH SHADE  
UNDER EACH TREE FOR  
ONE PERSON! YOU'LL HAVE  
TO FIND YOUR OWN!



THERE'S ONE FOR  
ME, KIDS! HA/HA!  
I SAW IT FIRST!

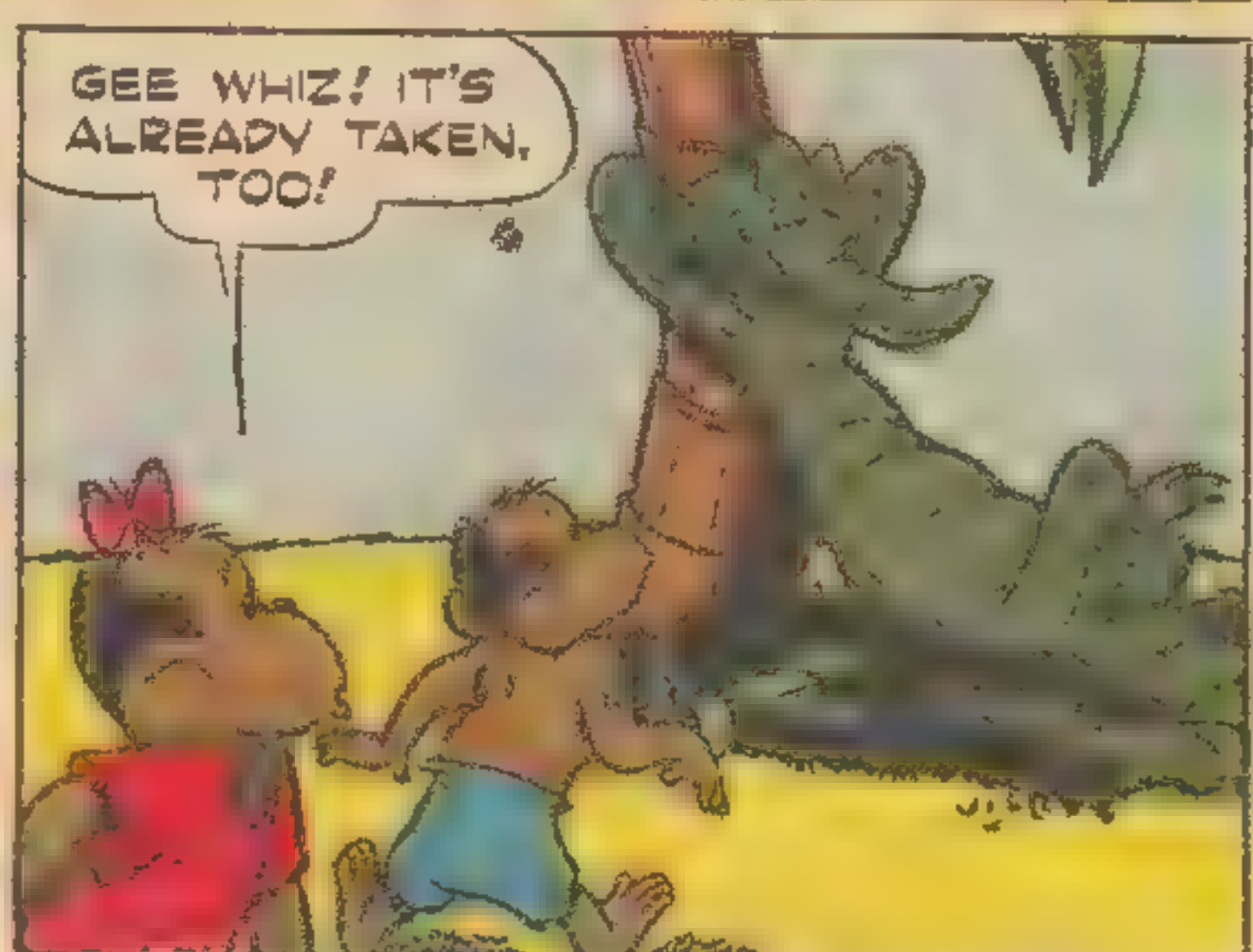


YOU'RE WRONG, SIMAN, I SAW  
IT FIRST!

HRUMPH!

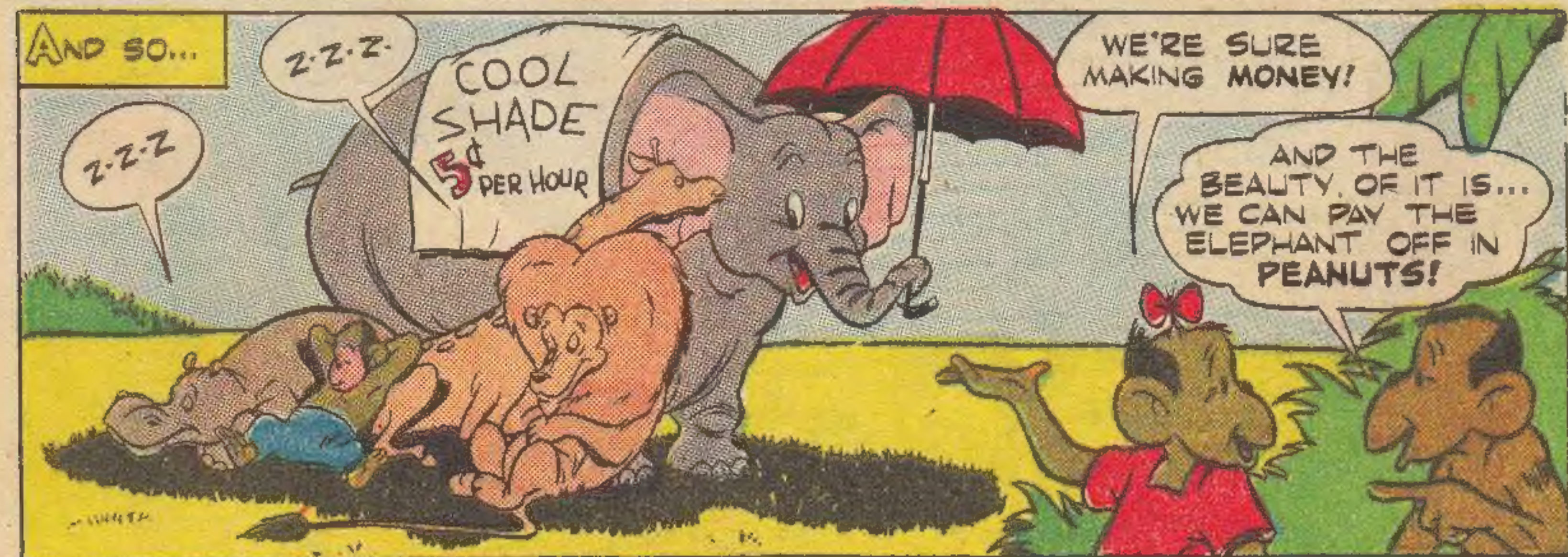
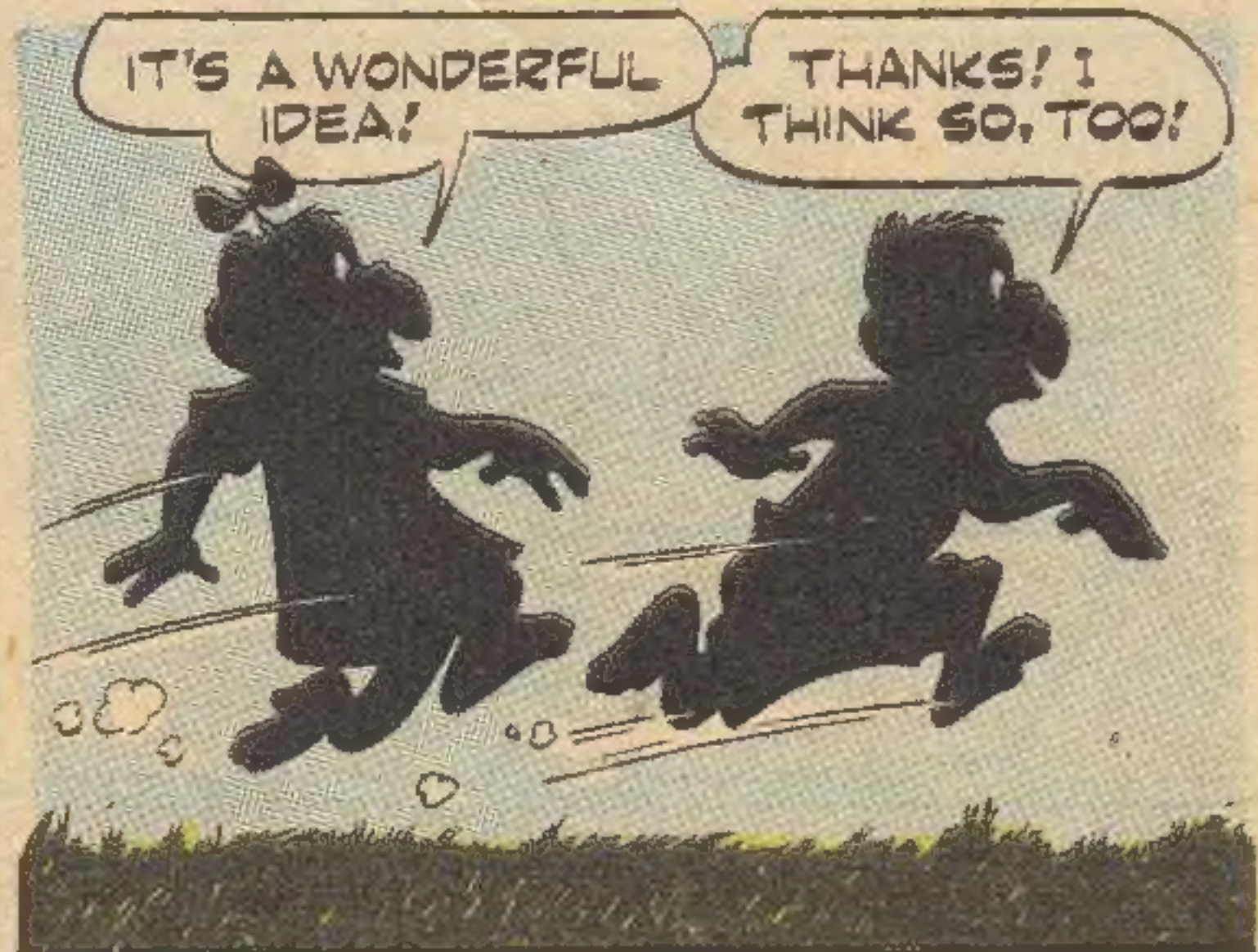
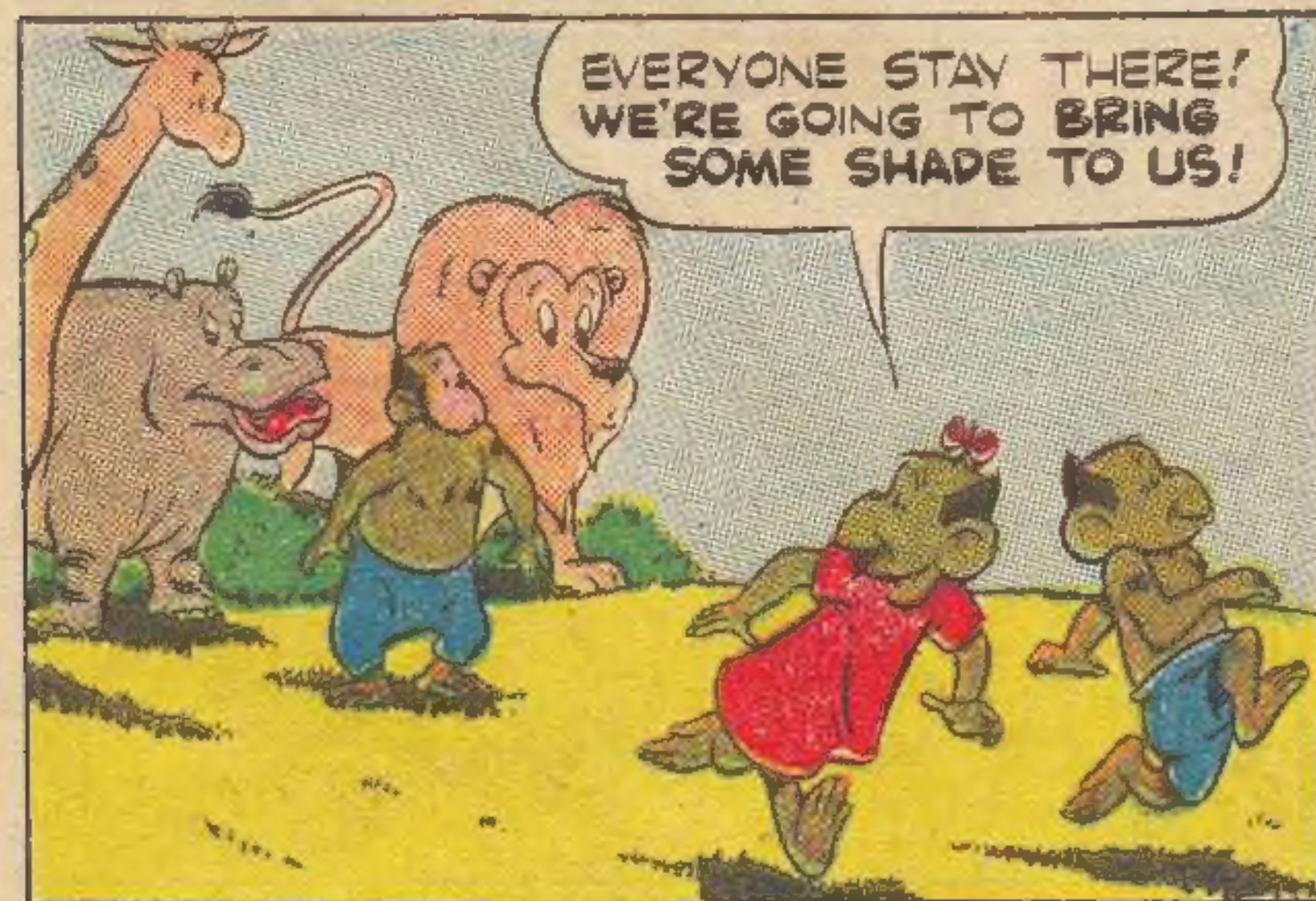
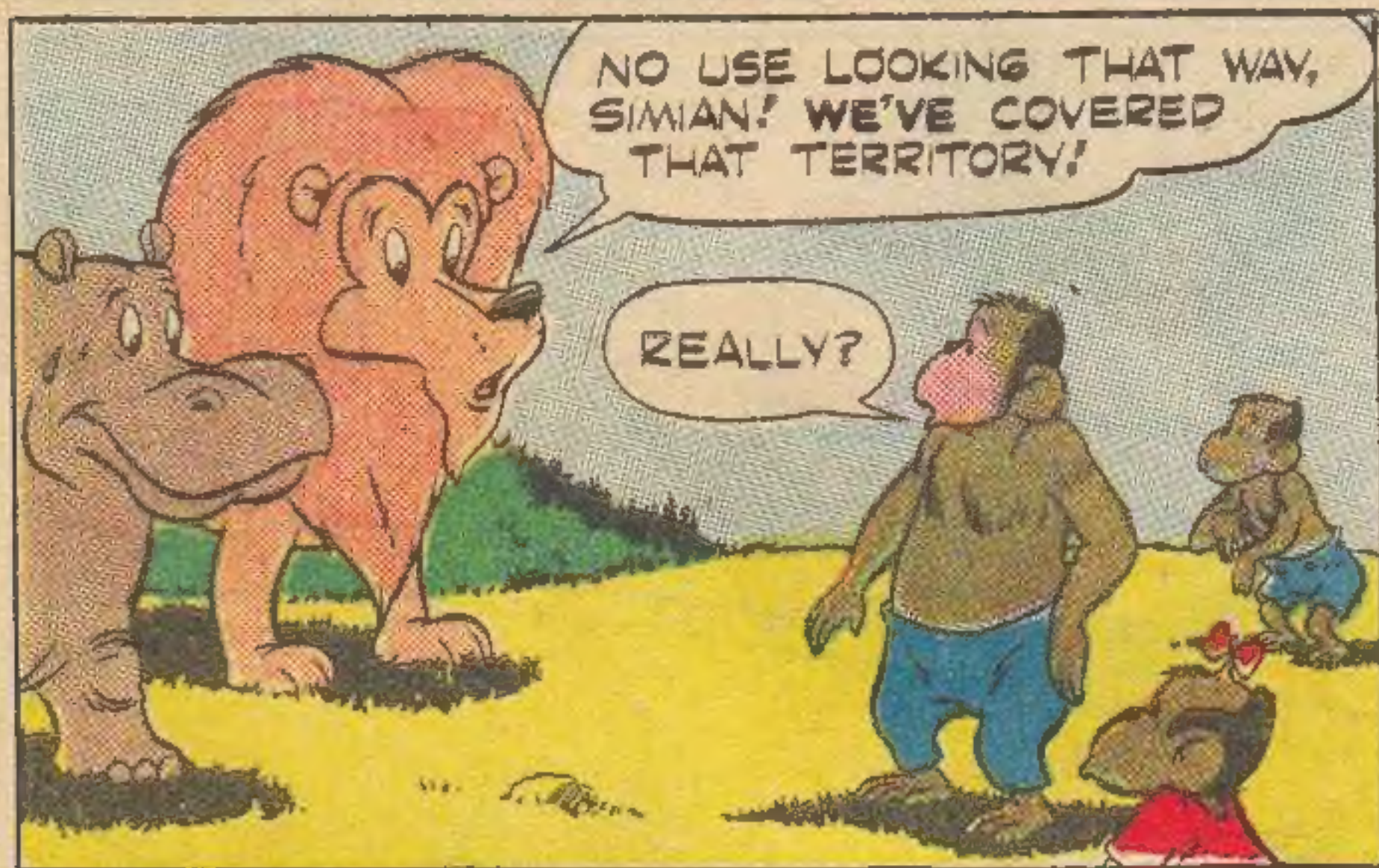


THIS ONE IS OURS,  
POP! YOU'LL HAVE TO  
FIND ANOTHER!



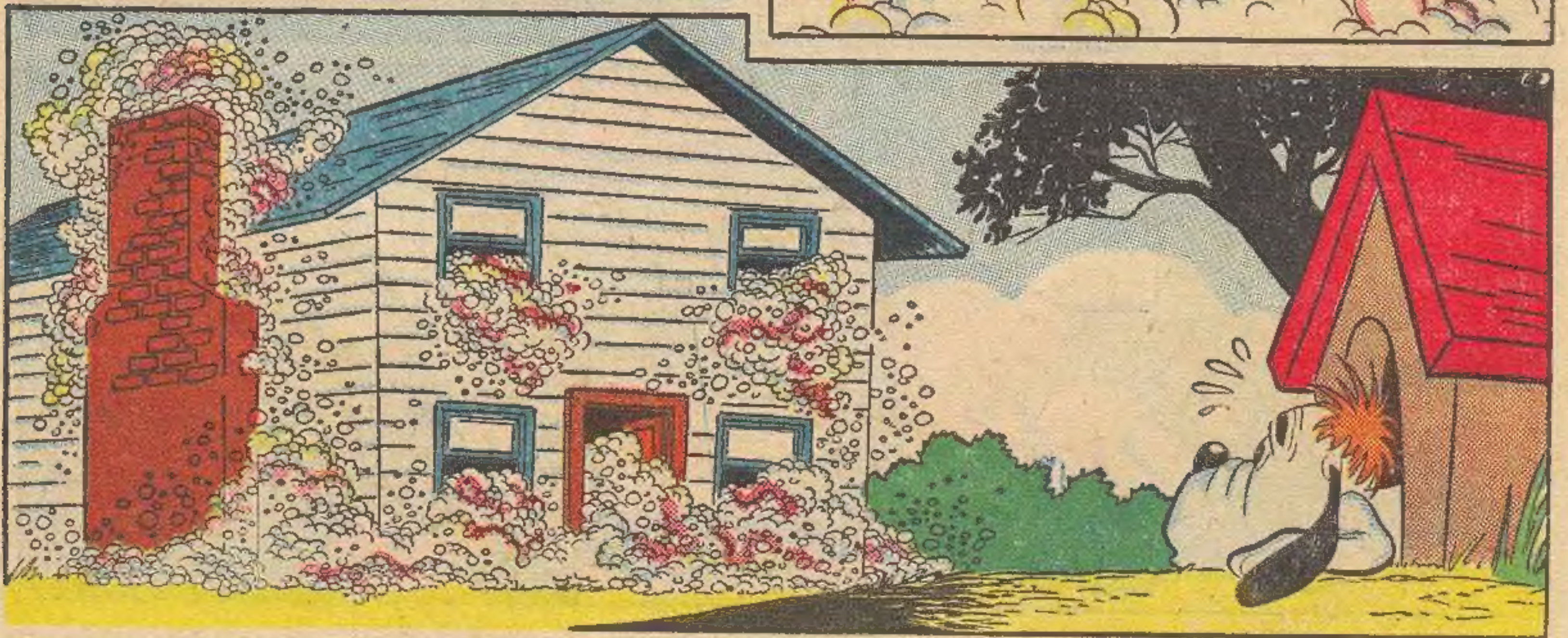
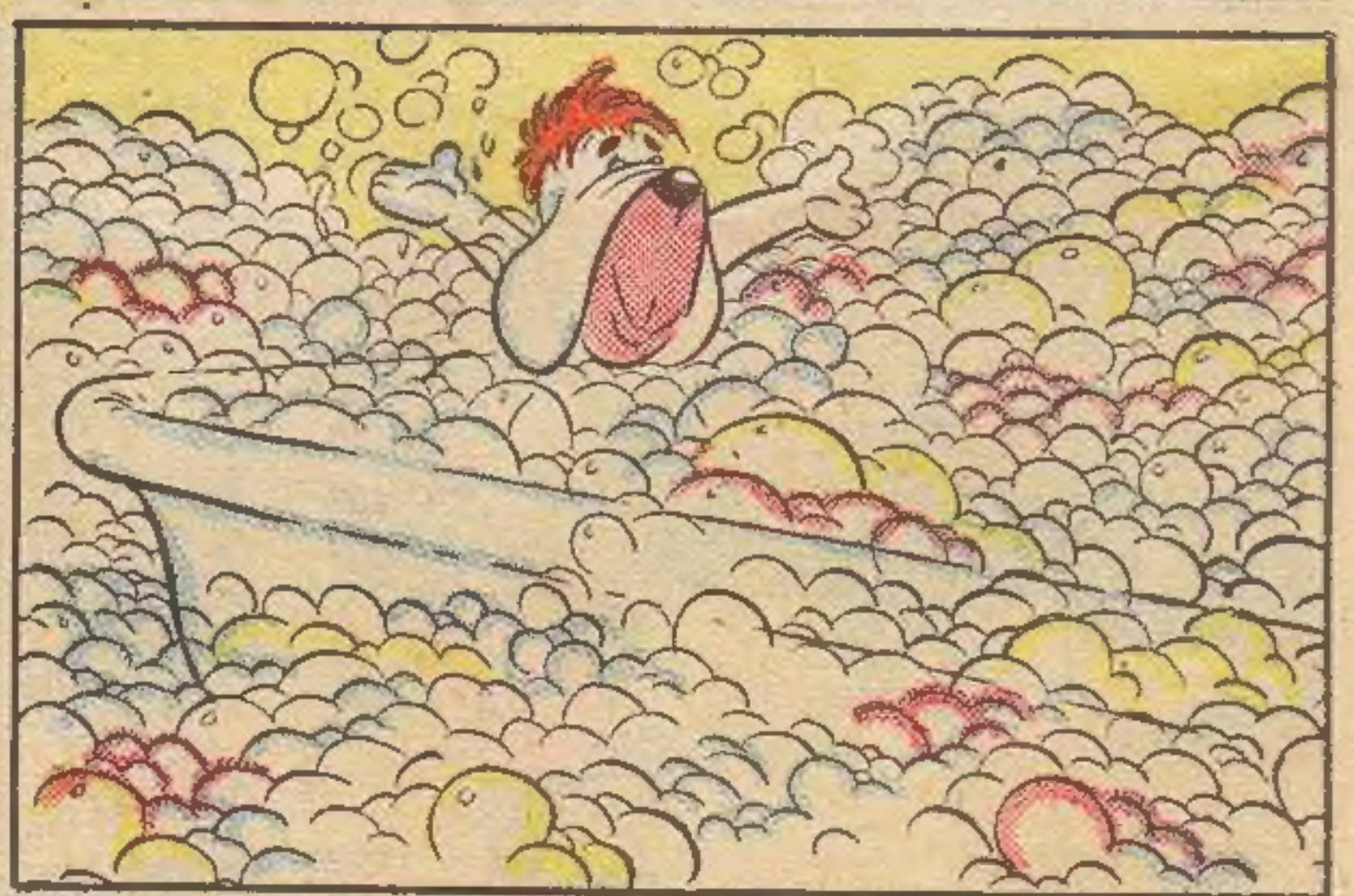
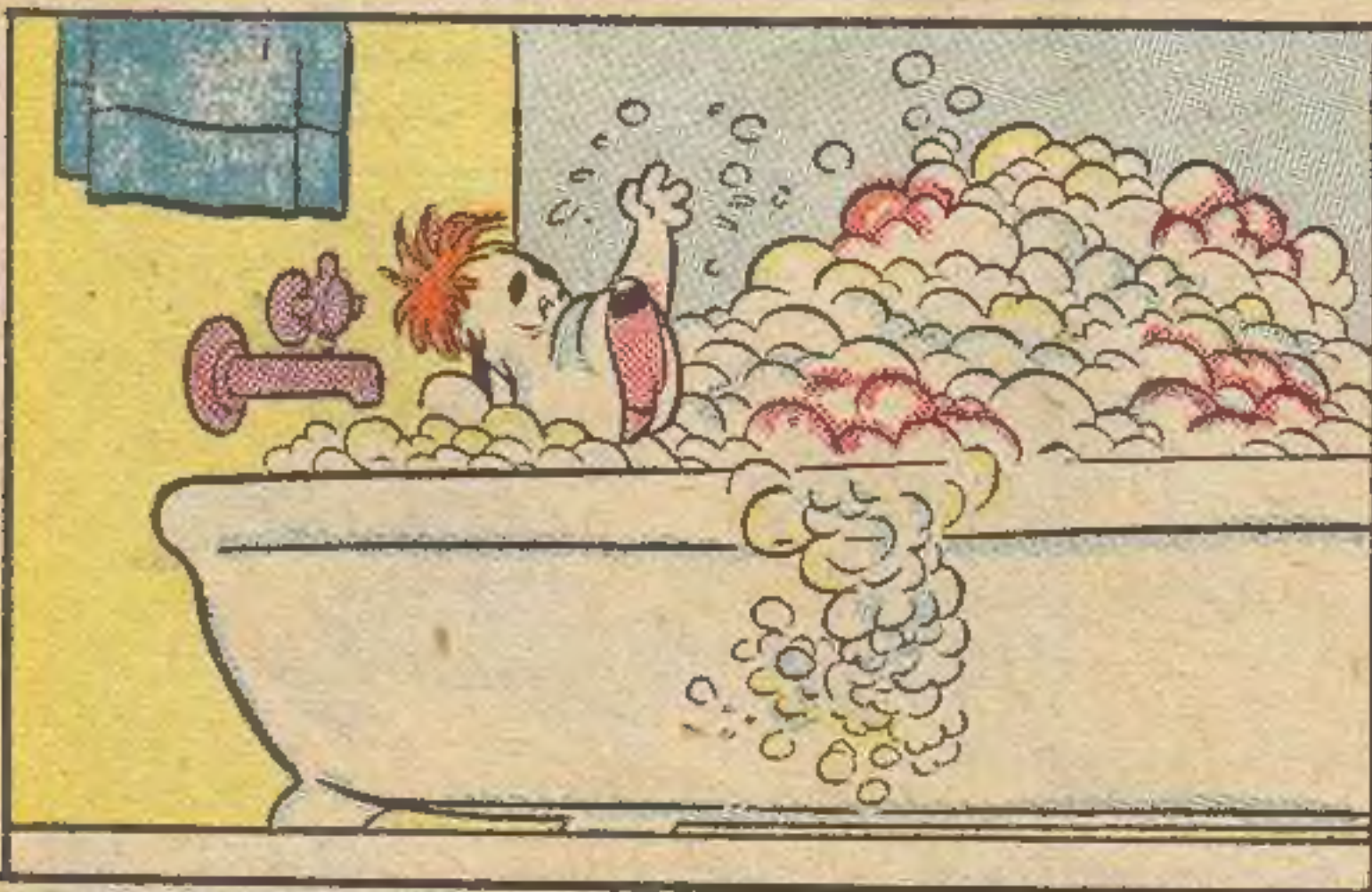
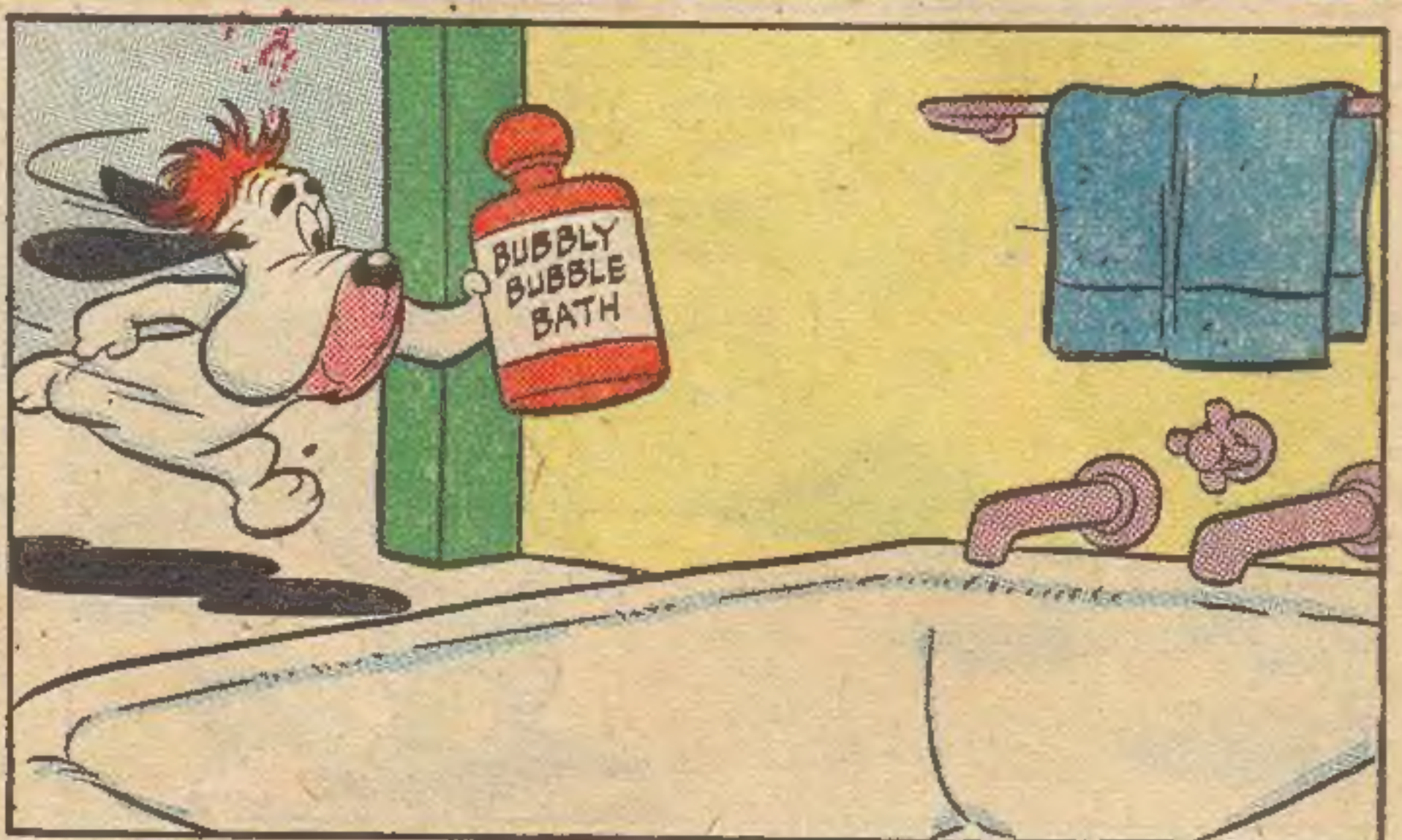
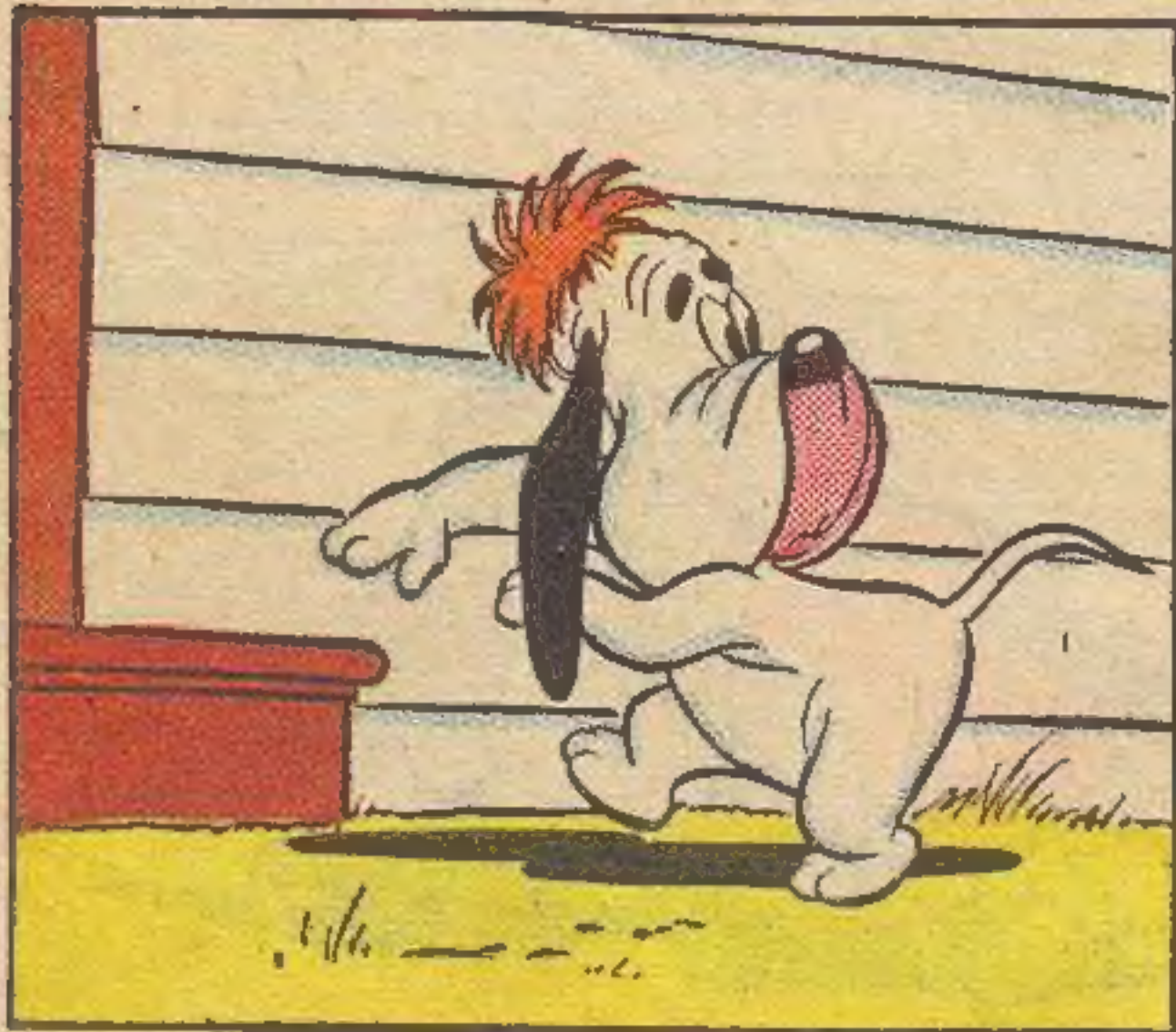
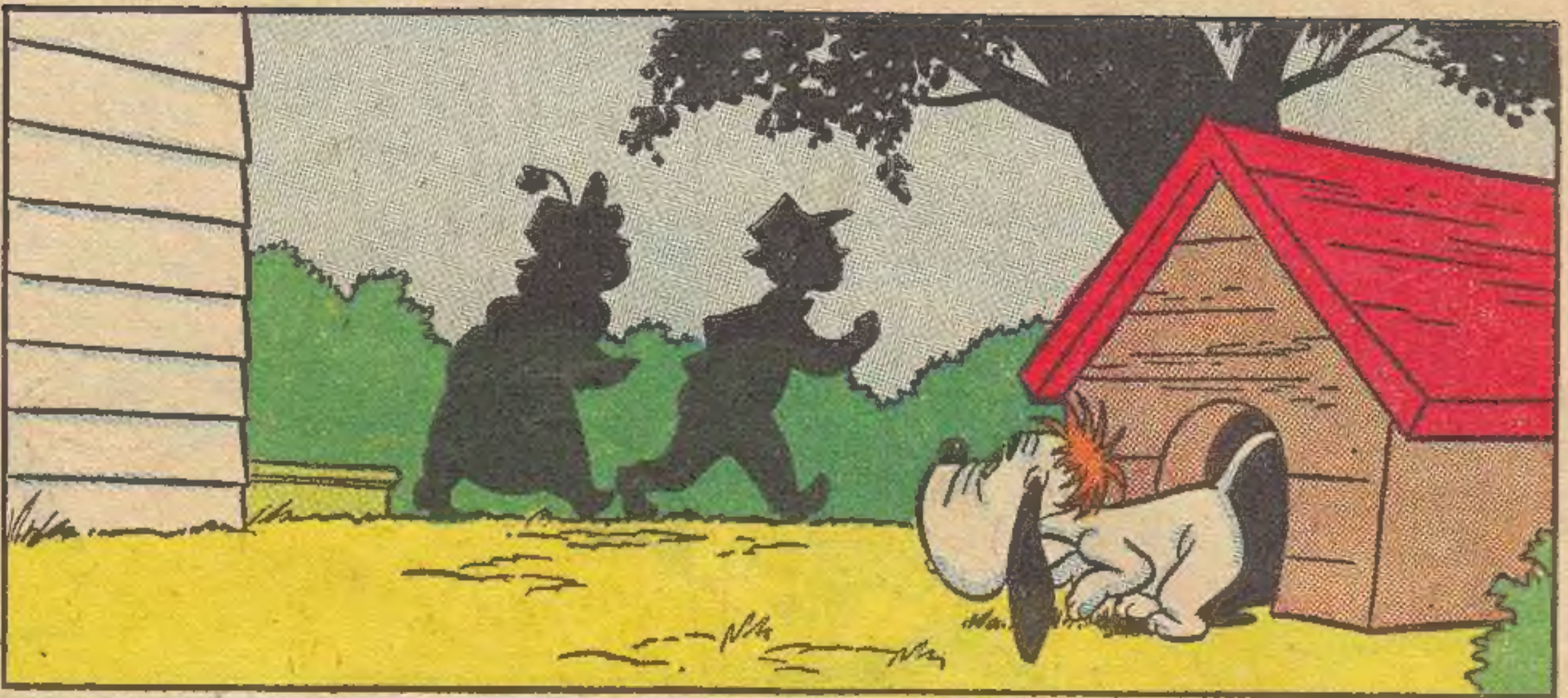
GEE WHIZ! IT'S  
ALREADY TAKEN,  
TOO!







ROOBY







GIVE ME BACK MY  
DELL COMICS CLUB  
LUCKY PENNY  
POCKETPIECE!

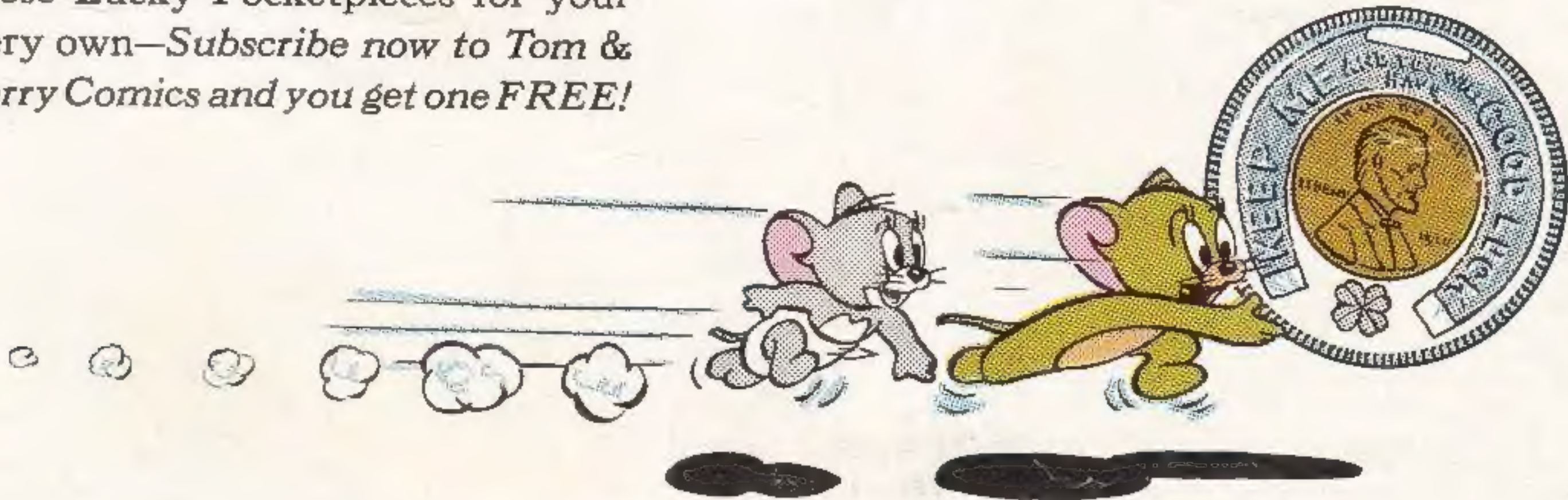
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# "SCOOTER" PHIL Rizzuto

## SPARKS YANKEES



IT'S THE LAST HALF OF THE 11<sup>th</sup> —  
SCORE TIED! RIVAL TEAM THREATENS  
WITH TWO MEN ON AND ONLY ONE OUT!  
CAN THE NEW YORK YANKEES HOLD 'EM?

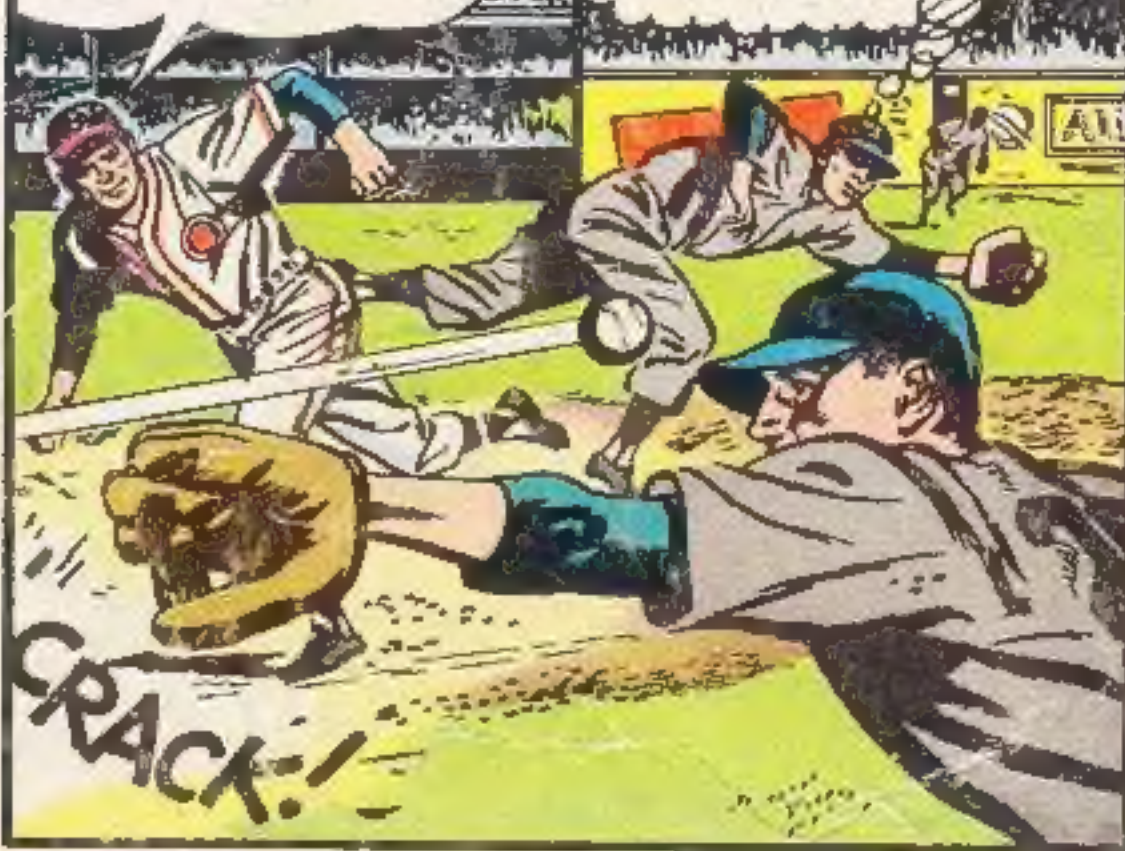
MAN, I'M TIRED! HOW CAN A LITTLE  
GUY LIKE YOU KEEP GOING, PHIL?

CONDITION,  
PAL. LOTS OF  
PRACTICE AND  
SLEEP—AND  
WHEATIES,  
TOO!



SEE IF WHEATIES  
CAN HELP ON  
THAT ONE, PHIL!

ONLY A DOUBLE  
PLAY CAN SAVE  
A RUN!



THAT'S ONE, NOW  
TO CATCH HIM AT  
FIRST!

NICE PEG,  
PHIL!

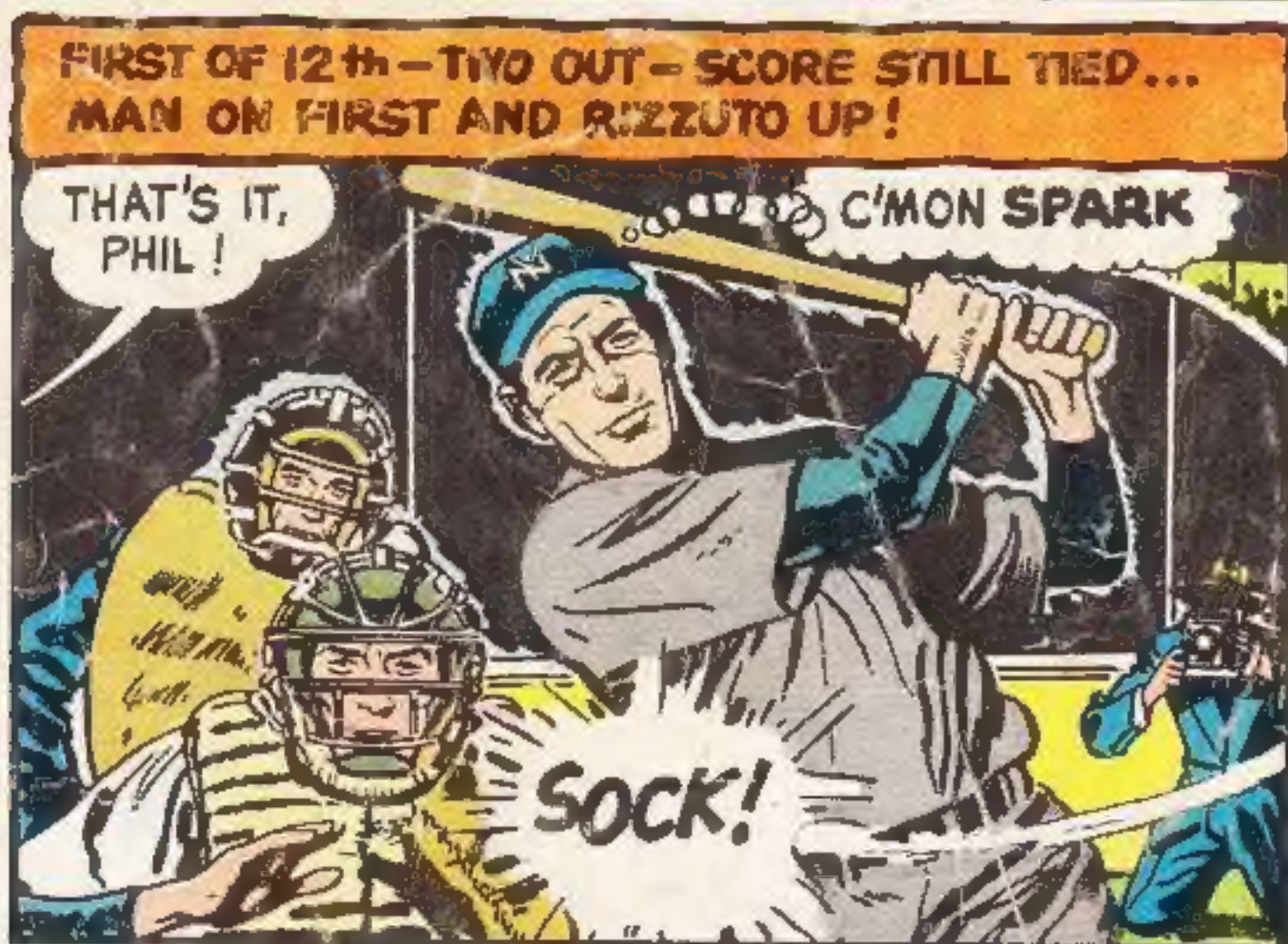


FIRST OF 12<sup>th</sup>—TWO OUT—SCORE STILL TIED...  
MAN ON FIRST AND RIZZUTO UP!

THAT'S IT,  
PHIL!

C'MON SPARK

SOCK!



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION  
SPARKS YOU! and  
CHAMPIONS CHOOSE WHEATIES  
*Breakfast of Champions!*

RIVAL OUTFIELDER TAKES PHIL'S HIT  
OFF THE FENCE AND THROWS TO 2<sup>nd</sup>



SAFE!



PHIL'S TWO BAGGER SCORES TEAMMATE—  
YANKS HOLD LEAD TO WIN GAME!

NEXT MORNING ON TRAIN

WHY DO YOU THINK  
WHEATIES HELP  
SPARK YOU,  
PHIL?

IT'S ENERGY FOOD!  
LOOK—THIS AD TELLS  
YOU WHY!



THERE'S A  
WHOLE KERNEL OF  
WHEAT IN EVERY  
WHEATIES FLAKE!

IRON  
ENERGY  
VITAMINS

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